

CONFERENCE

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

In which are combined and consolidated
SUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, and THE NATIONAL
FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

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Crumbs of Comfort

The smile of God is victory.
Little things are great to little men.
The worst unbelief is unbelief in yourself.
It is the enemy who keep the sentinel watchful.

Virtue is the beauty, and vice the deformity of the soul.

Constantly choose rather to want less than to have more.

Be such as you would like to see others and you will find those who resemble you.

You may order and drive an individual, but you cannot make him respect you by force.

There are not good things enough in life to indemnify us for the neglect of a single duty.

God sent his singers to the earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to Heaven again.
—Longfellow.

When anyone has offended you, try to raise your soul so high that the offence cannot reach it.

Few persons have sufficient wisdom to prefer censure which is useful to them, to praise which deceives them.

The very afflictions of our earthly pilgrimage are presages of our future glory, as shadows indicate the sun.

You need not tell all the truth, unless to those who have a right to know it all, but let all you tell be the truth.

He who is contented with what he has done will never become famous for what he will do. The grass is already growing over him.

Couldst thou boast, O child of weakness,
O'er the sons of wrong and strife,
Were there strong temptations planted
In thy path of life? —Whittier.

It is a good Master whom we serve, who not only pays, but gives; not after the proportion of our earnings, but of His own mercy.

The vanity of loving fine clothes and new fashions and valuing ourselves by them is one of the most childish pieces of folly that can be.

If the principles of contentment are not within us, the height of station and worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to man's stature as to his happiness.

There cannot live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old person who is neither capable of receiving pleasures, nor sensible of doing them to others.

The Christmas Miracle

By Fergus Hume

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab"

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"You really thinks she loves you Harry?"

"With her whole heart, God bless her."

"Amen to that, if she be true."

"Jack, I'd stake my life on her honesty and sincerity."

"Of course; we all go to extremes when in love. But supposing a rich man—myself by way of example—came along to woo?"

"She would stick to the pauper and flout the millionaire. Are you not coming with me to spend a week at Etherby Hall? Would I risk your good looks and full purse if I doubted her faith?"

"Ah, Harry, you know only too well that I would never cut out a man who had saved my life."

"Pooh! That's nothing."

"A considerable lot to me," said Jack Rankin dryly. "Have a cigar?"

"Thanks awfully!" and the two young men lighted up to lapse into meditative silence.

They were seated in deep chairs in the smoking-room of the Metropolitan Club and had just finished an excellent meal. Now, with the contented minds of repletion, they smoked and chattered with coffee and Kummel on a small table between them. From the near window, they could see the tide of fashion and traffic rolling along in the glorious June sunshine; but their private affairs engrossed them, to the exclusion of worldly interests.

Jack was a South African millionaire, and his school-chum, Harry Sands, although not entirely a pauper, certainly was not wealthy. The two had met in after-life at Bulawayo, and there Harry had dragged his friend from the dangerous waters of a stream in snate. The incident brought them into the relationship of David and Jonathan, and Jack proposed that they should live their lives independent of the female sex. But Harry less of a misogynist than his friend, and being engaged to an angel, declined to be a bachelor of Nature, and later had sailed for the old country to interview the aforesaid angel, and to gain, if possible her father's consent to the marriage. Unfortunately Squire Tollham was poor and luxurious, and of his two daughters, but one was beautiful. He counted on her to fill his lean purse by means of a wealthy marriage, and therefore was not prepared to welcome Sands as a son-in-law. This was the question of affairs when Jack came home to see his friend, whom he had sorely missed in the African wilds.

"So the old man won't hear of your marrying his daughter," remarked Rankin after a pause.

"I have told you that three times."

"Then why not chuck it and come out again with me."

"Because I adore her and she is devoted to me, and—" Harry told his love tale again for the tenth time. He was very much entangled in the nets of Venus.

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Jack, huge, bronzed and fair-headed, listened gravely, but without much sympathy. Having been betrayed when poor by a girl-of-the-world, who preferred a richer suitor, he was inclined to tickle the whole sex as faithless. "I'd like to test this angel of yours old chap," said he nodding sagely. "Her father is poor and so is she. Women love pretty things and will do much to obtain them. Now if she says that I was willing to endow her with my pile, she would—"

"I swear she wouldn't," cried Harry coloring, then added with the rash confidence of youth in love, "you can try if you like."

The millionaire chuckled. "Well, I might chuck her into the furnace of temptation to see if she would come out refined gold. I'm too fond of you old man to let you throw yourself away on an—"

"An angel! An angel, and don't say a word against her, Jack."

"Well, I won't—only that she's a daughter of Eve and so open to the temptation of apple-picking. However we'll go to Etherby tomorrow and see your angel. Perhaps I'll be able to induce the father to give his consent."

"He never will," lamented Harry, bitterly. "He wants Edith to marry money, so as to square family affairs."

"What an egotist. Won't he give you a single chance?"

"Humph. He will, if you can call it a chance. But miracles don't occur nowadays."

Jack looked surprised, and sipped his coffee. "You can't be sure of that old chap. What's this particular miracle anyhow?"

"One that is not likely to happen," explained Sands in a doleful manner. "Squire Tollham lives at Etherby in Essex, where his folks have dwelt as Lords of the Manor for generations. They were rich once but now the Tollhams are poor. There is also a church."

"Naturally, I should like to find a village in England without one of those quaint churches. The men of old, built for Doomsday."

"Well then this especial church is ancient and beautiful with a tenth century tower. But it has no chimes; only a cracked bell. The peal—a famous one—was removed by Cromwell's men."

"He did a considerable deal of mischief did Cromwell," said Rankin musingly, "but what has he wanted of chimes to do with you?"

"I asked Squire Tollham for Edith's hand and he refused. But he ironically added that he would consent to let me be his son-in-law when he heard the chimes of Etherby church."

"But there aren't any chimes you say," argued Jack, staring.

"Of course not, and therein lies the irony of the thing. You can see that as Etherby church is never likely to have chimes, I am never likely to make Edith, Mrs. Sands."

"Crafty old beggar, the Squire," smiled Rankin. "Doesn't give you much chance of pulling off the business. However there is a chance, and that is something."

"I tell you that miracles don't occur."

"And I reply that you can't be certain. We'll

"RING OUT THE OLD RING IN THE NEW YEAR"

Soon the bells will sound a farewell to the dying, and a welcome to the new born year.

Those New Year's bells will be tuned to every heart, merrily chiming a joyous chorus to the hopeful and happy, but drearily tolling a dirge to the heartsick and weary sorrowing over the mistakes of the past.

If we will resolutely determine to profit in the future by the lessons of our past shortcomings there is no reason why the New Year's bells should not ring in hopeful cadence to us all.

But let us not wait until the new year to make our good resolutions. Do it now, and begin now to act upon them, for there is yet a month left of the present year in which much can be done to give it a successful closing and thus be that much ahead in starting the new year right.

This especially impresses me because this month of December rings out a lot of your subscriptions and I shall be forced to bid adieu to many of you with the close of the old year, my good friends, unless you ring in at once for another fifteen months or two years.

COMFORT was never more prosperous or better appreciated by the public as is shown by the large number of renewals and new subscriptions pouring in this fall; but some of you are slow in renewing, putting it off until after I have been compelled to drop you from our list, which is disheartening, for it always grieves me to lose a member of COMFORT'S great family even if two new ones come in to take the old subscriber's place.

That is why I make the renewal rate only thirty cents for two years while new subscribers pay twenty-five cents for fifteen months. These rates are low and at any time I may have to raise them in consequence of the increasing cost of production or should the magazine postage rate be raised as is now again proposed by the Postmaster General.

COMFORT is giving you the best and largest magazine in the world for the price, and also is doing a great charity work besides being an elevating and educating force in the community.

I have planned to make it even more interesting and instructive the coming year. The January number will be a good one with seasonable special features among which will be a rollicking New Year's Cowboy story.

February COMFORT will be a rouser, a special Washington, Lincoln and Valentine number, and among many good things will contain an illustrated sketch of the Revolutionary War hero, Gen. Steuben, to whose memory Congress has just erected a \$50,000 monument at Washington.

March COMFORT will be another big Household number like that of last March.

Home Life at the White House will be the subject of a series of articles which will give our readers an idea of what the President and his family are doing and how they live and entertain at the White House.

Turn over a new leaf, please, and get your renewals in promptly; it saves a lot of bother all round.

There are still a few of those to whom I sent the envelope folder renewal blanks in October COMFORT who have not been heard from. Kindly ring in your renewal at once. I should miss you and you would be homesick to begin the new year without COMFORT.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas,

W. H. GANNETT.

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Das., 1910

go down to Etherby tomorrow, and see these two young ladies. Edith and—what's the other girl's name?"

"Judith. She's three years younger than Edith and not at all pretty."

"Humph," said Rankin with a shrug, "and so won't put money into the old man's purse. The elder odalisque is the one he sells."

"You might put it like that," said Harry sadly. "Don't cut me out Jack," he added half-jokingly.

"Dear old man, you didn't pull me out of the river, for me to cross your path. I'll see the thing through. Never you mind how." And now Rankin heaved his large body out of the chair. "Come down to Hurlingham and have a look at the Polo," which they accordingly did, and the conversation about the miracle was not resumed.

Squire Tollham welcomed his guests the next day with all the easy geniality of a long-descended country gentleman. The Hall was a fine old Tudor residence in a ruined state and the acres around needed cultivating. The heir was an officer-boy in India, but his sister Edith remained at home to take the place of her mother who had died long since. She also looked after Judith, who was ugly but vivacious, and something of a tomboy. Edith herself was slender, fair and blue eyed and gentle, with a complexion of cream and roses. Her Saxon beauty looked well beside the dark handsome face of her devoted lover, and the pair afforded the effect of contrast, as much as was possible with the jealous father incessantly keeping them apart.

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; 1. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; spa. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b. slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; eh. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Last Minute Gifts

A QUERY as to what she could make for Christmas which would be pretty, came to me a while ago from a subscriber who could neither embroider nor paint. For her and other such women who may, perhaps, be at a loss to know just what to do, these few suggestions are given.

Utilize Handkerchiefs

The possibilities of the handkerchief in fancy work has never been fully worked out, but many really attractive little articles can be made so easily, they can literally be called "last minute" gifts. An hour would be ample time to make any one of these articles and many could be finished in much less time. In the first place a dainty handkerchief is sure to be a useful remembrance. A handmade, lace-trimmed one will be treasured and can certainly be made by anyone with the ability to sew neatly.

With a trifle more work one can make a pretty handkerchief into a jabot. Cut a strip two and one half or three inches from the handkerchief. This can be used on a band to go around the neck. Plait the remainder of the handkerchief for the jabot and finish by putting into a tiny binding at the top.

Cuffs and collar sets may be made of an ordinary handkerchief and a glove handkerchief. The latter is just the right size for a pair of cuffs and these together with a collar will make a present which most any woman will appreciate, as it is unusual to have an over abundance of neckwear.

Other little, inexpensive Christmas gifts that never come amiss—such as needlebooks, eyeglass wipers, emerys, and numerous useful little things can be fashioned of materials on hand, if only a little time and thought is first put into the planning.

Two cute little emeries can be made in short order; for the first, the acorn, use brown silk for covering a little bag shaped as nearly perfect as possible, finish by capping with an acorn cup glued in place. For the little Dinah brown silk is also best for the face, on which the features are painted; this can be accomplished by even a novice with success.

Use red for the lips, white for the teeth and eyes, black for nostrils, eyebrows and the pupils of the eyes. When thoroughly dry surround with a piece of small checked silk tied on top

ACORN EMERY.

with two ends; the result will be a wise-looking little darky who will give good service keeping ones' needles sharp and bright.

Handkerchiefs also make especially dainty and convenient covers for the long pin-cushions now in vogue.

A lace-edged one can be rolled about a silk or satin covered cushion. Turn one edge back so a double row of lace will cross the top of the cushion from end to end. Tie half-inch ribbon around either end and make a full row on top. These covers can be changed in a moment and are nothing to launder. White handkerchiefs prettily embroidered can be used to cover handkerchief collar or glove cases. Baby's bibs and caps may easily be developed, and while these ideas are not new, such dainty articles suited to some friend's needs may be quickly made with little work.

LOOKS LIKE DINAH.

Something in an entirely different line for little gifts can be made by using plaster of Paris as a foundation.

This work is not difficult, and if one is artistic, very pretty effects may be obtained. The idea is to mount a picture on a plaster plaque.

Cut out the selected picture very carefully, then place it right or face side down on a cold, wet platter, plate or saucer, according to the size you desire the finished plaque to be.

Pat the back of the picture with a cloth until quite dry, then the plaster will not be so apt to get under the edges. If this is not done and a bubble of water remains on the face of the picture, naturally the weight of the plaster

forcing the water out, raises an edge, allowing the plaster to run onto the picture. A little practice will obviate this. Mix the plaster with just enough cold water to make like starch, but not too thin. Then pour over your picture, taking note which end is the head or top; in this end press a loop of wire before the plaster hardens.

Very artistic plaques may be made by coloring the plaster. For a delft plaque cut out a Dutch scene printed in blue and tint the plaster with bluing. Any subject in sepia shades is beautiful mounted on plaster browned with coffee or cocoa. Tissue paper soaked out will give one almost any shade.

When the cast is set, use a knife around the edge to start it, but this has to be done very carefully as the plaques break so easily. If slightly chipped a little gold paint put on unevenly will cover up such defects.

Plaques completely covered with flowers, if nicely cut out and arranged are most attractive. Photos can also be preserved in this way instead of framing.

Sweeping Cap

For other articles, colored bordered or bannister handkerchiefs are well suited. The pretty sort of Dutch sweeping cap, here illustrated, is new and very becoming and also can be made of a single handkerchief.

Start it by folding the handkerchief evenly through the center from side to side, overcast two of the folded edges together, and on either side of the hem so joined, coral stitch two tucks. This gives a little fullness to the top of the cap. In the center of the back

make six tucks, three on each side turning towards each other, thus fitting the cap in well at the neck.

Turn over the upper and two lower corners as shown, and catch in place. Besides being becoming this cap is well adapted to its purpose as it completely covers the hair and stays in place.

Bags

A handy bag may be made by simply sewing up two sides of a handkerchief until three corners meet as shown. Turn the fourth corner down over a ring and it is complete, ready for use after only a few minutes' work.

One can scarcely have too many aprons and bordered handkerchiefs make especially pretty ones. Two will be required to copy this apron, one to form the main part and a few minutes' work.

Of three handkerchiefs one can make a very pretty kimono. Use one for the back placing a corner at the neck and turning it down a little. A corner will come at each elbow. For the fronts two handkerchiefs will be needed placed so a corner of each will meet the corners at the elbows; from here seam up to the neck, where the front corners will be turned down to match the back. Tie the front edges with ribbons and catch under the arms to form a sleeve.

Another bag for soiled collars and handkerchiefs can be made in a few moments. Fold and overcast two edges together to within four inches of the end, next lay flat and coral stitch over this joining. Turn the corners at the top back as shown then in the hem which forms the back

of the bag at the top, insert a piece of feather or whalebone; this will make the bag hang flat. Plait in the bottom of the bag about three inches from the lower edge, stitch securely and add a ribbon bow.

A differently shaped bag for the same purpose.

FOR SOILED COLLARS AND HANDKERCHIEFS.

FOR COMBINGS.

FOR ALL SORTS AND SIZES.

FOR TWINE BAG.

FOR EASILY LAUNDERED.

FOR MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR.

FOR TEA STRAINER CUSHION.

FOR MATCH SCRATCHER.

FOR EYEGASS WIPER.

The sides can be stitched up by machine just inside the hems, run bones in the top hems and add the ribbon for hanging.

Only one handkerchief will be needed and this should be folded exactly in half.

Twine Bag

This inexpensive and easily made bag is of brown linen with just a touch of embroidery to lighten the somberness. For it will be needed three pieces of linen two and one-half inches wide by six long and one piece two and one-half by five and one-half.

Cut one end of each of the four pieces to a point, then sew them together to form the bottom of the bag. Hem the top of the short side and join all the sides together up the same distance; cut the remaining ends to a gradually rounded point and hem each. Work eyelets in two ends and tie together with ribbon. Fasten the other end down with a snap catch or small button.

Work the center of the flower as an eyelet, also through which the twine can be run.

Linen Napkin Rings

One girl made up a number of napkin rings of natural colored canvas; each had a touch of embroidery or outlining and the edges were

finished by scalloping all around, eyelets were worked in the ends, through which ribbon was run, lacing them together.

Another little article which one may give a friend, whether rich or poor, with a certainty

of its being appreciated, and one which carries its own sweetness and will recall the donor with each whiff of fragrance, is a set of sachets for one's wardrobe. These can be made of scraps of almost anything, though nothing is prettier than embroidered linen. Such a gift is never inappropriate, for one can never have too many of these dispensers of sweetness scattered among their belongings.

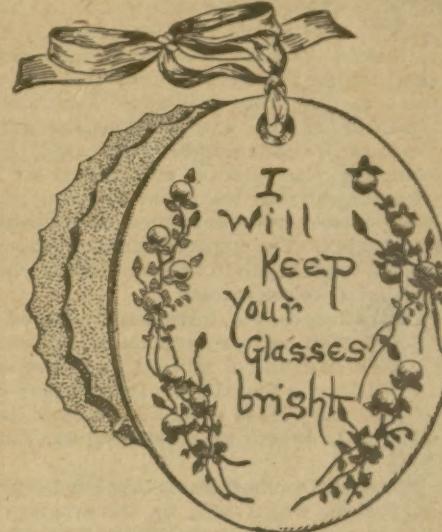
A Decorative Cushion

Here is shown an odd and pretty cushion which does not depend on either embroidery or painting for its beauty, being developed easily of a bit of silk ribbon and lace.

The unusual feature of this dainty cushion is the hoop which surrounds it, forming a receptacle for small pieces of jewelry. The cushion itself, is simply a small square finished with a ruffle of lace-edged ribbon and

Eyeglass Wiper

The foundation of this oval shaped eyeglass wiper, was cut of pasteboard two pieces of the same size will be needed. Cover one smoothly with any bit of bright silk and for the outside use the wrist of an old white kid glove or a piece of white velvet will answer. Decorate this with any pretty design and use gold paint for letter-



ing. Add leaves of pinked chamois to the back and fasten all together with a narrow ribbon.

A Blotter

These handy articles are quite necessary and can be made up quickly. Cut chamois in the shape of a maple or oak leaf for the outside, vein and word with gold; when dry add two or three sheets of blotting paper cut in the same



shape. M. F. Phillips, the designer of this, suggests that those unable to paint can cut letters from a Christmas card. If one is ingenious any of these little gifts can be made up in a dozen different ways.

Match Scratchers

These are always acceptable little gifts for either men or women, for they come in the list of things which are constantly needed and used, and also wear out.

If one is handy with the brush appropriate designs can be worked out. In number 1 the kitten is painted in flat black, while the cat is cut from sandpaper and glued in place, the ears, back and tail are painted in tones of black and gray and a blue ribbon added. The words "Don't scratch me, scratch mother" and a two-inch binding of wall paper completes the design.

This familiar scene requires a little more work. Here the farmer and fence are painted in, the pig is of sandpaper, and to the lower left-hand corner is glued a small box for holding matches. Above and to the right are the words "Scratch my back."

The third scratcher is quite different. For this cut a piece of heavy pasteboard the required shape, cover smoothly with a piece of light tan, cotton or silk, which has first had the face painted in with black or worked with black silk, also work with black the top and bottom lines which represent the rings of a lantern, stretch this covering smoothly and glue down on the back side.

Paint under the chin and the very top of the lantern a light green, then cut off sandpaper and glue in place the piece which surrounds the upper part of the face.

Add ribbon for hanging and cover the back with a piece of white paper, or sandpaper could be used to advantage.



A Few Words by the Editor

AMERRY CHRISTMAS and a Happy New Year to you all! Last year the writer, in his Christmas editorial drew attention to the fact that the world was growing better, slowly, perhaps, but surely nevertheless. The writer desires to again draw your attention to that fact, for the mere thought that the world does grow better is an inspiration in itself. It heartens us all to stick manfully to our tasks, and to bravely bear our burdens, feeling assured that with the world's betterment, those burdens will grow lighter, pleasanter and more endurable.

During the year that is now almost passed, the unholy alliance between business and politics has received a rude and gratifying jolt. The monster monopoly, though still rampant and defiant, has begun to feel the noose of the law tightening around its rapacious throat.

The railroads, too, have been ordered to spend fifty million dollars on safety appliances, that will greatly reduce the terrible slaughter of railroad employees and the traveling public. Hitherto the railroads thought only of piling up dividends; now they are to be forced to respect the law, and regard human life as something of real value. That's encouraging, isn't it?

The postal savings bank law has been passed, another great reform, which will, by encouraging thrift, make for human betterment. In politics, direct primary laws are being adopted in many states, which will rob party machines and political bosses of much of their power.

All over the country we have seen healthy signs of discontent, with conditions as they are, both as regards politics and business, and the result of this discontent has been that many of our reactionary and stand pat legislators have been swept out of office, and men who stand for progress, reform and honesty now occupy their places. Thus are the people getting the control of their government back into their own hands, hands from which it never should have passed, and must never pass again.

1910 has been an unhealthy year for those who believe in the divine right of political bosses to govern wrong. Kings, Cannon and Aldrich, monarchs of the Senate and House of Representatives, have felt the stinging lash of popular scorn, and with their passing, popular government, the government of the people for the people by the people, as against government of corporations for corporations by corporations, takes another big step forward.

Perhaps one of the healthiest signs of the times is the abolition of gambling in Nevada. No longer will the faro and roulette wheels click in the state of swift divorces and brutal prize fights. We trust that the people of Nevada will go still further on the road of reform, and abolish the twin disgraces of Reno, pugilism and easy divorce.

Turning to Europe we see the puny King of Portugal hurled from his unstable throne—popular government taking the place of a rapacious, oppressive, vicious monarchy. Portugal, with its six millions of people, few of whom can read, carries a public debt of nearly one billion dollars. With the insupportable burden of monarchy removed from her shoulders, with popular government and education taking the place of oppression and ignorance, Portugal will have the opportunity and soon ought to take her place in the front rank of nations.

The world, you see, does grow better, not only here but

abroad. The bright-eyed Goddess of Progress moves triumphantly on her sunlit path, blazing the way for humanity to higher heights of freedom, justice and prosperity.

Now let us ask ourselves a question! Are we as individuals doing all we can to help on this great work of human betterment? Regeneration must be individual before it can be national. If you, my brother or sister, are lagging behind in the march of progress, remember the Christ whose birth we celebrate this month. Remember what He endured that the world might grow better. He was willing to die, humiliated, disgraced and nailed to a cross for our sakes. He knew that the sacrifice must be endured in order that the world might grow better, and this world will be a civilized and a happy world, only when the example He set shall be taken to heart by every one of us, and the lessons He taught become the rule for our every-day living. Mankind must, absolutely must, become Christ-like, before it can realize its God-given destiny. The cold, the hunger, the suffering, of women and children and the wrongs of humanity can only be abolished and righted when our hearts are full of pity and sympathy for one another. When we turn a deaf ear to suffering, injustice and wrong, we are pushing the world backwards instead of helping it forward: we are filling our hearts with the devil instead of the Christ spirit.

The wrongs of one must be the concern of all. In England recently two hundred thousand operatives went on a strike because one of their number had been unjustly discharged. A century ago the laborer was little better than a dog, and had scarcely any rights that anyone was bound to respect. Today an injustice done to one man was taken up by nearly a quarter of a million of his fellows, who were ready to go hungry rather than see one of their number suffer an injustice. This magnificent exhibition of human sympathy and human solidarity is all due to the fact that when the Babe of Bethlehem grew to manhood He was ready to give His life that the world might, through His example grow better, that each individual might say even as He said: "Inasmuch as ye have wronged one of my brethren, ye have wronged me, and inasmuch as ye have helped one of my brethren, ye have helped me." Let every true man and true woman feel that the wrong and injustice done, not only to a neighbor, but to a brother or sister human at the uttermost ends of the earth, is an injustice done to them. Let the chords of human sympathy encircle the whole world, and let no injustice be done without filling every human heart with resentment and determination to right the wrong.

It was the sacrifice of One life that made all that is good, beautiful, noble and holy in the world today, possible. Wherever man is fighting the battle of righteousness, freeing slaves, protecting children, it is done in His Name, and it is ever the Christ spirit that nerves man's arm in the glorious struggle for human freedom and human betterment. Kindness and brotherly love is the key note of the Christian religion, and that is a religion that every human can subscribe to, no matter what his creed.

Let your Christmas be a happy and beautiful one. Fathers and mothers tell your children what this day stands for. Tell them that the Babe of Bethlehem, when He grew to be a man, never gave a thought to himself; that will teach the little ones to be unselfish. Tell them He only thought of poor little children, poor men and women and the oppressed of the earth

generally, and cared nothing for the rich and mighty. He devoted His life to the help of others, and even when those He would have helped killed and nailed Him to the cross, His last words, instead of being words of condemnation, were words of forgiveness: "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

If you mothers and fathers would take the children aside just for five minutes of Christmas day and ask them for a moment to forget the red nosed, white whiskered Santa Claus and the toys and the presents, you would be doing a splendid service to the children and to the human race. Only as your children understand the significance of Bethlehem and Calvary and the meaning of that life and its sacrifices can the human race go upward. It was the unselfishness of that life that can make peace on earth, good will to men, possible, and it is only by teaching that lesson of unselfishness and implanting in your children the seeds of the Christ spirit, that the tree of humanity can blossom to the full perfection of loveliness and beauty which the divine Creator intended for it.

And now, dear friends, just a word more. We as you know have been working in the year that is nearly past for progress and human betterment. We have tried to make the Christmas spirit last us through the entire year. Comfort, which once marched contentedly in the ranks of household publications, has stepped to the front and has become a great force for human uplift, betterment and righteousness. We ask you to help us in this great work. We have your sympathy, that we know, from the tens of thousands of beautiful letters which reach us, but something more than sympathy is required to keep such publications as this in the front rank of magazinedom: New faces are needed to take the place of those which death mercilessly sweeps from our ranks each year. We are not satisfied to stand still. We must go forward, and only by your help can we advance. There are millions of homes that Comfort has not entered. You have neighbors and friends who have never seen a copy of Comfort, and who are ignorant of the great work it is doing. You can do no kinder act to any living soul than to show them this magazine and induce them to subscribe for it. We try to do much for you, cannot you do this little for us. Comfort's monthly visit costs you less than two cents, and our prize competition and premiums give those of you who wish to help an opportunity to make money easily. If each of you would bring one new friend into our reading family, our sphere of usefulness would be greatly increased, and Comfort would then circulate in two million homes instead of a million and a quarter. Help us in our good work. There is no publication in the world that is doing more for humanity, justice, righteousness and human betterment than are we. A subscription to Comfort is a nail in the coffin of wrong and a boost to the wheels of civilization.

Now dear friends, on behalf of our publisher and staff I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We trust Santa Claus may be good to every one of you. Think of us as you gather around the table on Christmas day and remember that our hearts and voices are uplifted with yours in that great anthem of humanity: Glory to God in the Highest, Peace on earth, Good will to men, and we wish to add with all our hearts, God speed to Comfort's readers.

Comfort's Editor

A Beardless Santa Claus

Copyright, 1910, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

"**I**BEG your pardon, sir!" It was a girlish voice, full of merriment, even as the laughing eyes were. She had collided with a man who had been attempting to make his way quickly through the holiday crowds which jammed the shopping district.

He gave her a quick, sharp glance from the corner of his eye, his lip curled in displeasure, as he snapped:

"Don't mention it."

The girl observed the tone and look of the speaker, turned to her companion, and as the jam became intense just then making it impossible for them to move, and as the young fellow was within her hearing, she observed in a voice, which while intended to be modulated was heard by the young man:

"Gee, someone's got a grouch! Guess he must have had a quarrel with his girl!" Her companion laughed, the young fellow gritted his teeth, and hastened from their sight.

"And this is what Marian wanted me to participate in, and became angry because I refused," he thought. "Christmas? Bah! I think I feel decidedly in the spirit."

As one might guess, Jerome Salvord had a quarrel with the "only" girl. She had asked him to go Christmas shopping and he with a man's dread of the thing, had refused. Then finally they had words, and parted in a huff.

That evening the club was unusually stupid, all the decent fellows seemed to be away, so not having anywhere to go, Salvord decided to plunge in with the Christmas crowds to see what the enjoyment of shopping could be. He wondered where in that crowd Marian Wentworth was, for she had told him that she would go, and if he didn't choose to escort her, someone else would be willing to accommodate her.

He thought of her words. "Someone else would be willing to accommodate her." Yes it was just like a woman. She exacted implicit obedience and faithfulness from a man, decreed that he should have but one inamorata, viz, herself, but she on the contrary could have any number of Toms, Billies, and Archies, so that in case one should fall her, she could fall back on the others.

Well, it looked like a bleak Christmas for him. All their well-planned engagements must be cancelled. And here it was only the eve before Christmas eve. After having refused raftes of invitations to spend Christmas eve or to take Christmas dinner because of his "previous engagements" he would have to spend the two days by himself.

Of course there were places. There's Jack Ford's home. He would be welcomed there, and only a hint and the invitation would be forthcoming. Then there was Dora....she always admired him....but pshaw, then there would be explanations and he hated explanations. Why had he been so boorish? And here he was doing the very thing he said he would do.

Looking up toward an electric light he saw that the snow was commencing to fall, faster and faster it whirled, snuggling in among the evergreen and holly decorations before the stores, and in the wreaths which the street barkers were selling.

"Christmas Bells"

By Charles Noel Douglas

(Uncle Charlie)

List to the pealing of the bells!
List as their rhythmic cadence swells!
In sonorous tones vibrant and strong,
Triumphant as an angel's song.
Re-echoing over hill and plain,
"Banish sorrow, banish pain
Christmas day has come again!"

Lo, the world the message hears!
To the music of the spheres,
Seraph strains of Heavenly birth,
Hearts are tuned o'er all the earth;
And from valley, hill and glen,
Swells the song of Bethlehem,
"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

All the world forgets its ills,
Feeble age with vigor thrills,
Radiant grows the care-worn face,
Despair to mirth and joy gives place,
Men their Godlike traits display,
The Christ is born, and love holds sway,
For Heaven and Earth are one today.

Jerome's thoughts grew more savage, and he watched it. When a lad, the sights that he gazed upon in disgust now, had quickened his pulses.

"Great Scott," he muttered, "I wish I could forget, and enjoy this."

"Then get out of yourself and do something. Look around and see if there isn't some little body whom you might make happy if you chose."

He almost started, his mind answered his thought so clearly.

"I'll do it," he murmured, "but what can I do?"

He glanced about. There stood a Salvation Army girl on the street corner. Beside her stood a paper-mache replica of herself. The model of the Salvation Army girl held forth a tambourine to receive the offerings of the generous public.

He reached down into his pocket and drew forth a handful of small coin, and tossed it into the tambourine. The girl smiling brightly upon him, murmured: "God Bless you," and nodded. But as he hated to carry small change, it was a relief rather than otherwise to be rid of it.

He wandered on, alone in that great mob that crushed and jostled on all sides. Finally he elbowed his way toward the window of a famous store, where there was arranged in child-bewildering array, toys and toys and toys.

He was about to edge out again, when a serious discussion carried on between two little people, caught his attention. He noted them, and involuntarily glanced around for their parents, but apparently they were alone.

"I wonder why they're Chris'mus," the lad said wistfully, "it don't seem like ut when ye don't get nothin'."

"Well, Chris'mus don't mean gittin' things."

"I thought it did."

"Nope, Jimmie, it don't," returned the little girl. "You should 'oy come to Sunday school the odder Sunday. We wuz told all about what Chris'mus meant."

"Don't ut mean gittin' things from Sandy Claus?"

"No. Long, long time ago they was a man named Joseph and a lady called Mary, and they had a little boy born and that was Christ. An' His mother didn't have no little cradle for Him, so she put Him to sleep in a manger. An' the Wise Men came from the East, 'cause they saw a big star in the sky an' heard angels saying, 'Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men.' An' then they followed the light from the star for a long way, an' then it stopped and stood over the manger where Christ's mother had laid Him. An' then the Wise Men brought presents to the little Christ an' then they was happy 'cause Christ was born to bear the sins of the world."

The little girl's eyes were shining, as she recalled the wonderful story, occasionally repeating phrases as she had heard them and learned them by heart.

"I spose that's why they give presents at Chris'mus, don't ye think?"

"I dunno, maybe. But then we ought to be thankful fer Christ, 'cause he was God's gift to the world, to you an' to me an' to ever'body."

"Then I'm thankful to God fer Christ," the lad said.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

BY the time this COMFORT reaches you, your thoughts will have turned toward Christmas and you will be planning your gifts for family and friends. Perhaps there is no season or occasion when our joys are so intermingled with sadness, because of our limitations to send broadcast those gifts which carry comfort and good will.

It is the time when we all recall other days and faces, and so wish our purses were full enough to send the greeting that would let someone know that we were thinking of them.

All through this holiday season I carry with me the thought that it is the shut-in who is most lonely. The air is permeated with festivities on all sides, and yet, the shut-in must hold the same lonely vigil, unless their friends remember them.

Let us all begin in time, lest the pressure of daily duties foil our good intentions, to lay well our plans to remember the sick and friendless. It is not what we give; it's the thought!

So many shut-ins express their enjoyment and appreciation of COMFORT, especially of our Sisters' Corner and Uncle Charlie's department, that I can think of no more satisfying gift for twenty-five cents than to give our dear shut-in friends a fifteen-month subscription to our good magazine COMFORT. It will help through many a heart-sick day and be a daily reminder of the kind friend who sent it.

And with this small sum of money still more good may be accomplished by having the subscription credited toward the wheel-chair fund. It will count one in this grand work, and while the results are not visible, in our hearts we know we have helped.

Please all read the pathetic letter from Mona Newton, and you who can remember her.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

Although but twenty-four years of age, I am a lonely shut-in, and COMFORT is such a help in passing away the long hours. To me your letters are full of sweet sympathy and cheer, and because it gives the shut-ins a chance, I feel COMFORT is the best magazine.

I suffered from a spinal trouble caused by an accident, when my spine was fractured in three places and turned to the left side. I have not walked for two years, neither have I laid down in that time, for my spine and limbs are rigid. I went through a painful operation three years ago when the broken bone was removed. But I can never get well; I am weak from loss of blood and slowly starving to death as my stomach is badly affected.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson, I will be very grateful if you will let me in your little corner for I get so weary and lonely. I have been an invalid for six long years, and were it not for the dear kind friends which God sends my way, I could not live. I am poor and they are so good to me.

Won't some of the kind sisters write me? I have been three long days writing this message to you. Don't forget me!

May God bless you and your good work for the shut-ins is my prayer.

MISS MONA NEWTON, Millersburg, Ohio.

Mona. I wish that with my two hands I could help you in your heart-breaking misfortune. Your sufferings are great and any word I may here write is inadequate to express my sympathy for you. Be brave of heart and patiently await the time when God will take you to Himself. —Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you just give a little space in which to speak a few words in praise of COMFORT?

A neighbor gave me a year's subscription as a surprise and when that was about to expire I renewed for two years longer and thought when that ran out I would stop the paper, but the two years have almost expired and the envelope dropped out of the October COMFORT which was just as good as to say "next COMFORT will be the last," and I reasoned to myself, "how can I get along without COMFORT?" Oh, I will just send COMFORT's editor thirty cents and say "please send COMFORT two years longer."

I am going to try hard to get up a club for the wheel-chair fund. I thought I would get some premium, but decided not to when I considered how many need a wheel chair in which to get out in the blessed sunshine when I am well enough to get around and enjoy the blessings of health and strength.

Now a few words in regard to children! Mothers, when your child does any little deed that it should not do, and you call it up and ask if it did such a thing, and it admits that it did, don't punish the first time. Tell the child with kindness not to do so again.

When they do anything for you, always thank them as you would a stranger, and don't forget when some friend comes to see you to tell before the children how good and kind they are. Tell your friends occasionally how they help mamma. A nervous child should not be scolded very much. I have a little girl, our only child, who will be five years old in January, and I am trying to bring her up to be loved and respected by all. She loves to help mamma do little chores. I can take her anywhere without fear of embarrassment for I have taught her not to meddle with things.

A little hint to poultry raisers: This time of year and later on cholera may get amongst a flock of chickens and play havoc in short order. My chickens get it occasionally, when I make a strong tea of white oak bark and use it to mix their food with. For a preventive, chop the inside bark to about the size of a grain of corn and feed it to them.

Wishing success to COMFORT's wheel-chair workers, I remain,

MRS. BLANCH McDONALD, New Lexington, Jerry Co., Ohio.

Mrs. McDonald. It is exceedingly gratifying to receive a letter such as yours, for it tells me that COMFORT's staff occupies a place in the hearts of its readers. Every effort is being made to make COMFORT better and better, and as editor of our Sisters' Corner I want to thank all my co-workers for the kind expressions contained in their letters.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I have been a subscriber to dear old COMFORT for five years and find it one of the best magazines that is printed. I always look forward with delight to its arrival and always turn to the Sisters' Corner first.

I live on a farm with my husband two miles from the little town of Fordsville, Ohio Co., Ky., and would not exchange homes with any of the town folks. I can sympathize with the dear sisters who have lost their little ones, as God gave us a sweet little girl, but only permitted us to keep her twenty-one months. He saw fit to take the precious flower that He had given us, although it almost took my life to give her up. I said, "the Lord's will be done, not mine," for He doeth all things well.

My heart goes out to the dear shut-ins; may God's richest blessings rest upon Uncle Charlie and our dear editor.

With best wishes to all,
MRS. P. T. SMITH, Fordsville, R. R. 1, Ky.

Mrs. Smith. Many a thought and expression of sympathy will go to you in your bereavement, and many a mother will read and understand. So often the following verse written by the Maine poet Longfellow comes to my mind:

"She is not dead—the child of our affection,
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection
And Christ Himself doth rule."—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for a good many years, and of course I think there is no other paper like it, as there is a corner for all.

I have been married only eleven months and am very happy. We have a nice home with all of the conveniences, such as electric lights, water, telephone, etc. My husband is a musician, and it is so pleasant for us to have music in our home. I only studied music about two years, so of course, I can't play everything yet. My husband composes music too, and has one piece being published now.

Tarpon Springs is a town of about four or five thousand inhabitants, the principal industry being sponging. Hundreds of ships go out on the Gulf of Mexico every month to gather sponges.

Greeks are employed in this work and they come over here from the old country to dive for them. Their diving suits have iron shoes to sink them, and they sometimes go down many hundreds of feet deep. They clip the sponges off from the rocks with some kind of scissors or clippers.

There are many sponge houses here, where the sponges are boiled and then shipped to the markets.

The sponges vary in size from small ones to the size of a bucket. Many thousands of dollars' worth are shipped from this place. In fact it is the largest sponge section on the west coast of Florida.

There are about a thousand Greeks living here, talking in their native tongue. It sounds so strange to hear a crowd of them get together and all trying to talk at once. Some of them can hardly speak a word of English, while others can speak it nearly as well as the Americans.

We have real pleasant winters here; sometimes it hardly frosts. Last winter we had ice a few times. The summers are very warm. In the day it gets real hot, but at night the breeze from the Gulf cools things off. We have been having plenty of rain lately which is greatly appreciated.

I am your COMFORT sister.
MRS. CHAS. JACKSON, Tarpon Springs, Florida.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I come in and tell you something about the northern part of Arizona?

I live in Yavapai Co., fifteen miles from the great United Verde Copper mine owned by ex-senator Clark. The output of this wonderful mine reaches into the millions in a year and still grows richer, employing about eighteen hundred men.

Prescott is the county seat and is one of the prettiest places of about six thousand inhabitants.

It is nearly six thousand feet high, making it a delightful summer home, and hundreds come from the southern portion of the state, where the heat is so intense, to enjoy its lovely summer weather.

I live fifty miles from Prescott in the Verde Valley and we have a lovely climate, with delicious fruits every year, and the greatest abundance of water. Alfalfa, cotton, wheat, oats, sorghum, apples, peaches, plums, apricots, berries, pears and quinces grow in abundance.

The climate is wonderful, and I do believe anybody with that dreaded disease consumption, who will live in this valley and farm will grow well. If there are any who wish to know about this country and will inclose stamp, I will try to answer.

I have two children, who live in Prescott. My daughter is thirty years old, my son twenty-two, and works on the railroad. Oh, how I love and wish to see them, but my husband and I cut Alfalfa four and five times a year and that added to the care of fruit, poultry and dogs keeps me from many pleasant hours with the children.

COMFORT is the dearest paper I take, and now wishing you all good morning, I will go and pack peaches and tomatoes.

Your devoted reader and admirer,
MRS. MARY JACK, Cornville, Yavapai Co., Ariz.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I join your charming company and make acquaintance with all my good and loving far-away sisters in all parts of the country?

I have been a COMFORT subscriber and sister for the last eight years. I was always timid to write and as I am not an English scholar, was afraid of making mistakes. I was born in Dutch West Indies, Paramaribo Surinam and my native language is Holland Dutch. Am I the only sister from that place?

If there are others I would like to hear from them and I will tell them my maiden name. May be we were school friends. I am thirty-seven years old, dark complexion, black hair and eyes.

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DAVID HARUM

A Story of American Life

By Edward Noyes Westcott

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

David Harum, the shrewd country banker and horse trader of Homerville, N. Y., began life as a friendless orphan, poor and despised. With the scantiest rudiments of education, by industry, energy and natural ability he made his way in the world unaided and at middle age, when the story opens, had accumulated a handsome property. He is a widower and his widowed sister Mrs. Bixbee, known as "Aunt Polly," makes her home with him. His unique wit and cunning are displayed in the famous horse trade, so humorously told in the first two chapters, in which he beats the deacon and even of an old score. John Lenox, a young man read in luxury but compelled by circumstances following his father's death, to go to work enters David Harum's employment as clerk. Before his father's death Lenox had indulged his own erratic inclinations; after two years in college followed by a year and a half in business he had spent two years in Europe; on his way home he finds as passengers on the steamer Julius Carling, Mrs. Carling and her sister Miss Mary Blake, his boyhood sweetheart, and renew his acquaintance. Mr. Carling, a sufferer from nervous prostration, is a great care to the ladies, and Lenox wins their good graces by entertaining their patient and giving them an opportunity to rest.

The voyage ends. John rides as far as Thirty-third Street and Mrs. Carling cordially invites him to come and see them as soon as he can. Mary says good by. Going home John lets himself in with his latch key. He encounters Jeffries, who with his wife Ann are the domestics. There is a hearty welcome from Jeffries. A few words about his father, his manner of living and dress disquiet John and he realizes he is at the beginning of a new life, and there is a touch of self-reproach at his father's increasing years and lonely life. He will lose no time in finding out what there is for him to do. The day drags. The meeting between father and son is again imminent. After dinner John proposes to his father he begin some career. Mr. Lenox suggests a profession—the law and will see Carey & Carey. John applies himself in the work appointed. After a few weeks he calls on the Carlings. Mr. Carling retires at an early hour, his wife follows with the invitation to John to call when he feels like it, leaving Mary and John before the smouldering fire. Their conversation drifts to his profession and he acknowledges her influence in his decision. Mary is not displeased at this assertion.

CHAPTER IX.

It is not the purpose of this narrative to dwell minutely upon the events of the next few months. Truth to say, they were devoid of incidents of sufficient moment in themselves to warrant chronicle. What they led up to was memorable enough.

As time went on John found himself on terms of growing intimacy with the Carling household, and eventually it came about that if there passed a day when their door did not open to him it was *dies non*.

Mr. Carling was ostensibly more responsible than the ladies for the frequency of our friend's visits, and grew to look forward to them. In fact he seemed to regard them as paid primarily to himself, and ignored an occasional suggestion on his wife's part that it might not be wholly the pleasure of a chat and a game at cards with him that brought the young man so often to the house. And when once she ventured to concern him with some stirrings of her mind on the subject, he rather testily (for him) pooh-poohed her misgivings, remarking that Mary was her own mistress, and, so far as he had ever seen, remarkably well qualified to regulate her own affairs. Had she ever seen anything to lead her to suppose that there was any particular sentiment existing between Lenox and her sister?

"No," said Mrs. Carling, "perhaps not exactly, but you know how those things go, and he always stays after we come up when she is at home." To which her husband vouchsafed no reply, but began a protracted wavering as to the advisability of leaving the steam on or turning it off for the night, which was a cold one—a dilemma which, involving his personal welfare or comfort at the moment permitted no consideration of other matters to share his mind.

Mrs. Carling had not spoken to her sister upon the subject. She thought that that young woman, if she were not, as Mr. Carling said, "remarkably well qualified to regulate her own affairs," at least held the opinion that she was, very strongly.

The two were devotedly fond of each other, but Mrs. Carling was the elder by twenty years, and in her love was an element of maternal solicitude to which her sister, while giving love for love in fullest measure, did not fully respond. The elder would have liked to share every thought, but she was neither so strong nor so clever as the girl to whom she had been almost as a mother, and who, though perfectly truthful and frank when she was minded to express herself, gave, as a rule, little satisfaction to attempts to explore her mind, and on some subjects was capable of meeting such attempts with impatience, not to say resentment—a fact of which her sister was quite aware. But as time went on, and the frequency of John's visits and attentions grew into a settled habit, Mrs. Carling's uneasiness, with which perhaps was mingled a bit of curiosity, got the better of her reserve, and she determined to get what satisfaction could be obtained for it.

They were sitting in Mrs. Carling's room, which was over the drawing-room in the front of the house. A fire of cannel blazed in the grate.

A furious storm was whirling outside. Mrs. Carling was occupied with some sort of needle-work, and her sister, with a writing pad on her lap, was composing a letter to a friend with

"That would not be so unusual as to be extraordinary, would it?" said Mary.

"Wouldn't it?" suggested Mrs. Carling in a tone that was meant to be slightly quizzical.

"We are by ourselves most evenings, are we not?" responded her sister, without turning around.

"So Julius doesn't think I need watching."

she said.

"Mary," protested her sister in a hurt tone,

"you don't think I ever did or could catch you?"

"I don't want to pry into your secrets, dear," and she looked up with tears in her eyes. The girl dropped on her knees beside her sister and put her arms about her neck.

"You precious old lamb!" she cried, "I know

you don't. You couldn't pry into anybody's secrets if you tried. You couldn't even try. But

I haven't any, dear, and I'll tell you everything of them, and, rather than see a tear in your dear

eyes, I would tell John Lenox that I never

wanted to see him again; and I don't know what

you have been thinking, but I haven't thought so

at all" (which last assertion made even Mrs. Carling laugh), "and I know that I have been teasing and horrid, and if you won't put me in the closet I will be good and answer every question like a nice little girl." Whereupon she gave her sister a kiss and resumed her seat with an air of abject penitence which lasted for a minute. Then she laughed again, though there was a watery gleam in her own eyes. Mrs. Carling gave her a look of great love and admiration.

"I ought not to have brought up the subject," she said, "knowing as I do how you feel about such discussions, but I love you so much that sometimes I can't help—"

"Alice," exclaimed the girl, "please have the

kindness to call me a selfish p—g. It will relieve my feelings."

"But I do not think you are," said Mrs. Carling literally.

"But I am at times," declared Mary, "and you deserve not only to have, but to be shown, all the love and confidence that I can give you. It's only this, that sometimes your solicitude makes you imagine things that do not exist, and you think I am withholding my confidence; and then, again, I am enough like other people that I don't always know exactly what I do think. Now, about this matter—"

"Don't say a word about it, dear," her sister interrupted, "unless you would rather than not."

"I wish to," said Mary. "Of course I am not oblivious of the fact that Mr. Lenox comes here very often, nor that he seems to like to stay and talk with me, because, don't you know, if he didn't he could go when you do, and I don't mind admitting that, as a general thing, I like to have him stay; but, as I said to you, if it weren't for Julius he would not come here very often."

"Don't you think," said Mrs. Carling, now on an assured footing, "that if it were not for you we would not come so often?"

Perhaps Mary overestimated the attraction which her brother-in-law had for Mr. Lenox, and she smiled slightly as she thought that it was quite possible. "I suppose," she went on, with a little shrug of the shoulders, "that the proceeding is not strictly conventional, and that the absolutely correct thing would be for him to say good night when you and Julius do, and that there are those who would regard my permitting a young man in no way related to me to see me very often in the evening without the protection of a duenna as a very unbecoming thing."

"I never had such a thought about it," declared Mrs. Carling.

"I never for a moment supposed you had," said Mary, "nor have I. We are rather unconventional people, making very few claims upon society, and upon whom 'society' makes very few."

"I am rather sorry for that on your account," said her sister.

"You needn't be," was the rejoinder. "I have

no yearnings in that direction which are not satisfied with what I have."

She sat for a minute or two with her hands clasped upon her knee, gazing reflectively into the fire, which, in the growing darkness of the winter afternoon, afforded almost the only light in the room. Presently she

became conscious that her sister was regarding her with an air of expectation, and resumed:

"Leaving the question of the conventions out of the discussion as settled," she said, "there is nothing, Alice, that you need have any concern about, either on Mr. Lenox's account or mine."

"You like him, don't you?" asked Mrs. Carling.

"Yes," said Mary frankly, "I like him very much. We have enough in common to be

rather sympathetic, and we differ enough not to be dull, and so we get on very well. I

never had a brother," she continued, after a momentary pause, "but I feel toward him as I fancy I should feel toward a brother of about my own age, though he is five or six years older than I am."

"You don't think, then," said Mrs. Carling timidly, "that you are getting to care for him at all?"

"In the sense that you use the word," was the reply, "not the least in the world. If

I really believed I should never see him again, I

should be sorry; but if at any time it were a

question of six months or a year, I do not think

my equanimity would be particularly disturbed."

"And how about him?" suggested Mrs. Carling. There was no reply.

"Don't you think he may care for you, or be

getting to?"

Mary frowned slightly, half closing her eyes and stirring a little uneasily in her chair.

"He hasn't said anything to me on the subject," she replied evasively.

"Would that be necessary?" asked her sister.

"Perhaps not," was the reply "if the fact were

very obvious."

"Isn't it?" persisted Mrs. Carling, with unusual tenacity.

"Well," said the girl, "to be quite frank with

you, I have thought once or twice that he entailed

some such idea—that is—no, I don't mean to

put it just that way. I mean that once or

twice something has occurred to give me that

idea. That isn't very coherent, is it? But even

if it be so," she went on after a moment, with a

wave of her hands, "what of it? What does it

signify? And if it does signify, what can I do

about it?"

"You have thought about it, then?" said her sister.

"As much as I have told you," she answered.

"I am not a very sentimental person, I think,

and not very much on the lookout for such

things, but I know there is such a thing as a

man's taking a fancy to a young woman under

circumstances which bring them often together,

and I have been led to believe that it isn't neces-

sarily fatal to the man even if nothing comes of

it. But be that as it may," she said with a shrug

of her shoulders, "what can I do about it? I

can't say to Mr. Lenox, 'I think you ought not

to come here so much,' unless I give a reason for it, and I think we have come to the conclusion that there is no reason except the danger—to put it in so many words—of his falling in love with me. I couldn't quite say that to him, could I?"

"No, I suppose not," acquiesced Mrs. Carling faintly.

"No, I should say not," remarked the girl. "If he were to say anything to me in the way of declaration is the word, isn't it?—it would be another matter. But there is no danger of that."

"Why not, if he is fond of you?" asked her sister.

"Because," said Mary, with an emphatic nod, "I won't let him," which assertion was rather weakened by her adding, "and he wouldn't, if I would."

"I don't understand," said her sister.

"Well," said Mary, "I don't pretend to know all that goes on in his mind; but allowing, or rather conjecturing, that he does care for me in the way you mean, I haven't the least fear of his telling me so, and one of the reasons is this, that he is wholly dependent upon his father, with no other prospect for years to come."

"I had the idea somehow," said Mrs. Carling, "that his father was very well-to-do. The young man gives one the impression of a person who has always had everything that he wanted."

"I think that is so," said Mary, "but he told me one day, coming over on the steamer, that he knew nothing whatever of his own prospects or his father's affairs. I don't remember—at least, it doesn't matter—how he came to say as much, but he did, and afterward gave me a whimsical catalogue of his acquirements and accomplishments, remarking, I remember, that 'there was not a dollar in the whole list'; and lately, though you must not fancy that he discusses his own affairs with me, he has now and then said something to make me guess that he was somewhat troubled about them."

"Is he doing anything?" asked Mrs. Carling.

"He told me the first evening he called here," said Mary, "that he was studying law, at his father's suggestion; but I don't remember the name of the firm in whose office he is."

"Why doesn't he ask his father about his prospects?" said Mrs. Carling.

Mary laughed. "You seem to be so much more interested in the matter than I am," she said, "why don't you ask him yourself?"

To which unjustifiable rejoinder her sister made no reply. "I don't see why he shouldn't," she remarked.

"I think I understand," said Mary. "I fancy from what he has told me that his father is a singularly reticent man, but one in whom his son has always had the most implicit confidence. I imagine, too, that until recently, at any rate, he has taken it for granted that his father was wealthy. He has not confided any misgivings to me, but if he has any he is just the sort of person not to ask, and certainly not to press a question with his father."

"It would seem like carrying delicacy almost too far," remarked Mrs. Carling.

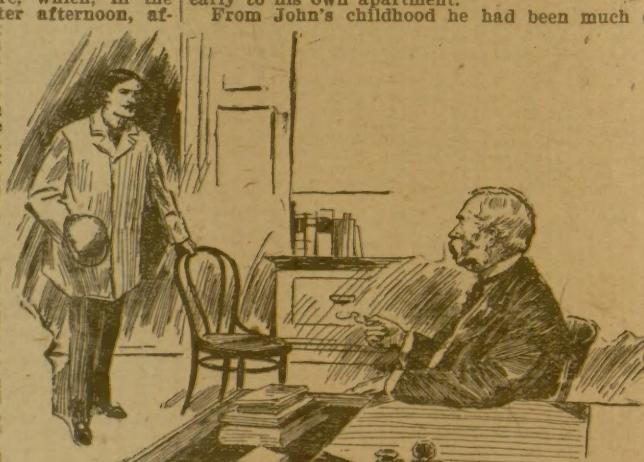
"Perhaps it would," said her sister, "but I think I can understand and sympathize with it."

Mrs. Carling broke the silence which followed for a moment of two as if she were thinking aloud. "You have plenty of money," she said, and colored at her inadvertence. Her sister looked at her for an instant with a humorous smile, and then, as she rose and touched the bell button, said, "That's another reason."

CHAPTER X.

I think it should hardly be imputed to John as a fault or a shortcoming that he did not for a long time realize his father's failing powers. True, as has been stated, he had noted some changes in appearance on his return, but they were not great enough to be startling, and, though he thought at times that his father's manner was more subdued than he had ever known it to be, nothing really occurred to arouse his suspicion or anxiety. After a few days the two men appeared to drop into their accustomed relation and routine, meeting in the morning and at dinner; but as John picked up the threads of his acquaintance he usually went out after dinner, and even when he did not, his father went early to his own apartment.

From John's childhood he had been much of



"SIT DOWN," SAID THE GENERAL, POINTING TO A CHAIR.—
SEE CHAPTER XI.

the time away from home, and there had never, partly from that circumstance and partly from the older man's natural and habitual reserve, been very much intimacy between them.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

very good paper in every way. I am especially interested in the charity work connected with it, and shall get up a subscription for the wheel-chair club just as soon as possible, as I think it a very worthy cause. I have often heard of the paper, but was surprised to find the amount of good work it was doing, and thankful of an opportunity to help a little.

Now I will tell you something about myself as I like to read about the home life of the other sisters. I am twenty-eight this fall, have been married four years and have one little boy three years old, a dear, bright little fellow.

Just a word here about child training. The mother who cannot control herself, cannot control her child. Think of this mothers and try to keep sweet!

We will soon change our address to Glen, Neb., as we have bought a relinquishment there. Our land lies twenty miles west of Crawford, our nearest town. Glen is just a store and post-office six miles from us. The good man of the house is there now building.

I will gladly answer any questions regarding Sioux Co. where our new home is. It is a good place to buy cheap land.

I shall enjoy COMFORT more than ever this winter as it will be a little lonely there.

Good by and God bless you and your homes.

MRS. JUNE HURLBURT, Hot Springs, So. Dak.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Please move up just a wee bit for an old subscriber who is a little shy about intruding on such a wise crowd, but I want to drop in a little here, for the big helps I have obtained from our blessed paper.

I want to send two recipes which we think is just fine and hope it will help someone else here. We took the old underwear which was past intended use and first cut it into strips three quarters of an inch wide. These you dye any preferred color, and it is pretty to use two or more colors for stripes and then sew each color by itself. Take this prepared material to a carpet weaver, who will know how to go on with them. You can have your rug of mixed rags and use the ones you color for the borders at ends. They can be made as pretty as one chooses.

Will some of the sisters please send me wool pieces three by five for a COMFORT quilt?

MRS. SAM SMITH, Naponee, R. R. 3, Box 10, Nebr.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

If dear Mrs. Wilkinson will give me a little space in your corner I would like to come to you, with a word of sisterly greeting. I am not young, neither am I old, only as the years count, although my last birthday, Sept. 20th, completed sixty-seven years of life for me. I have been ill almost thirty-three years, in bed the last twenty-eight of them, to lie on my back all the time, never a moment on either side, never free from pain, yet life has not become a burden to me. I am interested in what is going on in the great world and grateful for all the cheer that comes to me in my own little world, in the quiet home so silently located in the White River valley in the old Green Mountain state where I was born. Even with my handicapped life and narrow limitations, pain and privation, helplessness and dependence, I feel that I have many blessings to be thankful for, through the goodness of God and His faithful stewards, my own dear ones and dear kind friends that are so much to me in my need of them.

I have an extensive correspondence, a source of pleasure to me. I have a fine collection of post cards, sent me by friends far and near.

I feel greatly indebted for the pleasure of reading your charming magazine the past few months.

Sincerely yours,

MISS MARY F. BOUTWELL, Gaysville, Box 128, Vt.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

As I haven't seen any letters from Canada I will write one to our corner.

We came here last April and like it very much, and maybe some of the sisters would like to know about this country.

It is slightly rolling with now and then a small brush patch. The soil is black loam with clay subsoil. The water is good and fine crops are raised. Nearly all of the homestead land around here is taken, but the C. P. Railroad company offers good inducements. Their land sells at thirteen dollars an acre, one tenth down and the rest in nine yearly payments.

This country needs people with families. We live eight miles from two railroad towns and four miles from a store and post-office.

We lost a dear little baby girl this summer with cholera infantum. It is so lonely without her.

With best wishes to all,

MRS. H. VAN DEWAR, Hardisty Alta, Can.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Since I wrote last August, I have received so many nice comforting letters, papers, books and magazines that I want all who read this to know I thoroughly appreciate every favor I received and that as I finish reading all of the literature, I send it to some one else, thus passing on the good work.

Through COMFORT I have made some good friends who kindly write me and send me books and I exchange with any I can. The cold, windy, lonely days are here, and as the neighbors are far apart and shut in like myself, I feel the more bitter need of literature. One gets tired of work and I always devote my evenings to reading of some kind.

I failed to get up a Sunshine Club here but induced friends who were similarly situated in Washington, Colorado and Kentucky to get the widely scattered neighbors to join in eager and hearty cooperation in one, and they write me it is a success. I send all the choicest spare literature, recipes and helps of all kinds to them and I know they appreciate it. My life is lonely, necessarily so for a time, and I believe in helping all one can.

The letters I have received testify to the good one can do by a little consideration, heartily, sisterly love and a genuine desire to live the Golden Rule.

For hoarseness, take sugar and squeeze lemon juice over it until it is a syrup, then add a few drops of glycerine. This is tested and good.

To one who is bothered with bronchitis, take goose-oil and saturate a cloth and cover with grated nutmeg and place next to the skin. It gives relief speedily.

A good tempting Sunday breakfast consists of baked apples, omelet, hot Southern biscuit, butter and coffee.

I shall be pleased to exchange books with anyone. I mean paper-backed books, for of course handsomely covered books cost too much. I do not crave the outside; it is the contents I relish.

Hoping to bear from someone, I am,

MRS. E. H. (DEACON) PRATHER, Grandin, N. Dak.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have enjoyed the letters so much and have several times noticed the request for someone to tell more about Florida, that I will write a few things I have learned.

We came here a year and a half ago for my husband's health and certainly have found an ideal climate. We came in May, and the people in the North said we would get the fever and that we could never stand the heat. But we never enjoyed summer as we did last summer. While the sun is much hotter than in the North, there is always a cool breeze, and there were only two nights last summer that we did not sleep under a light quilt. This summer there hasn't been a night but what we could sleep fine, as it was cool and pleasant. During the hottest part of the day the sun usually is obscured by a cloud and then we have a nice, refreshing shower that cools the atmosphere wonderfully. Our rainy season begins here about the second week of June and lasts until about the second week in August. But we do not mind the rain here as we do in the North. It does not get muddy as the soil is sandy and the winter is fine too. We saw no snow and very little ice. The temperature went down to twenty-five degrees once, and that was the coldest it has been for several years. But it doesn't last but two or three days at a time, and the sun shines almost every day. The people are good and kind, while some we find very ignorant, the most are bright and educated. Have good schools and churches, but not as many as in the North. They do not farm here as they do in the North. The cattle are mostly inferior to the Northern cattle. There are quite a few good Jerseys, but stock cattle are not much. The farming is mostly truck farming in winter, also other kinds of truck are raised and shipped North when everything is frozen up there. It is much harder to grow things here as we haven't the soil. The muck lands are about as rich, but the rest requires a good deal of fertilizer; can't grow much of anything without it, but with energy and push there is money to be made from the soil here. Ten acres here, cared for right is equal to sixty acres North, because we can grow three and four crops off the same ground each year.

Tampa is a great cigar city. We have a great many Cubans here that work in the factories. Not nearly as many colored folks as there are in Jacksonville, Fla.

There is quite a lot of Northern and Western people here, and anyone who enjoys the beauties of nature should take a stroll through the Florida woods. Great large oaks with the gray Spanish moss hanging from every branch; air plants and ferns growing along the trunks; tall long leafed palms and the cabbage palmetto with the dwarf saw palmetto growing underneath, and numerous little plants and trees and flowers. While they are not large and showy, I never saw so many kinds of wild flowers as there are here; no wonder it is called the land of flowers.

We have all enjoyed ourselves and expect to make our home here for the rest of our lives.

With love and best wishes to you Mrs. Wilkinson, and all the dear sisters,

MRS. A. E. KNULL, Tampa, R. R. 3, Florida.

DEAR SISTERS:

I want to thank all who sent me letters and cards. If you only knew how much happiness they have brought to me, an old afflicted and unhappy woman, you would do much of this kind of charity. I read them all over so often and show them to every neighbor that comes in (and that is not a few). I love you all dear friends, and am sending in one subscription to COMFORT for a lone widow, and let it go toward the wheel-chair fund.

MRS. JESSIE SHERBY, Eaton, Delaware Co., Ind.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been reading COMFORT but a short time, my sister asking me to subscribe, and it being such a low-priced paper I didn't expect much. However, I was mistaken; it is the brainiest little paper that comes to our home. Another good reason why I enjoy COMFORT is that Uncle Charlie being a shut-in and bringing sunshine to so many lives, to those that are well and to those that suffer, makes us all ask ourselves what are we doing to make the world better for our being in it.

I live in a pretty little town of four or five hundred inhabitants and enjoy my life very much. I have been married fifteen years and have no children.

MRS. MARGARET T. BENNETT, Heath Springs, S. C.

DEAR SISTERS:

After the appearance of my letter in the September COMFORT, I began to receive letters from all states. At that time my father, who had recently come to visit me, was taken very ill, and on September 20th, he left me. Friends were sought, life's battles and the battles are ended. We buried him September 22nd. The sisters' letters were a great comfort to me and I wish I could reply to each. As I cannot, I write to our paper and trust all who wrote me will read this so as to understand.

Miss Louise Buckner and others who sent books for the Pioneer Library, we thank you for them.

With best wishes, Sincerely,

MRS. A. G. SCHILLER, Ignacio, La Plata Co., Colo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have never written you a letter before, but now I want to tell you of a real live sermon I heard and saw yesterday morning.

We moved into this little city right among the foot-hills of the beautiful Cascade Mountains and in the Wenatchee Valley, the home of the Big Red Apple, of which so much was said and written, several weeks ago.

We rented a little cottage of a man who has an invalid wife and his husband spoke several times about the poor lady and told me I ought to go to see her. So yesterday morning as my little daughter and I came from town, we stopped a while, and I am so glad we did, for there I saw and heard a better sermon than any minister of the gospel could preach.

No one was with her when we went into the room, and there she lay on her bed where she had been for seven weeks, weak and helpless, hopeful and bright even in her great affliction.

It made my heart ache and tears spring to my eyes to see her poor crippled body, hands and limbs which had been so terribly drawn out of shape by that dread disease, rheumatism.

She told me how she had suffered excruciating pain during the past winter when her poor limbs were being gradually drawn out of their natural shape. How her husband and others had done all they could for her and even the slightest touch would bring a cry of pain, but she forgot her part of it and thought only of them for she said to me, "God only knows what those poor men endured while trying to care for me."

How wonderful it seemed to me that suffering as she was, she could think of others first.

She told me how the people came to see her in the winter. "But now," she said, "they have their gardens and other work, and do not have time to come to see me."

She was too unselfish to blame them for neglecting her when they knew how much they could cheer her lonely life.

Then she told me of young men who came to work for her husband, who is a builder and contractor. How kind they have been to give her anything which might help her or cheer her. "God bless the generous hearts," she said. "To think they would be so kind when they did not know me, some had never seen me. And do you know," she said, "I have been here seven months and have never had a bed sore. Isn't that wonderful?"

"God bless her," I thought, "and even she can find something to be thankful for while sometimes we who have our health and strength never think of half of our great blessings."

I am convinced that there are angels on this earth of ours and she is one of them, so hopeful, so unselfish and so grateful for everything, no matter how small.

God has seen fit to afflict her that in her affliction she with her beautiful character might teach us to be more unselfish, more thankful for our many blessings, and more willing to do our best for others.

She told me of her two boys and how kind her husband was. Also of their beautiful home in Everett, Wash., where she intended to go as soon as she was able, for she said, "I am getting better right along. I don't suffer as I did."

I do not ask for anything for her for I think she is fairly well provided for, but I think she would enjoy some beautiful post cards or something of that kind. Her address is Mrs. Faulkner, Leavenworth, Washington.

I have many things to be thankful for, among the greatest blessings are my kind, affectionate husband and our little five-year-old daughter who is the sunshine of our home.

I am very truly,

MRS. IMOGENE M. FIELD, Leavenworth, Wash.

Mrs. Field. As Mrs. Faulkner's address does not include her initials, will you kindly make such arrangements at the post office as to insure her getting such mail as may be sent her by the sisters? How happy you will be in the happiness you are giving poor Mrs. Faulkner. She will I am sure, be remembered by many a COMFORT sister.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been with you through month after month for several years and think our corner is getting better right along.

Dear sisters, I wonder how many of you get nervous as I do with children. I have three little ones, two girls and one boy, and to hear a child cry makes me extremely nervous. All of my children cried a good deal before they were one year old, especially my little boy. He would just scream every evening for several hours, and it made no difference what was done for him, nothing seemed to soothe him until a certain hour came when he would go to sleep. And then I was so worn out and tired that I would break down and cry myself. If any of the sisters ever had a like experience I would be glad to hear from them.

I always lived in the city before I was married and now I live on a farm and often long for more company. It does get very lonesome at times. I have enough to keep me busy, in fact too busy, and sometimes I think that is the reason I get so nervous as I try to have everything done.

And now I have a request to make. My mother-in-law living here on a farm is getting too old to stay all alone. She has two boys, but they are grown up and cannot always stay at home with her. She would gladly give some nice old lady a home with her and would also clothe her just to have a companion. If any of the sisters or anyone knows of such a lady, they can write to me as I do all of her corresponding. She has a nice home, lives on a large farm which she owns. Her boys are working for her. There are twenty-three cows milked on the place so anybody will have a good living.

And now dear sisters I will close for this time, hoping that I may soon be with you again.

MRS. LOUIS DITTBURNER, Friendship, Wis.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I wish to thank those who responded to my request to send Mrs. Jane Hays, Lomann, Ark., calico quilt pieces on her birthday. She also received many nice letters and cards. It was a great surprise to her, and words cannot express her appreciation as she is a cripple and piecing quilts is her only pastime as she cannot read.

COMFORT is a grand paper to me.

MRS. MATTIE MARSHON, Elliott, Ark.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Every-day Helps

certain general rules must be observed to be come a reliable cook.

To quote Mrs. E. J. Lawson, "Use measuring cup." These cups indicate quarters and thirds, cost but five cents and are indispensable. So often you hear the expression, "I had bad luck with my cake," but if it's not "luck" at all, it's simply that you went amiss somewhere in your work. One great source of uneven cooking is in measuring. Never, never use your cup to dip up your flour, meal, sugar or other dry ingredients with, but instead with your mixing spoon fill your cup. By dipping with your cup, you will force in considerably more than a cupful and then the cake is "bready" instead of light and spongy.

In measuring soda or cream of tartar, never press it into the spoon, but make it smooth and light in the box and then lightly fill your spoon and gently level to the required amount without pressure. Then the biscuits won't be yellow! When half spoonfuls are required, evenly fill the spoon and then the cake is "bready" instead of light and spongy.

Always sift flour before measuring and cupfuls mean even full, not rounded.

Let us have ideas on cooking from the good cooks in our Sisters' Corner.—Ed.

MINCE MEAT.—Chop three pounds of best raisins, two pounds of English currants, four ounces each of orange and lemon peel and eight ounces of dried citron. Mix and pour over one cup of brandy and let stand over night. Boil until well done six pounds of close-grained beef and chop fine with four pounds of tart apples, and add one quart of sweet cider, one pound of suet, one pound of molasses, two pounds of sugar, two teaspoonfuls each of cinnamon, mace and nutmeg, one teaspoonful of allspice and cloves. Mix all together, add prepared fruit, and water sufficient to cook slowly two hours and seal. This is fine. Use measuring cup.

MRS. E. J. LAWSON, 317 Lafayette St., Jefferson City, Mo.

CREAMED BREAD.—A simple recipe for using cold bread: Cut into small squares and about half an inch thick. First dip into sugar water and then in beaten egg. Fry a light brown.

RUBY'S REWARD

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Ralph Carpenter, a man of wealth, knowing his days are numbered, reveals to Walter Richardson, the son of Sadie Walcott, his early love, the story of his young life, his love for Walter's dead mother, their betrothal, separation, her marriage, his finding her in poverty, and the promise to care for Walter as if he were his son and to tell him something when he becomes of age, also his anxiety for him to complete his education, provision for which he makes. In the midst of his talk Mr. Carpenter becomes suddenly ill, and while the nurse and Walter keep watch Edmund in the library finds his father's private papers and one, bearing the words "Last Will," slips through a crack in a quaint desk and is lost to sight. With a sign of relief Edmund closes the desk. The father dies without making more known of his wishes for Walter and revealing his ancestry. A search is made for the will. Walter is anxious to complete his education and Edmund offers him the position of bookkeeper at nine dollars a week with board for one year, and Edmund regards it as a matter of disrespect that the son of another woman is installed on an equal footing with him. Walter realizes his hard position.

CHAPTER III.

A PLEASANT ENCOUNTER.

WALTER sat a long time lost in troubled thought after Edmund left him. He felt deeply hurt and indignant over the treatment that he had received.

He knew that his Uncle Ralph never would have allowed him to be turned thus adrift upon the world if he had dreamed of the possibility of such treatment from Edmund; while, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, he still believed that there must exist some document providing for his future.

He was not suspicious enough to think that Edmund would destroy or suppress such an instrument if it had existed. He merely thought it must have been mislaid or lost; but he was greatly surprised and hurt to find that the son of his dearest friend was unwilling to share something of his abundance with him. He knew that he had never really liked him—that he had even been jealous of his love for his father, but he was unprepared for quite such a display of avarice and heartlessness as he had manifested toward him.

His offer of a position in the counting-room and the sneering reference to a "promotion" if he "did well at his post," had galled him almost beyond endurance; while what he had said about his father indulging in quixotic sentiment on his account and the insult offered to the late Mrs. Carpenter, by bringing him—the son of Mr. Carpenter's first love—into his home, made every nerve in his body tingle with indignation.

"I will not be under obligation to him for another dollar!" he cried at length, starting to his feet with a crimson face and flashing eyes.

And yet, as his glance wandered about the beautiful room, and he thought how much he had enjoyed, in that home of luxury, with the one who was now gone from it forever, a feeling of loneliness and homesickness, such as he had never before experienced, oppressed him.

But he would not stop to grieve or repine, and, with a resolute air, he strode from the house, turning his steps at once toward the city, to see what he could do to provide for his own future. But it was no light thing for him to give up the hope that he had entertained for the next two years—to turn his back upon college, where he had stood well, and been ambitious to do honor to himself and to the friend who had been so kind to him. It was no light thing to feel that he must go out from that pleasant, luxurious home, to give up his liberal income, and be obliged to labor long hours in order to secure even an humble lodging and food to satisfy his hunger, and bitter thoughts crowded thick and fast upon his mind as he sped on toward the busy town where he was destined to battle with fate during the next few hours.

He had a long distance to walk before he could take a car. Usually he rode into the city, but today he had not felt that he had a right to use even the horse which Mr. Carpenter had given him for his especial driving a couple of years previous.

He reached the corner at length, and stopped near a handsome residence, to wait until his coach should appear. His attention was almost immediately attracted, and the tenor of his thoughts changed, by the sound of a clear, bird-like voice which came floating out upon the air through the open window, beneath which he was standing.

Up and down the scale it ran, sweet, strong, and flexible; then suddenly changed and burst into a charming little song, a verse of which Walter caught, and which rang rhythmically in his brain long after:

"I will thy name repeat, Marguerite, Marguerite,
For it is so sweet, so sweet,
That the birds will stay to listen,
And the tangled sunbeams glisten,
In thy golden hair,
Marguerite, so fair, so fair."

"I wonder if her name is Marguerite," thought Walter. "I know she must be 'fair' and 'sweet' to have a voice like that."

The sweet song seemed to lift something of the burden from his heart, and he would gladly have lingered to hear more of it, but just then there came the tinkling of the car-bell in the distance, and, casting one wistful glance toward the house whence that lovely voice had proceeded, he walked to the edge of the sidewalk to hail his car.

The next moment the door of the mansion, near which he had been standing, opened, and there skipped out a bewildering little fairy in the daintiest and crispest of blue lawns, with a cluster of pink roses in her belt, the prettiest of hats, adorned with the whitest and most graceful of feathers, upon her golden head.

Eyes of liquid blue looked shyly out from beneath silken fringed lids; delicate rings of sunny hair lay with careless grace upon her white forehead; a lovely pink fluttered in her rounded cheek, and a merry smile parted a pair of red lips, thus revealing two rows of small, milkwhite teeth beneath them.

She had a coquettish little bag of blue silk and velvet in one hand, and a music roll of Russia leather under her arm, which indicated that she was the songstress of a few moments before and was now going to the city for her lesson.

She turned back as she reached the sidewalk and said, with pretty imperiousness:

"Now, mind, Estelle, do not go driving until I get home; I'll make madam shorten my lesson, and come back just as soon as I can," and, kissing the tips of her fingers to the invisible personage within, the beautiful girl ran forward to the curb just as the car, in obedience to Walter's signal, came to a stop.

Walter could not control the admiring look that sprang to his fine eyes as he stood one side to allow her to enter first.

She flashed him a swift glance and smile of thanks, while the color deepened in her cheeks as she met his eyes.

But her little foot slipped as she stepped upon the platform, and she would have fallen had not the young man sprung forward and assisted her to recover her balance.

"I hope you are not hurt," he said, as she gave a startled cry, while he picked up and restored the music-roll which she had dropped.

"Oh, no, thank you," she returned, giving him a grateful look, "though doubtless I should have been but for your kindness."

She passed on into the car and took a seat. There was room enough for another and almost

involuntarily she motioned him to sit beside her, a privilege of which he unhesitatingly availed himself, though with quickened pulses and a strange thrill in the region of his heart.

The young lady appeared a trifle shy, and Walter did not feel at liberty to open a conversation, though he longed to hear her voice again and to learn who she was; so they both sat silent, but very conscious of a deep interest in each other, all the way down town.

Walter had seen the initials R. G. engraved upon the clasp of her music-roll as he picked it up, and he puzzled himself during the ride to fit them to appropriate names for the fair divinity that had so suddenly burst upon his vision.

He was at length obliged to leave without having the mystery solved, and rising, he lifted his hat with all the courtesy of which he was master, bowed his adieu, and went his way, followed by as witching a pair of blue eyes as ever watched a gallant knight out of sight.

A regretful sigh escaped the little lady as he disappeared.

"I wish I could learn who he is; I wonder if I shall ever see him again," she thought, and all during the singing lesson with madam, a pair of frank, handsome eyes, and a fine, broad, white brow, crowned with waving brown hair, haunted her mind, while that gentle yet strong and helpful clasp of his good right hand, as it was laid upon her arm to keep her from falling, seemed still to thrill along her nerves.

Meanwhile, Walter proceeded directly to the business portion of the city, and finally stopped before a door above which was a sign bearing the name, "Albert Conant, Architect and Builder."

He entered the building and in a few moments was in the architect's private office.

Mr. Conant was alone and engaged with some plans that were spread out upon a desk before him.

Walter bowed, and, removing his hat, said:

"Mr. Conant, my name is Walter Richardson, and I have called to ask if you are in need of office help."

"Ah! Do you know anything about my business, Mr. Richardson?" inquired Mr. Conant, studying the frank, attractive face of the visitor.

"Not much, practically, I am afraid, sir, although I have given considerable time and study to certain branches of it. But I have a desire to learn it thoroughly, and have come to see if I could find an opening, with that end in view."

Mr. Conant asked him a number of questions, and appeared considerably surprised upon being told that he had been reared by Ralph Carpenter.

"I knew Mr. Carpenter well," he said. "So you

to his brow. It was just what Edmund Carpenter had said to him, and it would be beginning much lower than he had imagined he would be obliged to commence.

"Does that sound a little rough?" questioned Mr. Conant, observing his disappointment. "I should advise the same if you were my own son. All architects should have a practical knowledge of the construction of buildings, in order to be able to plan them understandingly. I learned the trade when I was a young man, and it has been of inestimable value to me."

"But how can I manage it?—who will teach me?" stammered Walter, wondering how he was to live, and who would want to take as a carpenter's apprentice, a young man of his stamp—one who had never been accustomed to labor, and with a hand as delicate as a girl's.

Mr. Conant regarded him very kindly.

He understood his trouble; he saw that he was eager to do the right thing, and be guided by his superior wisdom, and his interest in him deepened accordingly.

"I think I can arrange that matter for you; that is, if you are willing to rough it for a while; you cannot expect to have things move along quite as smoothly as they did when you were the protege of the wealthy Ralph Carpenter."

"I do not expect it, sir; but how can I live while I am learning? I must eat, I must have shelter, clothing I am well supplied with for the present."

"Can you not remain where you are? Will not young Carpenter assist you in your plans?"

"No, sir; he told me if I would not accept his offer he should 'wash his hands of me entirely.' I would not solicit his assistance in any way. Mr. Conant, after that I will depend upon myself; make my own way, and be under no obligation to him," he said, proudly.

Mr. Conant smiled slightly. He admired the young fellow's pluck and independence, while he despised the meanness of the man, who, with great wealth at his command, evidently intended to turn adrift the boy whom his father had loved and befriended.

"Well," he said, after thinking a while. "I do not know as I blame you, and I reckon we can manage some way without his assistance. I do not clearly see just how at this moment, but if you come to me again at this hour tomorrow, I think I shall be able to speak more definitely regarding the matter."

Walter thanked him, and then took his leave, though, it must be confessed, it was with a rather heavy heart.

THE YOUNG MAN SPRANG FORWARD AND ASSISTED HER TO RECOVER HER BALANCE.



THE YOUNG MAN SPRANG FORWARD AND ASSISTED HER TO RECOVER HER BALANCE.

are the boy whom he adopted? If he was as fond of you as I have heard, I am surprised at the necessity of your applying to me for employment, for he was a very rich man, and ought to have liberally provided for you."

Walter considered a moment, and then freely told the man just how he was situated, although he tried to cast as little reflection as possible upon the son of his benefactor.

Mr. Conant appeared to be deeply interested in his story, and his lips curled scornfully when Walter mentioned the paltry offer that he had received to induce him to become a plodding clerk.

"So you did not feel inclined to take up with Mr. Edmund Carpenter's offer?" he observed, dryly, as Walter concluded.

"No, sir. I cannot make up my mind to enter a counting-room—I have no taste for that kind of life; while it seemed like a waste of time to attempt to earn my living and study evenings. I should prefer to begin upon the business I have in mind, and work for less for a while, for I should feel that I was learning all the time. I have heard it said," he added, with a smile, "once a clerk always a clerk, and I do not feel as if I could sit my life out on a stool and become simply a mathematical automaton."

Mr. Conant smiled. He liked the ring of decision and character in the young man's tones. "Some bookkeepers receive very good salaries," he said.

"True; but the majority do not, and I wish to become an independent business man, by and by. I believe it is in me, and I mean to try for it."

"What is your idea about learning to become an architect?"

"I am afraid my ideas are somewhat crude upon that point, sir; I simply know that it is a profitable business. I am attracted toward it. I believe I have a natural aptitude for it, and I am willing to begin at the lowest round of the ladder and work my way up."

"I like that; it sounds as if you really meant business," returned Mr. Conant, with an approving nod; "but what would you say if I should advise you to spend a year learning the carpenter's trade first?"

Walter's face fell, and a quick flush mounted

to his brow. It was just what Edmund Carpenter had said to him, and it would be beginning much lower than he had imagined he would be obliged to commence.

"Does that sound a little rough?" questioned Mr. Conant, observing his disappointment. "I should advise the same if you were my own son. All architects should have a practical knowledge of the construction of buildings, in order to be able to plan them understandingly. I learned the trade when I was a young man, and it has been of inestimable value to me."

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"I do not expect it, sir; but how can I live while I am learning? I must eat, I must have shelter, clothing I am well supplied with for the present."

WALTER'S OPPORTUNITY.

Walter learned, upon his return to Forestvale, that Edmund had gone to New York, and would not be back for a week.

He was not at all disturbed by this intelligence, however; indeed he was rather relieved than otherwise for it would give him an opportunity to mature his plans without any fear of interference on his part.

At the appointed hour, the next day, he went again to Mr. Conant's office, with the deter-

mination to be guided by his advice, even though it should not be exactly in accordance with his taste or inclination.

He found him in, and was instantly encouraged by the genial manner with which he welcomed him.

"Well, my young friend," he cried, as he cordially shook him by the hand; "your promptness speaks well for your intentions. I trust you have considered well what I said to you yesterday."

"I think I have, sir," Walter replied, gravely.

"Has your courage been daunted by the advice which I gave you?"

"No, sir. If I can earn an honorable living, and at the same time have a fair prospect of realizing my aspiration by and by, I am willing to adopt whatever measures may seem best for fitting myself for my business."

"That's the way to talk; and now for the result of my deliberations and investigations," returned Mr. Conant. "I have an extensive contract on hand that will take nearly a year to complete. I have an excellent master-builder in charge, who has consented to take you under his especial supervision, and teach you all that you are willing to learn. It will be hard, up-hill work, my friend—I will not attempt to conceal the fact—harder for you than for many others, because you have never done any work; but I know that it will pay in the end, if you will stick to it and do your best."

"I shall do that, sir, for I have made up my mind, and will not turn back now," said Walter, resolutely.

"That is well. And now about the terms. I can't promise you very much to begin with—not even as much as Mr. Edmund Carpenter offered you. The first three months you will receive a dollar and a quarter a day and your board. Mr. Wayland will take you into his own family, if that will be agreeable to you. The next three months you will receive more, if you earn it, and so on; your wages will be gauged according to your ability. How do these arrangements strike you?"

Walter sat in earnest thought for a few minutes. The outlook was not certainly a very tempting one. Seven dollars and a half a week seemed very little to him. How often he had spent double that to gratify a mere whim, or upon some pleasure!

But he was no longer the protege of a rich man; he had nothing now in the world but his own energy and hands to depend upon, and he had no right to be dissatisfied with what he felt sure must be a fair offer to one who knew absolutely nothing regarding the business he was about to attempt. At last he looked up, and met Mr. Conant's eye with a resolute expression. "I cannot say that the work is exactly to my state," he said, "but I shall do as you recommend, and I will endeavor to make the most of my opportunity."

"Well, speak out, my young friend," said Mr. Conant, encouragingly.

"Could I not study and do a little office work for you evenings, so as to get on a trifle faster?"

Mr. Conant threw back his head, and laughed heartily.

"Well, you are plucky, and your ambition does you credit; but let me tell you that, for the first three months at least, you will not care for much rest and sleep after your regular day's work is done. However," he added, seeing the disappointed look on the young man's face, "if you find yourself equal to it, I can give you work and study enough. I should really like to see some of the work you have already done in my line."



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

AMERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS to you all! It seems incredible that a year could have passed since I wished you a Merry Christmas for 1909, but Christmas 1910 is nearly here, and the tenth part of the twentieth century has already flown. I don't suppose there is a living soul who loves Christmas more than I do. It is fraught with so many tender precious memories of days that are gone! How poor the world would be without Christmas. Just imagine the long, dreary winter months, without that blessed, beautiful, holy, joyous day, to cheer and fill one with tender emotions, noble impulses, and every other quality that uplifts humanity from the slough of human greed and selfishness to those higher heights, where we take on a semblance of the Divine and become almost worthy of our Creator.

If anyone asked me what my idea of Heaven is I would say:

A place where they have Christmas 365 days a year. I suppose Mr. Turkey would say that that was a pretty rough deal for him, and I guess he thinks Christmas one day a year is all he could stand for without getting nervous prostration. Still, even if we cut the turkey out I think we would be just as happy. It is not the good things that we eat, but the Christmas spirit that is thrilling through every fiber of our being that makes us akin to the angels for at least one day in the year. It is a pity we cannot be angelic all the year through, we ought to be, and will be some day. All that is necessary to secure a perpetual Christmas is to get the Christmas spirit, which by the way is the Christ spirit. Some dear souls are filled with that spirit from January to December. Others are only inspired by it just one day in the year. Still it is better to have it one day than not at all. Christmas shows us what we might be if we would quit mercilessly exploiting one another, and cast out the husks of swinish selfishness, and gluttonous greed, which choke up all the nobler impulses that well up in our hearts, and make man's brotherhood and God's Fatherhood (the ideal we are yet to attain) so hard of accomplishment.

Try to remember that Christmas is the anniversary of the birth of the Christ Child. All that is best and noblest in life, and all the hope we have of this world, and the world hereafter, centers around that lowly manger in Bethlehem. Whatever good there is in this world, and whatever hopes we have of a glorious future for the human race we owe to the One who was born in Bethlehem. His divine teachings will yet prove the solution for all human troubles, all human ailments, and those teachings will eventually be the means of leading humanity out of the quick-sands of suffering, sin, wickedness and misery, in which it now painfully wallows and founders, to smiling fields of peace, plenty, happiness and love. Fill your hearts and souls then with the spirit of Christmas, the Christ spirit. Let it vitalize the utmost recesses of your being. Let it water the sterile deserts of your hearts and souls, until the weeds of selfishness are replaced with the roses of love, the lilies of peace, and the delicate blossoms of kindness and sympathy. Draw into your being enough of the Christmas spirit to make your life unselfish, tender, true and sincere the whole year through. Attune your hearts to heavenly harmonies. Look with the eyes of faith and you will see the star shining over Bethlehem as of old, and once more hear the angels hymning God's blessed message to the world: "Peace on earth, Good will to men."

COMFORT's League of Cousins and our readers generally have accomplished great things in the year now drawing to a close. Hundreds of dollars, perhaps I might better say thousands, have been sent to the needy, whose names appeared in our shut-in lists, and whose cause I have pleaded in our columns. I don't know, but I should think we have accomplished ten times as much in 1910, as we did in the previous year. We have given over sixty wheel chairs away, and when you remember that those articles cost in the neighborhood of twenty-five dollars with freight extra, those sixty odd chairs represent an outlay of from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars. Can you think of any nobler, grander or more beautiful work than ministering to the lowliest, neediest, most helpless of God's suffering poor? Remember our shut-ins have no one to look to but you to make their Christmas worth while. Send them what you can, from a dime to a dollar, more if you can spare it. If you have one dollar to give, break it up into dimes, and make ten people happy instead of one. Try and make as many happy as you can on Christmas day, and remember the only way to be happy, truly happy, the happiness that is worth while, the happiness that will bring you a blessing from above, is to make others happy. Get your friends to join our League. Remember it only means adding five cents to an ordinary subscription to become a member of this organization. Once a member, always a member.

Christmas present giving is a great problem. Many people beggar themselves by making expensive gifts. This is rank folly. Most people give to those who have already too much, and neglect those who have nothing. Many make gifts that cost five dollars in the hope of getting something that costs three times as much, and then hate their friends the rest of the year if their gifts fall short of their expectations. Better give ten presents that cost fifty cents apiece, and make ten people happy, than give one that costs five dollars, and makes only one heart glad.

A superb new Christmas edition of "Uncle Charlie's Poems" is just out containing a new picture of Uncle Charlie and a number of new poetic gems that will make you scream, also all the old favorites that banish gloom and make the long evenings joyous; 160 pages, bound in

tissues. That's the way I get mine, too, by the way. I should like to see Silver Springs. I should make a desperate effort to grab all the silver that came bubbling up out of the earth. I'll bet William Jennings Bryan would be hiking off to Florida if he knew about those springs of yours, Johnson. I don't need any fountain of youth in my business; the Lord gave me that, and I never mean to lose it. I was born a kid and I am going to remain a big kid until I take the celestial automobile for a better land. There is one sentence in your letter, Johnson, that has saddened me very much. You say "some of the tourists come by rail and go down in the steamers." I don't see how they can ever reach Silver Springs, if they go down in the steamers. I should think they would all be drowned long before they got to their destination. You must have a lot of bum steamers, and the loss of life must be fearful, if they are continually going down. If I go to Florida, I'll give those steamers a wide berth. Your Springs seem to have a lot of swell connections. I dropped a collar button in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean a few years ago, but I'm not worrying, I guess I'll get it the next time I go in swimming. You ask me if I am fond of conundrums. I don't care for them very much. Perhaps you do, so I'll give you one: If a hen and a half lays an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many yards of outing flannel will it take to make a pair of summer pants for a tape worm?" There that ought to hold you for a while. Now here's one from Billy the Goat's riddle book: What is the difference between a Chinaman, an undertaker and a sandwich? You don't know eh? Well, I'll have to tell you. The Chinaman stiffens the collars, and the undertaker collars the stiff. What about the sandwich, did you say? Well that's where you bite! Now here's another. What's the difference between a rhinoceros and a yard of flannel? You don't know, eh? Well if you don't know the difference between a yard of flannel and a rhinoceros it's about time you did. You'd better go to the store and find out for yourself. A boy that does not know a yard of flannel from a wild animal should never go shopping. Oh, say, Johnson, can you tell telephone from a car? You can't eh? Well, if you can't tell-a-phone from a car, you must be a pretty dull boy. Next!

PHILADELPHIA, 1328 Arch St., Pa.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Have you a wee bit of time to listen to a "Kicking Quaker"? My first "kick" is that you do not get orders for a million copies each year of Uncle Charlie's Book of Poems. It is a downright shame the cousins do not pitch in and make things hum. The book is as fine a collection of humorous verse as can be found anywhere, and I can truthfully say that I have bought many books at a much higher price that do not begin to give the satisfaction that Uncle Charlie's Poems do. Shame on the cousins who are so indifferent to the man who under great difficulties forgets his own sufferings in his efforts to cheer others. I am a close reader of the cousins' letters and so many of them "gush" and say: "I do enjoy Uncle's letters so much." If only one of ten cousins would secure these subscribers in addition to their own renewal, they could secure the book as a premium and so do something to show their appreciation in a substantial form of Uncle Charlie's efforts. Now cousins wake up! Get subscribers for COMFORT the best paper published. Show our good Uncle that his labor has not been in vain. Give something back merely idle words. The book will cost you nothing above the regular subscription price for COMFORT. It will put money in our good Uncle's pocket. You can do it. Will you?

My next kick is because no letters appear from this good city. CINCINNATI has been in our family since the first issue. This is the "Birthplace of the Nation." The best city on the face of "God's green earth." You have been here Uncle, you know what it is. Just think of the mighty battleships we turn out, the great armor for the United States Government, and you can ride across the desert in a train drawn by an engine built right here. Say cousins, just take a look at the monster engines drawing the heavy freight trains and you will no doubt find a plate reading: "Built by the Baldwin Locomotive Co., Philadelphia, U. S. A." Colonel Roosevelt was "de-lighted" to find such an engine on his train in Egypt. Notice the trolley car and see if over the doorway (inside) it does not read: "Built by the Brill Car Co., Philadelphia." We have a street fifteen miles long, asphalt from curb to curb, not far from the city in the world and duplicate it. The number of houses occupied by their owners is greater in Philadelphia than in Greater New York and London combined. We lead the world in department stores. Our city-hall cost twenty-five million dollars. We have two rivers, three separate lines of steam railways. The finest up-to-date subway ever built. Pneumatic tubes carrying thousands of letters to the post-office daily. A filtration plant that furnishes water for the city; it is a source of wonder to civil engineers who come here from all parts of the world. It is the largest filtration plant ever attempted anywhere. One of our evening papers has a greater circulation than any evening paper in the world. Our hospitals are well equipped and modern in every way. The Home for Orphans of Odd Fellows was the first orphans' home in the country to be supported by a fraternal organization. Girard College for boys was founded by money left by Stephen Girard a native of France, who made his fortune here, and gave it for the good of boys. It has sent them out into the world fully equipped for the battle of life. Some of them have filled positions of trust with honor to themselves and credit to the college. Fairmount Park is one of the greatest spots that nature could provide. It covers over four thousand acres and is well supplied with walks, drives and the Schuylkill river passing through it furnishes fishing and boating for all who desire these sports.

As a historical spot, Philadelphia stands at the top. Independence Hall wherein the declaration was signed, and the United Colonies broke away from the yoke of the oppressor under which they had struggled. Here the first Congress of the United States of America met. Here Betsy Ross made the first American flag, for the nation that has never known defeat. The Bank of North America was founded here in those trying days. It was the first Bank of America and today is one of the best in the land. Say, Uncle, you have been to our good Quaker City am I going it too strong? I am a native of the place as were my forbears.

If any of the cousins want views of Philadelphia I will send them in exchange for any they may send me. Now Uncle I am not unmindful of the large family you have and mean just what I say.

Now cousins wake up and earn a book written by Uncle Charlie. Remember that faith without works is dead. You believe in Uncle, show it in a practical way. Add strength to his arm by doing just a little work. You will be doing simply your duty and will add something to his life. His is a noble task, help to hold up his hands. Each of you do your share.

Hurrah for Uncle Charlie and the birthplace of freedom, Philadelphia. We have the mint here and make lots of money. All the Lincoln cents come from Philadelphia. Your sincere nephew,

WILLIAM H. BOSE.

William, I am glad to hear from a kicking Quaker. If there were more kickers, there would be fewer grafters and parasites. If it had not been for the kicking qualities of our forefathers, we would have had no Independence Hall or Liberty Bell in your city of brotherly love. You are quite right in surmising, William, that I have visited your city. People say some mean things about Fiddledelphia (I mean Philadelphia), being slow. I will just give you an idea of how slow they are in your city. A man said to me the other day: "My brother was run over and killed in Fiddledelphia last week." I said to him: "Street car or automobile?" He said: "No, push cart." When a man is so slow he gets run over by a push cart, running a mile an hour, you can well believe that he lives in a slow town. I have heard there are a great many people who live in Fiddledelphia, who don't get their first teeth until they are fifty years of age. In New York a man has to shave every day to keep his face clean, his beard grows so fast. In Fiddledelphia a man only shaves once every ten years, the whisker crop is so slow in growing. All the clocks in Fiddledelphia are several weeks slow. A clock was discovered once that was half an hour fast, and it was arrested for indecent behavior and sent to the "pen."

Now, William that I have done what every fresh guy does, say some untrue things about your beautiful city. I will proceed to say that we all owe your little old burg a debt of gratitude for what it has done in the past. As regards the present, Philadelphia in a material and business way is doing mighty things. But just think of a city that proudly calls itself the "Birthplace of Freedom," being bound hand and

9

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foot, owned body and soul, by the worst gang of political thugs and corruptionists that ever disgraced God's green footstool. You are rightly proud of your filtration plant, William. Now if you will run your politicians and politics through that filtration plant and filter some of the rotteness out of them, maybe the bird of freedom, which at present in your city, looks more like a featherless crow, might get a new set of plumage, and scream triumphantly again as of yore. People who have the home instinct as strongly as have the citizens of Philadelphia, ought surely to have enough courage, character, and decency to own their city as well as their homes. A man will shoot a burglar if he enters his home, then he goes to the poll, and elects a whole gang of burglars to rob his city. Can you beat it? The unholy alliance of business and politics was never carried out more thoroughly, completely and wickedly than in the city of brotherly love and political plunder. Philadelphia threw off its yoke of corruption a few years ago, and elected a reform mayor, but after a futile attempt at trying to be decent for a year or so, it went back like a dog to its vomit, and once more wallows in the filth of its own corruption, and the mire of its own rottenness. The bird of freedom, however, is only sleeping, and after a while, Billy

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

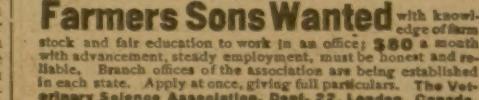
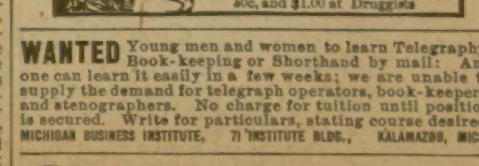
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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

Rose and his brother Quakers will arise like Hercules of old, and gird their loins with the mantle of decency, and taking the sword of righteousness and the hose of honesty in their hands, they will cleanse the Augean stables of the Quaker City of its grafters and parasites, thugs and corruptionists. Philadelphia City Hall cost twenty-five million dollars, I would duplicate it for five millions and make a handsome profit. Twenty millions of the twenty-five at least must have gone to grease the wheels of political machines. If we had the same civic pride and public spirit here that we find in Europe, we would have well-governed cities, and the people would own their own street car lines, gas, ice plant, municipal and public utilities, instead of allowing those utilities to be in the hands of private citizens, who plunder the people and debauch our politicians with their robber profits. Some day I will tell you about the city of Glasgow in Scotland, where there is real civic pride and public spirit; where gas is fifty cents a thousand feet; where the profits from street car lines are used to create parks and build hospitals; where every economy is practiced, every penny honestly accounted for and used for the public good. If I were a Philadelphian I would refer with shame to the historic past of my city, for it seems incredible that a city which ever had any real pride, could have sunk so low as to bend its neck to the yoke of political corruptionists. Vain your mighty locomotives, vain your fifteen mile long streets, filtration plants, subways and beautiful parks, vain your city halls and historical monuments, unless your citizens, Billy, keep their hearts and souls pure and white with the old ideals of liberty, independence, honesty, truth and righteousness. It is not what you were, it is what you are. Better rear your tents in the wilderness and new your dwellings in the cliffs and keep your ideals fresh, sweet and pure, than live in marble palaces, where every stone speaks of plunder and the whole atmosphere reeks with the demoralizing taint of corruption and wickedness. Billy, these remarks may seem ungrateful after the lovely way you have written me and rooted for me, but let the truth be told though the Heavens fall, and I know that the thousands of cousins will constitute you a committee of one to make Philadelphia once more worthy of its proud name, the birthplace, and not only the birthplace, but the home of freedom.

SANBORN, MINN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

Pardon me, would you kindly step o'er a little, and let a city girl enter your lovely circle?

I have lived in the city all my life, until last August papa thought it best to go to the country for a chance.

We are located on a farm seven miles from the little town of Sanborn. Some cousins say they wouldn't care for life in a big city. I should think dear cousins before you say this, it would be best to find out what city life is, it's nothing else but splendid.

We came from Chicago, and we lived at 3315 Paulina St., which is in the northern part of the city known as Lake View.

Now! Uncle Charlie, once you described yourself and you wrote you had only one hair on your head, why you're more baldheaded than Bismarck was, as you know he had three hairs on his head.

Since I moved to the farm I learned quite a bit about cooking and baking. I'm fairly well with both.

Listen! Uncle, I'm a great lover of poetry. Every verse you write in the COMFORT I keep. Uncle or cousins, could any of you send me the piece called "Asleep at the switch?" I would very much like to have it.

I'm fifteen years of age, have gray-blue eyes and brown hair. I'm five feet and two inches tall.

SOPHIA LINDENBERG.

So you prefer city to country life, do you Sophia? I am wondering what experience you have had with city life. You say you lived in a city called Chicago. It seems to me I have heard of a place by that name before, but can't exactly tell where it was located. I guess you refer to that little village at the foot of Lake Michigan—Hogopolis, the pig metropolis, celebrated for pork and big feet. The pork is all right, but I draw the line at the feet. I had a Chicago girl for a sweetheart once. She had the biggest feet you ever saw. When she slept on her back her feet used to knock all the plaster off the ceiling. To be real comfortable in bed, she had to sleep on her side, open the windows and let her feet project into the street. She was something in the feet line all right. If you want to see real, palpitating, throbbing, bubbling city life, you should take a trip to Augusta, Maine. Augusta, Maine, makes Chicago look like a five cent piece with a hole in it. On Maine Street, Augusta, one day I counted two men, a boy, a cow and a grasshopper. I want to tell you right here that you don't see such crowds as that in Chicago. Sophia you say you have learned quite a bit about cooking and baking and then add: "I am fairly well with both." I am pleased to hear you have survived the experience of cooking and baking for yourself, but what about the rest of the family? You say nothing of them. Are they all living? Or just doing as well as can be expected. I hope you can cook better than they cooked in boarding house I once lived in in New York. They used to feed us on soup. Soup was about all we got. I was so full of soup, that everytime I swallowed a bean I could hear it splash. It was like throwing a rock into a bucket of water. I've no doubt some of the cousins will send you "Asleep at the Switch." If ever you go to sleep with a braid of false hair on your coconut, you will be asleep at the switch. I'm sorry your eyes are gray, Sophia, but as long as your hair is not, you need not worry. Cultivate a taste for country life. People in the cities only half live. Most of them merely exist.

IRON MOUNTAIN, Box 536, MICH.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:

I am a country girl and I just love to live in the country. I am a blonde, five feet six inches tall, gray eyes, fair complexion, weigh about one hundred and twenty pounds, age twenty-one. Iron Mountain is a city of about twelve thousand people. There are lots of iron ore mines in and around the city and one furnace. Then we have the Dickinson County court house, Carnegie library, churches, schools, etc., just like any other city. They did not celebrate the "glorious fourth" in Iron Mountain this year, as most of the people left the city for other places where they had celebrations. I did not have any fun at all. Uncle, did you have any firecrackers in your chicken coop? The grasshoppers are harvesting the hay and grain up here this summer instead of the farmers and if you should happen to open your mouth while outside, you would get it full of grasshoppers.

Cousin Lorine Clark, I believe I will come and join you and your chums and help you to be old maidas. I'll promise also to help support the house if I may.

Cousins why don't you all get a copy of Uncle Charlie's poems? I have one and would not part with it for anything. When I read it I laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks and when I got started I couldn't stop until I had finished the book from cover to cover.

I should be delighted to receive letters or postals from all the cousins who care to write to a Michigan girl. With love to all, I am your niece and cousin,

ELLEN M. JOHNSON.

Your letter was a treat to read, Ellen, it was so nicely written. I am not surprised to hear you have iron ore mines, as your city is noted for that kind of metal, but I am more than astonished to hear that you have only one furnace. Fancy a city of twelve thousand people with only one furnace and in a cold place like Michigan, too. However do you live, honey eh? Of course if the furnace was big enough it would keep you all warm, but I shouldn't think twelve thousand people would want to huddle round one furnace. I should think there must be an awful bunch of frost-bitten toes in your burg when the snow flies, all right. Pneumonia must do a land office business in Iron Mountain. Yes, Ellen, I did have some firecrackers on the Fourth of July in my chicken coop, and I also got a bunch in my

chicken soup. As a rule I celebrate my Fourth of July with a bunch of Graham crackers. They suit my digestive organs better, and I am very careful to see they don't explode. I'm delighted to hear that the grasshoppers in your region have been harvesting the crops. With labor scarce and dear it is a mighty good thing that grasshoppers have learned to be useful, instead of merely ornamental and destructive. If grasshoppers are able to harvest the crops, and they certainly do it, I don't see why mosquitoes should not be made to milk the cows and saw wood. I suppose, however, after a little while there will be a grasshoppers' union and it will cost more to employ a grasshopper than a hired man. You almost never can tell. Come again, Ellen, your letter is all to the good.

STEELE, IDAHO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

Will you admit a little mischievous, curly, black-headed girl into your happy band? I live in the country. Our nearest town is Mohler, Idaho. We do quite a bit of trading at Mohler. Our school is about a quarter of a mile from my home. I am a little girl twelve years old, with light gray eyes. My mama and little brother and sister went over to Ahsahka, Idaho and stayed a week and I and my two sisters kept house. Well I will tell you what I can do. I can make beds wash clothes do the ironing help with the cooking do the washing carry water and wood water cows and horses and help papa gather garden truck for him to sell. Hoping to see this in print, I am your niece,

DELLA PARSONS.

Yes, Della, I shall be very glad to admit a little curly-headed girl into our happy band. I am glad the forest fires did not come your way, Della. My heart bled for the poor souls who suffered so terribly during that awesome and fearful conflagration. If the nation does not provide for the widows and orphans of those heroic souls who sacrificed their lives in fighting those dreadful fires, then the nation ought to be ashamed of itself. The heroism those men displayed was infinitely greater, grander and more inspiring, than any deeds of heroism done during the excitement of battle. Fire is the most remorseless and pitiless enemy humanity has to deal with. The men who were injured while fighting in Idaho and Montana last summer, should be given pensions of not less than three dollars a day for the rest of their lives. The whole nation should honor and fete them wherever they go. Most of them will end up in pauper's graves I suppose. That's generally the resting place of crippled heroes. I notice, Della, that you have a varied number of accomplishments, and I am thinking of making you an offer to star in vaudeville at a thousand dollars a week, and I am sure you'd be worth the money. Just fancy, here is a little girl only twelve years of age, and she can make an inanimate object, an ordinary old bed do laundry work, cooking, any number of chores, water the live stock, and gather garden truck for the market. I should like to see a hair mattress cooking a steak. That would surely be some fun, and to see an old bedstead handing a pitcher of water to a cow, with one hand, and digging potatoes with the other, would be a sight worth going miles to see. Della, you are a wonderful girl.

HAGERMAN, N. MEX.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Here comes a young girl to join the League. I am five feet five inches short, weigh one hundred and forty pounds. I have black hair. I live in New Mexico, twenty-five miles from Hagerman, and am sixteen years old. This is a very beautiful country when the grass is green, but the grass is all dead. It hasn't rained here in three years. I guess it would surprise you if I was to tell you I didn't have any neighbors nearer than twenty-five miles, and when you ride a horse twenty-five miles over sandhills I guess it would make a person tired. I have ridden fifty miles lots of times in a day and wasn't very tired. I have been riding after the stock a great deal in the last two months. My brother and I would ride all day long. I help my brother break horses. The other day he saddled a horse for me and when I got on the horse threw me over the fence, and I haven't been on a bronk since. Brother and I are going to take a bunch of steers to Roswell tomorrow. I wish some of you were here to go with us. Can any of you rope wild cattle? I can rope and tie a steer as well as anybody. Cousins I'll bet if you could have seen me last winter, riding around over the prairies lifting up cattle I'll bet you have laughed yourselves almost to death. Come down cousins to see me and I will show you a time. I will take you to a round up and let you bear ten thousand cows howling at once and you will think it the prettiest music you ever heard. I will introduce you to some jolly cowboys. I don't want you to think that I don't do anything but ride wild horses and ride after cattle for I do. I can do any kind of housework. I help my papa drill wells sometimes, and I run the gasoline engine. I also freight me and my little sister, from Hagerman here, sometimes. I would like to exchange postals and photographs with the cousins. Give me a post card and letter party, all will be answered. Your niece,

RUBY SPRINKLES.

Ruby, you say you live in a "beautiful" country. I am wondering what sort of a country that can be, a country full of Betties I suppose. Beautiful is a very original way of spelling "beautiful"; the simplified spelling gentleman would throw fits, and drape you with medals, Ruby, if they could read your letter. No rain in three years. Gee, I would hate to go into the umbrella business in your country. They ought to make you queen of your section, and then you could rain, I mean reign over them. Everything in your country must have gone dry except the cows. If you haven't any rain, you have lots of sand, rocks and rattlesnakes to make up for it. Talking of rattlesnakes, there was an Italian who went south to work on a line of railroad in a very snakey country. He had been told that before a rattler struck it always rattled and gave you warning. He was eating his lunch one day on a log, and just had time to lift his foot as a rattlesnake struck at the place where it had been resting. Mr. Dago yelled and fell backward the other side of the log and the contents of his lunch pail went with him. When he picked himself up he shook his fist in the direction of the snake and said: "You son of a guna, why you no ringa de bell?" Ruby, the horse that threw you over the fence was no gentleman. You must have an awful muscle if you can lift cattle. Are your cattle so weak kneed that they have to be held up? Ten thousand cows bellowing at once must make some beautiful music. I am glad you help your papa drill wells. With the Japs threatening to land on the Pacific coast, everything that can be drilled ought to be drilled, and I have no doubt in war time if the wells are all well drilled they will render valuable assistance. Ruby Sprinkles is a capital name to have in a dry country. If it does not rain in your immediate vicinity you always have plenty of Sprinkles.

HILL TOP, ENSLEY, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will you permit a little girl of eight years to come in and join you for a chat? My mother is a subscriber for your paper. We enjoy reading it so much. I am now visiting my grandparents. Uncle Charlie don't you remember when you would hear your mother say we are going to grandmama, and then we began to count the days, we all ways have such a good time at grandmama's. I have one brother and one sister. We are all going to school. My brother and I are in the third grade and my sister is in the first grade. We have a good teacher. Their are 40 puppies in my room uncle Charlie. When I get home I will send you 30 cents for a button so I can be one of the cosens too corespond thence your paper. Uncle Charlie if you ever come to Ensley come to see me. Your loving friend,

IRENE MCCAIN.

Irene, I am printing your letter exactly as you wrote it, and I think it is a wonderful letter for a little girl of your tender years. Most of the little girls who write to me get mama to write first then they copy the letter. You have written your letter without assistance, you have scorned help like the brave little girl you are, and done it beautifully. Yes, honey, I remember visiting

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Poultry Farming for Women

BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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The Selection of the Incubator

THERE are a great many incubators on the market, some heated by hot air, others by hot water. If you select any one of the standard makes advertised, you will get a good, practical hatcher. Printed instructions for setting up and running are sent out with every machine, but they don't emphasize all the important points quite strongly enough for amateurs. Lots of people can't drive a screw home accurately, and fail to realize that if the head is slightly to the right or left it throws the fixture which is being attached to the machine out of plumb, and a hair's breadth makes a difference when such delicate appliances as thermostatic rods (the power which controls the heat) are concerned. A blunder supplies much knowledge. I should never have realized the necessity for such exactness if one of the screws used in attaching the lamp support to our second incubator had not gone slightly awry. It caused the chimney almost to touch one side of the socket into which it fits. That in turn, drew the flame to one side, and caused it to smoke at night when turned up for extra heat. It was a very little blunder, apparently, but it almost spoiled the incubator, and quite spoiled the hatch.

To be sure that the incubator fixtures are plumb, use a spirit level, the only safe guide. After starting the machine, practice running it a few days before putting in the eggs. When the heat reaches $102\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, with the escape dial hanging, the width of a match from the opening, put in the trays, which, being cold, will lower the heat, and should close the dial until the trays become warm, and the thermometer in the machine again registers $102\frac{1}{2}$, when the dial should once more be dangling the match width above the opening. Should the closing and opening not take place as the heat varies, the machine is not properly adjusted, and you must practice until it will bear the test before putting in the eggs.

The thermometers are supposed to have been tested before they are shipped, but it is well to buy an extra one and compare them; or get your doctor, who is sure to have an accurate one, to do it for you. The egg tester comes with the incubator. It is a tin, funnel-like chimney that fits over the lamp, and has a projecting opening, bordered with black, before which to hold the eggs. The first test should be made on the seventh day; the second on the fifteenth day. Hold the egg, large end uppermost, in front of the opening. If it looks perfectly clear, it is infertile, and may be used to feed young chicks. If it shows a dark red spot with spidery legs, it is fertile, and must be returned to the incubator. Dead germs are rarely discernible at the first testing, except to the expert eye. By the fifteenth the veriest amateur will be able to detect them.

Ventilation of the Eggs is Important

Ventilating the incubator is quite as important as regulating the heat, and can only be gauged by the appearance when the egg is held before the tester. The so-called "air-cell" is a vacant space at the large end of the egg. In the new laid egg it is very small, but by testing time it will be quite visible, and as evaporation progresses, it increases, until on the nineteenth day it should occupy one fifth of the entire shell. If there is not sufficient ventilation in the incubator, evaporation will be retarded, and there will not be sufficient room in the shell for the chick to twist its head around and break its prison walls; so it will die, though fully developed. The safest and simplest way to gauge this point is to set a hen at the same time that you start the incubator, and then compare the development of the air cell in the egg every few days. If the develop-

ment is too slow, open the ventilators at the side of the incubator wider, and air the eggs a little longer each day when you have the trays out to turn the eggs. Reverse affairs if the development is too quick. It is better to run the machine a degree or two above the given temperature than below it, especially during the last few days.

After the morning of the twentieth day don't open the incubator until the hatch is over, or until late on the twenty-second day, and don't get nervous if the temperature runs to one hundred and four or even to one hundred and five; it is caused by the animal heat of the chicks, and will do them no harm. Turning down the lamp slightly will of course reduce the heat; but be very careful not to let it run below one hundred and three during the last twenty-four hours. Low temperature prolongs the hatch, weakens the chickens, and makes them susceptible to all sorts of ailments.

Individual outdoor brooders, I think, are the best, for in very cold weather they can stand in a light outhouse. I used to monopolize the summer kitchen from February to April, and then have them placed out in the orchard. Placing an outdoor brooder under cover is really only for the convenience of the attendant, for they are storm proof. If you commence with an incubator that holds one hundred and twenty to one hundred and sixty eggs, you will require two brooders, and if in a cold or Northern locality, some small house which can be warmed during very cold weather, if you propose commencing to incubate in January. A brooder supposed to hold one hundred chickens will accommodate that number comfortably for about nine days, after which not more than fifty should be kept in it. Hence the necessity for two brooders. When the chicks are six weeks old in cold weather, and four weeks old in moderate weather, they can be

removed to the small house (the temperature of which should be kept at sixty degrees during the night.) Remember, incubation only takes twenty-one days, so you must allow at least three weeks to elapse before starting the incubator a second time.

Give the brooder a good coat of white-wash inside before using it. Cover the drum which furnishes the heat under the hover with two or three thicknesses of flannel, to make it soft for the little bodies to cuddle up against. Cover the floor of the hover compartment with a piece of old carpet or felt, and the outside compartment with sweepings from the hay mow. Have the heat running steadily at ninety-five degrees for several hours before the chicks are to be put into it, and keep it at that heat the first seven or eight days. Then gradually let it fall to seventy-five degrees. Of course, I mean the heat under the hover. The rest of the brooder will be—and should be—several degrees lower.

Correspondence

J. C. S.—This is my first visit to this department, and I come for advice on poultry raising. For three years I have been engaged in raising chickens, namely: Plymouth Rocks, Black Minorcas, White Leghorns, and lastly Rhode Island Reds. Am now planning to go into the business more extensively with about five hundred layers, and I am convinced by my own experience and perhaps a confirmed idea of my own, that Plymouth Rocks are my final choice. What do you think about them? I have decided that the Plymouth Rock, firstly, stands all kinds of weather better than other birds (although in winter am very careful as to their welfare avoiding drafts out in the snow, etc.), for they have comfortable quarters and a nice warm stable to scratch in, and on bright, warm days I have a nice running-yard for them. I may not be a graduate at the study, but here is my way of feeding them: I give them corn, least bit of oats, bread, green vegetables and tops that would be wasted, potatoes and peels, table scraps, some meat scraps, mostly cooked; now and then Pratt's Poultry Food, and must say I have excellent returns from my flock. I have thirty laying hens, and just now forty spring chickens, and eleven chicks out the other day. For three years' experience I think I do admirably well, for my chickens are never troubled with any kind of diseases. I use beadlight oil to sprinkle ground, even if I do not think it is necessary; also Pratt's Chloride frequently, for I think an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Many people compliment me on my chickens, but I do not see where there is anything extraordinary about my method, for I don't waste any time on them, for I have my house work to attend to. I have had success raising flowers, and now I thought of enlarging the chicken business. Now, what I want to know is, if five hundred laying hens would really pay as a livelihood. About how many dozen does it take to really bring me in a week? Now my idea is to sell to a commission house, because, counting on private trade, how often one has to wait for pay, etc. I thought this over and over, and had not the courage to risk letting out my hard work for a few cents more, and have to wait until people pay. Cash seems to me the best profit. Eggs in this part of the country (middle states) never go very high, although they go up to forty cents a dozen retail sometimes, and come down to thirteen and fifteen sometimes, but that is retail, not wholesale. Do you think my idea foolish? Considering getting pay quickly, I wonder if I am wrong? I am always ready for advice, and ready to learn the correct way. Another thing is, will a house seventy feet long and nine feet wide house five hundred hens? I calculated that if a house twelve by ten accommodated thirty hens, and allowing two acres for the chicken business; that is: runs, scratching yard, and range. Is it well good for them, and how much would have to be planted for the five hundred? I am allowing the other three acres for house, garden, pasture, etc., for I allow to also buy a cow, and surely a separator, and keep a few hogs.

A.—The Plymouth Rock is one of the best general purpose fowls, especially if you don't intend keeping them after their second laying season, for their one fault is that they put on fat very heavily after that time, become lazy, and poor layers. Sour meat scraps are dangerous to feed to any extent your hens to any extent. One of the best makers of bone mills will cost only eight dollars, and last for years. Fresh bone from the butcher never costs more than a cent a pound, and in many districts can be got for half that. If it is not convenient to get a bone mill, or procure the fresh bone, the commercial beef scraps are safe, and very valuable as egg producers. You will have to change your method of feeding where you have five hundred hens, for the table scraps which have provided excellent variety for thirty hens won't be of any value among five hundred. At a low estimate, five hundred good hens should give you one hundred and forty dozen eggs a week from November to June. From June to November the yield is always uncertain, because it embraces the molting period. The question of private or wholesale market can only be decided by yourself, for you know the conditions you have to meet better than a stranger can; but when one is able to get good private customers, they are without doubt the most profitable. Is there no hotel or sanitarium in your vicinity which would take

within six inches of the top of the jar. Put a cloth over the lid, and let the ends lie in the water. Cream must be kept so cold that it will not turn until a few hours before churning, when it should be brought into a warmer atmosphere, and have a cup of sour milk added, to start the sour condition which is essential to good butter-making. The starter (as the sour milk is called) should be made by keeping new milk where the temperature will not fall below 78 degrees, so that it will turn to a thick jelly quickly. It is this quiet turning of milk or cream which is specially required. When milk or cream is allowed to sour slowly, as it does at a low temperature, thousands of dangerous little germs are bred, which cause trouble when it comes to churning, and spoils your butter. To have firm, well-flavored butter, cream must be slightly sour, and the only way to arrive at that condition quickly is by adding the starter, and keeping it in a warm place for a few hours.

A Subscriber.—For poultry raising, what breed of fowls do you consider the best? What number of fowls would you advise a man of limited capital to start with? Where can I get the best book on the best breed of poultry?

A.—You don't say whether you intend making a specialty of eggs, broilers or table fowls, or merely keeping poultry for general purposes. Leghorns are supposed to be the best when eggs only are desired, but I think the general purpose birds are to be preferred. Personally, I like White Wyandottes best, but Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, or Orpingtons are equally as good. All are heavy layers, and breed quickly either as broilers or roasters, so meet every requirement. Another advantage of the heavy breeds is that they can be controlled by a four-foot fence, whereas Leghorns will fly over anything under twelve feet and sometimes even that won't stop them. The only book I have read on the best breed gave so many reasons for discarding each and every breed, and yet gave so much space to elaborating on the good points of all, that I was convinced, by the time I had finished reading it, that every breed was the best, if it had not some fault which made it the worst, so my advice is to choose any one of the four I have mentioned as general purpose birds, and don't bother with other people's ideas. For real practical purposes there is not a pin to choose between them. Have dry, light house; keep everything scrupulously clean; put plenty of scratching material on the floor; keep the hens busy and well fed, and they will be profitable. Fifty hens are enough for anyone to start with, and when you have learned to manage them, you can increase as rapidly as you like without fear of failure.

E. A.—Your chicks have canker or roup; I can't tell which from your description; but as they are kindred diseases, it will be safe to treat for roup. Remove the affected bird from the flock, and confine in a dry, warm coop, for roup is contagious, and it is better to be on the safe side. Dissolve one thimbleful of permanganate of potassium in a pint of hot water, and when cool, add one teaspoonful of the mixture to half a cupful of lukewarm water. Bathe the bird's eyes and face with it, and then thoroughly swallow it through the same mixture. A small syringe is the best means of doing the work, but if you don't have one, get someone to hold the bird, then hold its head up high with your left hand, pour a teaspoonful of the mixture down its throat, close the beak, and put your finger over the nostrils and turn the bird quickly head downwards. It will choke and gape, and so thoroughly gargle its own throat. Clean out the house from which the hen was taken, and disinfect all the feed and water dishes, then add one teaspoonful of kerosene oil to every two quarts of drinking water as a preventive.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

In reading your new COMFORT I saw Mrs. Lizzie Thompson's letter and I see she has taken an entirely different meaning from my letter than I intended. I did mean to say that I think it is unfair and unjust to allow every kind of a man to vote and shut the women off just because we are women. They allow us to own land and we pay taxes on our property just the same as a man does, but what say have we about what that tax money is used for? I don't like being classed with the mentally incompetent. There is no good reason why one half of the people should run everything and the other half be shut out. I know I am far more capable of voting right than lots of men I know personally, but they are men and I am a woman and the law allows them to vote while it doesn't allow me to. There's no justice in it!

Mrs. Flora E. Lane, Mexico, Mo. Try boiling say about two tablespoonfuls of dry flour tied in a bag. Boil about an hour I think and then scrape off all the sticky, gummy part outside and you will find the middle hard which will powder fine. Scrape off about a teaspoonful and mix with baby's milk. My mother-in-law told me of this. She cured one bad case with it when everything else failed. Half a teaspoonful is enough I think for a young baby.

Mrs. E. D. Redmore. Are you living near the Gunnison tunnel? My youngest brother worked on that tunnel a while. I have a post card he sent me of it. MRS. E. FAIRBAIRN, Windom, Box 302, Minn.

MY DEAR SISTERS:

I feel that our little town should be represented in COMFORT, especially as it is published in our dear old Pine Tree State.

Why is it I wonder there are not more letters from Maine as I know nearly every family in this place is a subscriber to COMFORT.

Perhaps their reasons are all like mine, each waiting for the other and taking all the good things which every number contains and giving nothing in return.

It is only because I have been afraid I could not write a letter worthy of publication that I have not attempted to have a chat with the sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson ere this.

Mrs. Wilkinson is more generous to our mistakes, etc., than Uncle Charlie. I should hardly venture a letter to his corner. But what a noble man and what a grand work he is doing! There wouldn't need to be so many many like him to relieve all the suffering in our country, so far as earthly help can relieve it.

How it is raining! But everything living of mine is safely housed and dry and warm. The youngest little boy was just carried up-stairs and laid in his bed, two others having gone previously with their little lamp, having said their prayers and their good nights down here.

We have three as strong, healthy boys as one could wish. Vaughn, the oldest was born in April, Blair, the next will be four this month, and baby Clive was one year old last March, and has been walking since he was nine months old. They are out of doors all day, every day unless it is pouring. Just a little rain delights them for then they can make just lovely mud cakes. Don't try to keep your boys and girls too clean, sisters, if you wish them to be healthy. Put on their rompers and don't scold if they do get muddy.

Another thing I think very important, is about frightening children either by telling scary stories or trying to scare them to make them good. I think it is a terrible wrong to a child and they are listening and taking in things when you think they're not.

I have never yet got quite over being timid in the dark from listening to ghost stories and the like when a child.

Still another wrong done children is telling their little mistakes or something of which they are ashamed, which they have done. If they are sensitive the little positively after doing it recite.

We try to be companions to our children. We go walking in the woods and take our dinner and go away in the canoe, land in some cool spot and spend a day away from all our cares and worries. Nothing like nature to make you forget!

Must say good night.

MRS. W. H. YEOMANS, Wytopitlock, Maine.

Mrs. Yeomans. I feel as if you and I were neighbors when I think how far off most of my COMFORT friends are. When a sister writes about making companions of their children, I feel that she and I would have much in common. To be companionable in its truest sense will form a bond between mother and child that will endure the test of many a temptation, and this should begin, I might say at birth. My best definition of companionship is truth, understanding and sympathy and love.—Ed.

C. G. started with six hens, and has had extremely good fortune. She now has twenty-four hens, and got 200 eggs in eight months, some of her hens having laid right through the moulting season, which, of course, is an extremely good record.

Some of her chickens have got wind-puff, and she thinks my advice to cut the skin, is a very difficult way of curing it, and asks for an easier method. I am sorry to say that I know of no other cure, except to make a slight opening in the outer skin to allow the air to escape. The merest snip will do, and it is not at all difficult, so all I can advise you to do is to take your courage in hand and try it. You won't hesitate after the first operation. Remember, it is not like cutting into the flesh, or giving the bird any pain. It is just the outer skin that it is necessary to cut.

P. A. P.—The trouble must be in the way you keep the cream. If you use pans, let the milk stand for thirty-six hours in cold water; then skim, and put the cream into a stone jar, which should be kept standing in a running spring, or lowered into the well; or if you have a cold cellar, it can be placed in a pan of water deep enough to allow the water to come

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I have been a reader of dear old COMFORT for seven years and greatly enjoy the corner and Uncle Charlie's letters.

I live in the Western part of the Empire state where thousands of acres of wheat and beans are raised every year. In sight of here is beautiful Conesus Lake surrounded by hundreds of pretty cottages where many city people find rest and recreation in summer time.

I am twenty-eight years old, with dark hair, gray eyes and a sunny disposition. I was married last December and have a pleasant home and a kind-hearted husband, who has no bad habits and is always kind to horses and all dumb animals, and when he meets cripples and old people he thinks are needy, he always lends a helping hand.

Did any of the sisters ever try this remedy for coughs and colds? I think it very good. To one tea-spoonful of molasses add three tablespoonsfuls of sharp vinegar, a small piece of butter and boil down thick.

For removing wagon grime from clothing, rub with kerosene oil before washing.

I would be pleased to hear from any of the sisters and with best wishes to COMFORT, I remain,

Mrs. C. BLACK, Groveland, R. R. 1, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Have you room for another Kansas sister? As this is my first attempt to write to you, I won't be surprised if "Billie the Goat" isn't hungry for some of Kansas' products and makes a meal of my letter.

Mrs. Wilkinson, please tell Uncle Charlie to come out here and then he won't have to live in a chicken coop, or give the sisters' and cousins' letters to "Billy" for his dessert.

I am glad Mrs. Mallory got a wheel chair. How my heart does ache for the poor shut-ins. When one has good health they should be satisfied.

Yes, Mrs. M. A. Barnhart, I agree with you. Be kind to the boys. I have just one child, a boy and he is my sunshine. I am never too busy to play with or try to entertain him in some way or other. For if we do not, as they grow older, they will seek their pleasures elsewhere.

We both love out-of-door life and we simply "run

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

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A Submerged Mystery

A Detective Story

By Mary R. P. Hatch

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PART I.

THE night was dark and murky on the shore. The waves reared threateningly, with leaps and jumps, as if trying to reach the board walk, deserted except for one or two pedestrians and the policeman, who leaned against a pillar of the Clarendon House, where a gay party were having a supper with Mr. Luce of Annapolis.

Policeman Pierce, as he paced occasionally between standing naps, past the hotel, had seen through the heavy plate glass window, to the dining-room where, at two contiguous tables, sat Mr. Luce, Mr. Connote, Mr. James Jackson, Mrs. Hopkins, Miss Neal and Miss Scranton—all of Annapolis.

It was accounted fortunate, in the light of after events, that the policeman had felt sufficiently interested in the party to saunter into the office and look at the names on the register. Mr. Luce, he said, had given him a cigar earlier in the evening, and so when he chanced to recognize him in the party with the beautiful young girl and her companion, he had considered it to be a relief to the usual monotony of his duties to look them up and watch their proceedings.

The older lady seemed to be the chaperon, he declared. At about ten o'clock, the party separated in the dining-room. Mr. Connote went away down the walk, presumably to his hotel. Mrs. Hopkins disappeared with one of her charges and presently the other came through a side door in the company of Mr. Luce.

She was cloaked, but wore no hat. Mr. Luce was in evening clothes. His cloak—a somewhat theatrical affair—flew open as the wind flapped against them and the policeman noted that he carried his hat in his hand. It became evident, in the few topics of conversation, that the couple were waiting for a roller chair and presently one appeared, with a pusher in charge. Probably Mr. Luce had telephoned for it, before leaving the hotel interior.

As Miss Neal came forward, the policeman had a complete and uninterrupted view of her face, for an electric light flared out near the exact spot where the chair stopped. He declared, when questioned afterward, that she looked worried. But Mr. Luce appeared happy, for he made a laughing remark about "old fogies" when he stepped into the chair, after having assisted his companion.

The pusher, who was well known to the policeman, gave him a sober wink, as he passed by with his charges and Pierce, supposing the incident closed, stepped back to his place by the column of the hotel, which was in an opposite direction to that taken by the roller chair.

But presently he heard bits of conversation and then a shot, followed by screams of fright, apparently all coming from the party who had just left the hotel. He rushed forward to the spot, but not until a man had darted away down the walk.

"Catch him!" cried the pusher. "He has shot the man!"

Miss Neal stood beside the chair. "Oh, who could it be?" "Why did he shoot him?" were her incoherent questions, while her face, so rosy with youth and health but a few minutes before, looked ghastly now.

As she saw the policeman speeding past, she caught him by the arm and cried, "You must help the pusher with Mr. Luce. He cannot carry him alone."

Pierce blew his whistle to summon any other member of the force who might be about, that stormy night, and then helped carry Mr. Luce to the hotel from where, presently, he was taken in an ambulance to the Hospital of St. Mary's.

Meanwhile Mrs. Hopkins had appeared and taken Miss Neal to her room, for by this time the poor girl was almost beside herself with grief or terror.

The next morning highly conjectured accounts of the affair appeared in all the city papers. According to some, Mr. Luce was the fiance of Miss Neal; to others, he was a married man with a wife in Annapolis, where it appeared the parties all lived. But in the afternoon a well-written synopsis of the incident made its appearance, to the effect that Miss Neal was unengaged and Mr. Luce was an acquaintance only.

She had come to the Clarendon with friends and, meeting there Mr. Luce and his friends, had been invited to the supper party. Afterwards Mr. Luce had proposed a roller-chair, which Miss Neal alone had accepted.

The holdup was but an ordinary highwayman incident it was stated. The robber wore a mask, but the police believed they knew who he was and that he was a member of a gang which had committed similar depredations. Arrest would follow very soon in all probability.

And that was all the public knew of the matter for several days, except that Miss Neal lived with her guardian, Charles O. Norton of Annapolis and that she had gone with her friend to their home in Boston and so on to Atlantic City. But behind all this apparently simple statement there lurked a great mystery, which members of the police were probing. They did not believe the wounded man's declaration that he had no suspicion of the identity of the one who had assaulted him. The pusher, detained as a witness, made the statement that when Mr. Luce fell to the sidewalk the assailant declared: "Before God, I didn't mean to, Frank," which statement implied that the assaulted man must know who attacked him, as his name, upon inquiry, appeared to be Frank Luce.

The pusher declared that until that moment, he had no conception as to the personality or names of either the gentleman or lady occupying the chair. He thought it strange that they should wish to go riding on such a night, and so late, but fancied it was for a lark. He judged "high flyers" liked to do stunts like that," he said, although he did think the girl uncommonly pretty, modest and young, and wondered a little on her account.

Miss Neal's guardian was interviewed early in the morning, the second day after the shooting, just as he was about to sit down to breakfast. He declared shortly that the young lady mentioned was not in his charge, for she was in Boston, and he handed the detective a letter, which his ward had written to that effect.

"So you see you are greatly mistaken, and may as well let me eat my breakfast," he said, nonchalantly breaking a roll and buttering it.

"But she may have changed her mind and gone with these friends to Atlantic City. Do you know them?"

"Never heard their names."

"Do you know all of Miss Neal's friends and acquaintances?"

"Certainly."

"But Mr. Luce—do you know him?"

"Only by hearsay."

"Could they have been using fictitious names?"

"Presumably they might. Undoubtedly they did not. If I were you, I would dismiss the matter from my mind and go at something more promising. My ward is with her friends in Boston. These people are no doubt of that variety charitably known as 'no better than they ought to be.' I have work to do, directly I have had breakfast."

The detective, Wilbur Chandler, who had

quarters, and he now seriously questioned if he would not better have remained in Boston.

He carried with him a subconscious picture of the magnificent library where Mr. Norton was eating his late breakfast, and of the large mansion set in ample grounds. Every detail carried out the idea he immediately formed of the owner's wealth and high standing.

One thing had taxed his mind for the few seconds of waiting for the appearance of Mr. Norton. It was the rows on rows of books, all of them English classics; from Chaucer to Tennyson, evidently the fact that Mr. Norton was something of a Bibliomaniac.

Mr. Chandler was a University man himself and he had taken to his present vocation as the natural expression of the study of mankind, which interested him above all other matters. Intended by education and supposed natural preference, for a lawyer, he had incidentally unravelled one or two mysteries in which the Detective Bureau proved its inadequacy and as legal business was long in coming, he gradually drifted into the line of detective work. It was in this capacity he was acting at the present time, calling upon Mr. Norton. Although his interview promised no great results, he did not lose his interest in the case. Rather was it augmented by the difficulties surrounding it.

One thing only had he learned, it was that Mr. Norton believed his ward to be in Boston and accordingly was undisturbed by the tragic incidents of the Shore.

But Mr. Chandler knew there could be no mistake in her identity, for he had seen newspaper illustrations made of her at her "coming out" the year previous and recognized at once the newspaper portrait by the enterprising journal the day after the shooting.

He wondered at Mr. Norton's unconcern, but ascribed it to the "pigheadedness" of the scholar for whom, as a class, the young man had scant respect. Since Mr. Norton was hampered by the belief of her having gone straight to Boston, it was not strange perhaps.

Mr. Chandler decided to call at the hospital on the chance of being allowed to see Mr. Luce and this he did, as soon as he returned to Atlantic City.

It was believed now that the wounded man would recover, but for a few days perfect quietude was demanded by his condition, as the detective was informed by the hospital physician who came into the waiting room to see him.

He was a firm, large man, of the genial order, who had been a great man on the gridiron in his college days, and the detective conceived for him instant respect.

"I suppose," he said hesitatingly, "your patient has not talked of the affair to you?"

"On the contrary, he has told me emphatically that he has no idea of the identity of the man who shot him."

"But, the man said, 'I didn't mean to do it, Frank,' and Luce's name is Frank—Frank Luce. How is that to be accounted for?"

"Coincidence and imagination," replied the physician promptly. "Never so rampant as at such times. Of course you have wondered a great many times at the different accounts given at trials by apparently honest people concerning the same affair."

"But this particular policeman is not imaginative and is reliable to an unusual degree."

"Well, you must put that against the patient's assertion that the man who shot him was unknown to him. The very fact of his wearing a mask showed his fear of being recognized. Why, then, should he spoil it all by calling out to 'Frank' that he did not mean to do it?"

"It does seem absurd, but the very unlikelihood of it makes it all the more certain that Pierce did not imagine it," persisted the detective.

"Oh, you detective fellows see mountains in every molehill. But come, say the day after tomorrow, and you shall see Mr. Luce, if he is well enough by that time and I think he will be. That will be the sixth day and after the fifth there is not much chance for a relapse."

Mr. Chandler went away and he decided to see Miss Neal in the interim if possible. All his spare time had been spent in trying to get an interview with her, but in one way and another the matter had been warded off. He had seen Mrs. Hopkins and got the statement that Miss Neal knew nothing whatever of the man's identity, but this did not satisfy him.

So now he went again to the pretty suburban grounds where the young lady and her friend were staying, and turned into the gate which led into a little park, and which he might be pardoned for believing to be public property, although in point of fact he knew perfectly well that it belonged to the private grounds of the Hopkins.

The young man had paid some attention to his personal appearance that morning, and made a good impression upon the young lady who chanced to be at that moment sitting with a book in her hand on a bench, not far from the entrance. The foliage surrounding her was rather dense and gave her the advantage of seeing without being seen.

What she saw was a rather tall, broad-shouldered young man, whose smoothly shaven face was surrounded by a gleaming white Panama, under the brim of which were a pair of fine dark eyes and a closely shut mouth above a determined chin.

His gray clothes were well-fitting and not too new, his shoes well blacked and his hands brown, slim and sinewy.

The impelling force of her interested gaze in a few seconds drew his wandering glance in her direction, finally focusing them on the very place where she sat. Next he caught the gleaming of white through the foliage and the girlish figure presently outlined itself and as such, invited his approach, for he hoped it might be Miss Neal herself.

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"Such a girl," he thought, "must find life a terrible stress. But he was mistaken, for great good sense invariably overruled her emotions. So, on this occasion, she was able to say, evenly,

"Did you wish to speak to me?"

"If I may, and if you are Miss Neal."

"I am Miss Neal," she replied with grave politeness, somewhat rare in a young woman.

"My name is Wilbur Chandler," he said, with some hesitation.

"Oh, then—then," she stopped, somewhat embarrassed.

"Yes," he said, smiling slightly. "the detective

had written to me to tell me that he had been

to see you."

"I have not been to see you."

"I have not been to see you."

"I have not been to see you."

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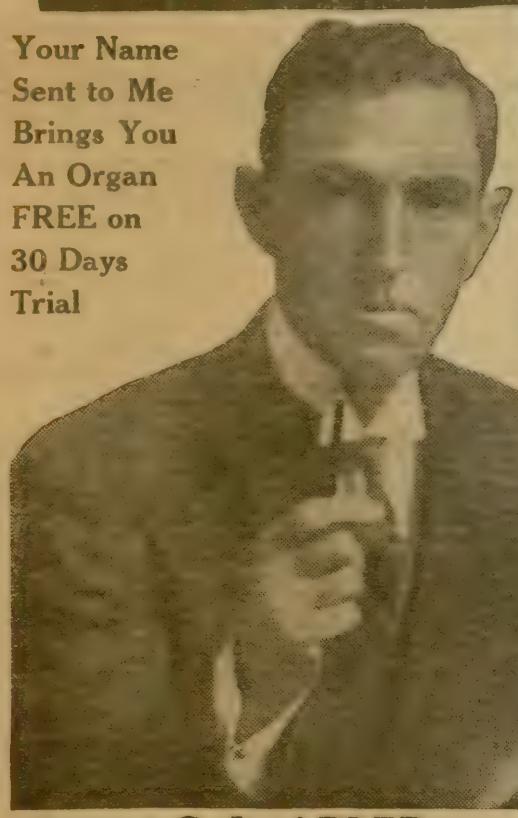
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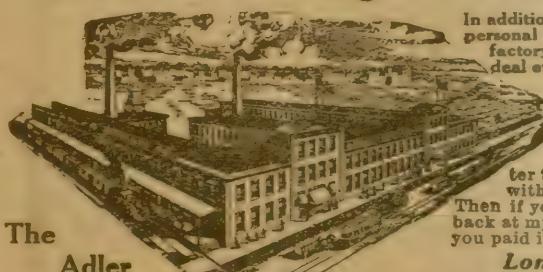
"I have not been to see you

30 Days' Free Trial Without Paying One Cent

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Brings You
An Organ
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I have made more than 75,000 organs in the past five years and you will find them in all parts of America. I own the timber land where I get the lumber, the saw mills, and the largest exclusive organ factory in the world.

At the St. Louis World's Fair the organs I made took the highest prizes in competition with the leading organs of the world.

If I should tell you the names by which these organs are known you would recognize them at once for they are household words. I am a manufacturer and have not sold direct. I have been putting the dealer's names on the organs I make and they are making big profits on my goods.

Now I am going to sell direct to you, right from the factory into the homes, without extra profits to lumber dealers, to saw mills, to any manufacturer or to jobbers, retailers and agents. I will pay no commissions. Thus I can save you from \$25 to \$50 on the finest organs—the kind that took the highest medal awarded at the World's Fair at St. Louis.

In addition to the low prices, I give you my personal guarantee, backed by my big factory, with the fairest and squarest deal ever offered.

Send Me No Money

I don't want a cent until you have used one of my organs for a full month and are fully convinced that it is better than any you have seen selling within \$25 to \$50 of what I ask.

Then if you don't want to keep it, send it back at my expense and I will return all you paid in freight.

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I will not hurry you to pay for the organ. Any honest reader of this paper can get credit of me. You can have lots of time to pay and full use of the organ.

PIANO FREE—30 Days' Trial

My Adler Southern Concert-Grand Upright Piano is better than pianos that sell for double the money! I let you have your piano on exactly the same terms as an Adler Organ—30 days free—all the time you want—money back with 6 per cent interest at the end of a year if the piano is not exactly as represented.

NO MONEY DOWN



**TERMS TO SUIT
25 YEAR GUARANTEE**



My piano is the full concert-grand upright—has the wonderful "singing tone," which lasts full and clear throughout a lifetime. It comes in the most beautiful case that art and skill can produce—your choice of oak or mahogany case—double-veneered inside and out—hand-rubbed and polished to a mirror surface.

It has the concert-grand scale—heavy, full metal plate—copper wound bass strings—every thing that you find in the highest grade piano with a much advertised name. Just mark on the coupon whether you are interested in my organ or piano offer—or both—and mail it to me today—NOW!

Tear This Out—Mail It Today

Make a cross in the square for organs—or pianos—or both. Or write your name and address on a postal card or in a letter, stating which you want—piano or organ or description. Don't enclose any stamp. I pay all charges. Write plainly.

CYRUS L. ADLER, President,
3000 Chestnut Street, Louisville, Ky.

I want your organ book. I want pictures and full description of your pianos.

Name _____

Address _____

County _____ State _____

RUBY'S REWARD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)
this was going to happen?" and tears of mingled anger and regret rolled over her cheeks.

"Uncle Ralph knew that I wanted to be an architect; Mrs. Coxon, and he was willing I should study for it," Walter said, to comfort her.

"Of course; but he would have helped you to it in a decent manner. He never would have thrust you out of the house that has been your home for so many years."

"I know; but really I prefer to go away, Mrs. Coxon."

"I can't blame you, after the way you've been treated; but you wouldn't have preferred to go if the master was alive."

"No, there would have been no need," the young man said, sadly.

"There should be no need now," was the indignant retort. "I tell you, Water," dropping her voice, and glancing around to see that no one would overhear, "I am almost sure that a good big slice of the old gentleman's property rightly belongs to you. If ever I saw anything that looked like a will, that document that I signed for him looked like one."

"I am afraid you were mistaken, Mrs. Coxon," Walter answered, thoughtfully, "and it does no good to get excited over the matter. No will could be found, you know, but even if Uncle Ralph did make one, he might have destroyed it afterward, thinking it would be wrong."

"Stranger, indeed! Why, Mr. Carpenter just set his eyes on you."

"Yes, I think he was fond of me, and I am sure I could not have loved him better if I had been his own son."

"And you ought to have a son's portion. There's money enough, goodness knows, for you to have a handsome slice, and wrong nobody."

"Well, regrets are useless. The fact remains, I have nothing. I am only a poor fellow, who will henceforth have to look out for number one," said Walter, trying to smile, but feeling heavy at heart, nevertheless.

"I can't bear to have you give up college," replied Mrs. Coxon, stifling a sob. Then, looking up suddenly, she added: "I've saved up something. Master Walter. If you will only take it, and keep on, I'd be prouder than I can tell you."

"I couldn't," he answered, flushing; but deeply touched by the affection that had prompted the offer. "I should not feel right to take your money. Mrs. Coxon, though I thank you for your kind interest in me. It would put me back in my profession, too, if I should spend two years working at it again."

"After a time he began to feel the old ambition to get on faster rising within him, and one night he presented himself at Mr. Conant's house and requested that he might have something given him for evening occupation."

The architect, who had been watching his progress with great interest, and was well pleased with the way he had conducted himself, willingly complied with his request, gave him a key to his office, where he could work comfortably, and began to initiate him in the more intricate mysteries of his profession.

This was work that just suited our young hero, and as time passed, he became more and more inspired with a love for his business; his enthusiasm waxed stronger, while he began to appreciate the wisdom that had directed him to master the fundamental principles of construction.

Mr. Conant was surprised at the rapid strides he made, and soon allowed him to assist him upon his plans, and often consulted him regarding points that required a good deal of thought and judgment.

Toward the last of the year Mr. Conant contracted to prepare plans and superintend the building of an elegant new residence, that was to be erected upon the banks of the Schuylkill and not far from Fairmount Park, the beautiful public grounds of the city.

There was upon the plans considerable work that Mr. Conant allowed Walter to share with him, and it was not long before the young man became absorbed in it, and devoted so much time to it that his employer began to fear that his health would suffer from such close application.

But his enthusiasm did not abate until the designs were completed, and then he was as fa-

miliar with every detail as the great architect himself.

Mr. Conant had promised that they should be delivered to the owner upon a certain day; but he found that he should be obliged to be out of town at that time, so he requested Walter to take them to a certain street and number, with a message to the effect that he would call upon his return and explain anything that might not appear plain to the gentleman.

The young man was very proud of his commission, and started forth in high spirits; but what was his surprise upon ascending the steps of the mansion to which he had been directed, to find himself before the very door from which he had issued the attractive maiden whom he had encountered that day when he had first started forth "to seek his fortune," and who had so entranced him with her sweet song, and whose beautiful face still haunted many of his waking and dreaming hours.

He knew that the name of the gentleman who was about to build was Gordon, but he had not associated him in any way with the lovely girl whom he had often longed to meet, but whom he had never seen since that bright summer day.

He mounted the marble steps with quickened heartbeats at this unexpected discovery, and rang the bell.

A servant answered the call.

Walter inquired for Mr. Gordon, and was shown into the library, where the gentleman sat reading by a handsome table in the center of the room.

He delivered Mr. Conant's message, and handed the plans to him, whereupon the gentleman cast aside his paper and was instantly all attention and interest.

"Sit down a moment, young man," he said, waving Walter to a chair: "I would like just to glance at them, and then I may have some message I would like to send back to Mr. Conant."

Walter obeyed, and took the chair offered him. Glancing around him, he noticed that the room was most luxuriously furnished, and that there were evidences of great wealth all about him. The many books in their rich bindings and elegantly carved cases, the choice pictures upon the walls, and costly busts of great authors, scattered here and there, all spoke of abundant means.

Mr. Gordon had become absorbed in his plans, and the stillness was becoming awkward and oppressive to Walter, when all at once, from somewhere above, there came the sound of a fresh young voice trilling a popular opera air.

He flushed to his temples, and his heart gave a sudden bound.

He instantly recognized the voice, and it made him long to look once more into the lovely face of its owner.

"These plans are certainly very attractive, Mr. Richardson," Mr. Gordon observed, looking up just then; "but, truly, you always fit your step to mine so nicely. I won't interrupt you any further, though, that is, if you think I'll do," she continued, demurely, but with a shy glance, as if she were half-ashamed to have anyone know that she had come for her brother's approval of her costume before going out.

There was a world of tenderness in the strong man's face as his eyes rested upon her—and truly, she was as lovely as a dream.

"You always do, Ruby; but, really, I believe I never saw you quite so pretty before," he added, fondly; then added, with a mischievous glance at Walter's earnest face, "and I am sure I am not the only one who will think so tonight. Has Mr. Carpenter come for you yet?

Walter started at the sound of that name.

"No; but I am expecting him every moment. There, that must be his ring now, and I must run for my wrap. Good by, Robert. I wish you would come later. Good evening, Mr. Richardson." And with another bewildering glance and bow, pretty Ruby Gordon vanished from the room.

"You must excuse this little domestic by-play, Mr. Richardson," said Mr. Gordon, turning to Walter, as she disappeared, while a tender smile, still lingered on his lips: "but I have no children, and I have always made a pet of my young sister. I must confess to a weakness for liking to see her at her prettiest, so it has been my custom to have her come to me whenever she is dressed for company. But I thank you for giving me so much of your time this evening. I fear that I have detained you longer than I ought."

"Indeed I am very glad to have been able to explain your plans to you, and I am at your service at any time, if Mr. Conant should be engaged, and I can render you any further assistance," Walter replied, as he bowed himself out and turned to leave the house.

In the hall he encountered Edmund Carpenter face to face.

So it was Edmund, after all, as he had feared, who was to escort Miss Gordon to Mrs. White's lawn party, and a thrill of pain shot through his heart at this confirmation of his fears.

Young Carpenter seemed much surprised to see Walter there, and the old frown of annoyance clouded his face as he recognized him.

He had not seen him since he had told him that he could not accept his offer but had decided to take his future into his own hands.

"Very well," he had coldly replied; "I suppose there is nothing to prevent your doing as you please," and that was all that had been said upon the subject.

Now, however, curiosity prompted him to stop

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

DAVID HARUM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

that he should not go down to the office, and the suggestion had been met with so irritable a negative as to excite his wonder.

It was a day in the latter part of March. The winter had been unusually severe, and lingered into spring with a heart-sickening tenacity, occasional hints of clemency and promise being followed by recurrences which were as irritating as a personal affront.

John had held to his work in the office, if not with positive enthusiasm, at least with industry, and thought that he had made some progress. On the day in question the managing clerk commented briefly but favorably on something of his which was satisfactory, and, such experiences being rare, he was conscious of a feeling of mild elation. He was also cherishing the anticipation of a call at Sixty-ninth Street, where, for reasons unnecessary to recount, he had not been for a week. At dinner that night his father seemed more inclined than for a long time to keep up a conversation which, though of no special import, was cheerful in comparison with the silence which had grown to be almost the rule, and the two men sat for a while over the coffee and cigars. Presently, however, the elder rose from the table, saying pleasantly, "I suppose you are going out tonight."

"Not if you'd like me to stay in," was the reply. "I have no definite engagement."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Lenox, "not at all, not at all," and as he passed his son on the way out of the room he put out his hand and taking John's, said, "Good night."

As John stood for a moment rather taken aback, he heard his father mount the stairs to his room. He was puzzled by the unexpected and unusual occurrence, but finally concluded that his father, realizing how taciturn they had become of late, wished to resume their former status, and this view was confirmed to his mind by the fact that they had been more companionable than usual that evening, albeit nothing of any special significance had been said.

As has been stated, a longer interval than usual had elapsed since John's last visit to Sixty-ninth Street, a fact which had been commented on by Mr. Carling, but not mentioned between the ladies. When he found himself at that hospitable house on that evening, he was greeted by Miss Blake alone.

"Julius did not come down tonight, and my sister is with him," she said, "so you will have to put up with my society—unless you'd like me to send up for Alice. Julius is strictly *en retraite*, I should say."

"Don't disturb her, I beg," protested John, laughing, and wondering a bit at the touch of coquetry in her speech, something unprecedented in his experience of her, "if you are willing to put up with my society. I hope Mr. Carling is not ill!"

They seated themselves as she replied: "No, nothing serious, I should say. A bit of a cold, I fancy; and for a fortnight he has been more nervous than usual. The changes in the weather have been so great and so abrupt that they have worn upon his nerves. He is getting very uneasy again. Now, after spending the winter, and when spring is almost at hand, I believe that if he could make up his mind where to go he would be setting off tomorrow."

"Really?" said John, in a tone of dismay.

"Quite so," she replied with a nod.

"But," he objected, "it seems too late, or too early. Spring may drop in upon us any day. Isn't this something very recent?"

"It has been developing for a week or ten days," she answered, "and symptoms have indicated a crisis for some time. In fact," she added, with a little vexed laugh, "we have talked of nothing for a week but the advantages and disadvantages of Florida, California, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia at large; besides St. Augustine, Monterey, Santa Barbara, Alken, Asheville, Hot Springs, Old Point Comfort, Bermuda, and I don't know how many other places, not forgetting Atlantic City and Lakewood, and only not Barbados and the Sandwich Islands because nobody happened to think of them. Julius," remarked Miss Blake, "would have given a forenoon to the discussion of those two places as readily as to any of the others."

"Can't you talk him along into warm weather?" suggested John, with rather a mirthless laugh. "Don't you think that if the weather were to change for good, as it's likely to do almost any time now, he might put off going till the usual summer flitting?"

"The change in his mind will have to come pretty soon if I am to retain my mental faculties," she declared. "He might possibly, but I am afraid not," she said, shaking her head. "He has the idea fixed in his mind, and considerations of the weather here, while they got him started, are not now so much the question. He has the moving fever, and I am afraid it will have to run its course. I think," she said, after a moment, "that if I were to formulate a special anathema, it would be, 'May traveling seize you!'"

"Or restlessness," suggested John.

"Yes," she said, "that's more accurate, perhaps, but it doesn't sound quite so smart. Julius is in that state of mind when the only place that seems desirable is somewhere else."

"Of course you will have to go," said John mournfully.

"Oh, yes," she replied, with an air of compulsory resignation. "I shall not only have to go, of course, but I shall probably have to decide where in order to save my mind. But it will certainly be somewhere, so I might as well be packing my trunks."

"And you will be away indefinitely, I suppose?"

"Yes, I imagine so."

"Dear me!" John ejaculated in a dismal tone. They were sitting as described on a former occasion, and the young woman was engaged upon the second (perhaps the third, or even the fourth) of the set of dollies to which she had committed herself. She took some stitches with a composed air, without responding to her companion's exclamation.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said presently, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, his hands hanging in an attitude of unmistakable dejection, and staring fixedly into the fire.

"I am very sorry myself," she said, bending her head a little closer over her work. "I think I like being in New York in the spring better than at any other time; and I don't at all fancy the idea of living in my trunks again for an indefinite period."

"I shall miss you horribly," he said, turning his face toward her.

Her eyes opened with a lift of the brows, but whether the surprise so indicated was quite genuine is a matter for conjecture.

"Yes," he declared desperately, "I shall, indeed."

"I should fancy you must have plenty of other friends," she said, flushing a little, "and I have wondered sometimes whether Julius's demands upon you were not more confident than warrantable, and whether you wouldn't often rather have gone elsewhere than to come here to play cards with him." She actually said this as if she meant it.

"Do you suppose—" he exclaimed, and checked himself. "No," he said, "I have come because—well, I've been only too glad to come, and—I suppose it has got to be a habit," he added, rather lamely. "You see, I've never known any people in the way I have known you. It has seemed to me more like home life than anything I've ever known. There has never been anyone but my father and I, and you can have no idea what it has been to me to be allowed to come here as I have, and—oh, you must know—" He hesitated, and instantly she advanced her point.

Her face was rather white, and the hand which lay upon the work in her lap trembled a little, while she clasped the arm of the chair with the other; but she broke in upon his hesitation with an even voice:

"It has been very pleasant for us all, I'm sure," she said, "and, frankly, I'm sorry that it must be interrupted for a while, but that is about all there is of it, isn't it? We shall probably be back not later than October. I should say, and then you can renew your contests with Julius and your controversies with me."

Her tone and what she said recalled to him their last night on board the ship, but there was no relenting on this occasion. He realized that for a moment he had been on the verge of telling the girl that he loved her, and he realized too, that she had divined his impulse and prevented the disclosure; but he registered a vow that he would know before he saw her again whether he might consistently tell her his love, and win or lose upon the touch.

Miss Blake made several inaccurate efforts to introduce her needle at the exact point desired and when that endeavor was accomplished broke the silence by saying, "Speaking of October, have you read the novel? I think it is charming."

"Yes," said John, with his vow in his mind, but not sorry for the diversion, "and I enjoyed it very much. I thought it was immensely clever, but I confess that I didn't quite sympathize with the love affairs of a hero who was past forty, and I must also confess that I thought the girl was, well—to put it in plain English—a fool."

Mary laughed, with a little quaver in her voice. "Do you know," she said, "that sometimes it seems to me that I am older than you are?"

"I know you're awfully wise," said John with a laugh, and from that their talk drifted off into the safer channels of their usual intercourse until he rose to say good night.

"Of course, we shall see you again before we go," she said as she gave him her hand. "Oh," he declared, "I intend regularly to haunt the place."

CHAPTER XI.

When John came down the next morning his father was, as a rule, the most punctual of men, had not appeared. He opened the paper and sat down to wait. Ten minutes passed, fifteen, twenty. He rang the bell. "Have you heard my father this morning?" he said to Jeffrey, remembering for the first time that he himself had not.

"No, sir," said the man. "He most generally cools a little in the morning, but I don't think I heard him this morning, sir."

"Go up and see why he doesn't come down," said John, and a moment later he followed the servant up-stairs, to find him standing at the chamber door with a frightened face.

"He must be very sound asleep, sir," said Jeffrey. "He hasn't answered to my knockin' or callin', sir." John tried the door. He found the chain bolt on, and it opened but a few inches. "Father!" he called, and then again, louder. He turned almost unconsciously to Jeffrey, and found his own apprehensions reflected in the man's face. "We must break in the door," he said. "Now, together!" and the bolt gave way.

His father lay as if asleep. "Go for the doctor at once! Bring him back with you. Run!" he cried to the servant. Custom and instinct said, "Send for the doctor," but he knew in his heart that no ministrations would ever reach the still figure on the bed, upon which, for the moment, he could not look. It was but a few minutes (how long such minutes are!) before the doctor came—Doctor Willis, who had brought John into the world, and had been a lifelong friend of both father and son. He went swiftly to the bed without speaking, and made a brief examination, while John watched him with fascinated eyes; and as the doctor finished, the son dropped on his knees by the bed, and buried his face in it. The doctor crossed the room to Jeffrey, who was standing in the door with an awestricken face, and in a low voice gave him some directions. Then, as the man departed, he first glanced at the kneeling figure and next looked searchingly about the room. Presently he went over to the grate in which were the ashes of an extinct fire, and, taking the poker, pressed down among them and covered over a three- or four-ounce vial. He had found what he was looking for.

There is no need to speak of the happenings of the next few days, nor is it necessary to touch at any length upon the history of some of the weeks and months which ensued upon this crisis in John Lenox's life, a time when it seemed to him that everything he had ever cared for had been taken. And yet, with that unreason which may perhaps be more easily understood than accounted for, the one thing upon which his mind most often dwelt was that he had had no answer to his note to Mary Blake. We know what happened to her missive. It turned up long afterward in the pocket of Master Jacky Carling's overcoat; so long afterward that John, as far as Mary was concerned, had disappeared altogether. The discovery of Jacky's dereliction explained to her, in part at least, why she had never seen him or heard from him after that last evening at Sixty-ninth Street. The Carlings went away some ten days later, and she did, in fact, send another note to his house address, asking him to see them before their departure; but John had considered himself fortunate in getting the house off his hands to a tenant who would assume the lease if given possession at once, and had gone into the modest apartment which he occupied during the rest of his life in the city, and so the second communication failed to reach him. Perhaps it was as well. Some weeks later he walked up to the Carlings' house one Sunday afternoon, and saw that it was closed, as he had expected. By an impulse which was not part of his original intention—which was, indeed, pretty nearly aimless—he was moved to ring the doorbell; but the maid, a stranger to him, who opened the door could tell him nothing of the family's whereabouts, and Mr. Betts (the houseman in charge) was "hout." So John retraced his steps with a feeling of disappointment wholly disproportionate to his hopes or expectations so far as he had defined them to himself, and never went back again.

He has never had much to say of the months that followed. It came to be the last of October. An errand from the office had sent him to General Wolsey, of the Mutual Trust Company, of whom mention has been made by David Harum. The general was an old friend of the elder Lenox, and knew John well and kindly. When the latter had discharged his errand and was about to go, the general said: "Wait a minute. Are you in a hurry? If not, I want to have a little talk with you."

"Not especially," said John.

"Sit down," said the general, pointing to a chair. "What are your plans? I see you are still in the Careys' office, but from what you told me last summer I conclude that you are there because you have not found anything more satisfactory."

"That is the case, sir," John replied. "I can't be idle, but I don't see how I can keep on as I am going now, and I have been trying for months to find something by which I can earn a living. I am afraid," he added, "that it will be a longer time than I can afford to wait before I shall be able to do that out of the law."

"If you don't mind my asking," said the general, "what are your resources? I don't think you told me more than to give me to understand that your father's affairs were at a pretty low ebb. Of course, I do not wish to pry into your affairs—"

"Not at all," John interposed; "I am glad

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to tell you, and thank you for your interest. I have about two thousand dollars, and there is some silver and odds and ends of things stored. I don't know what their value might be—not very much, I fancy—and there were a lot of mining stocks and that sort of thing which have no value so far as I can find out—no available value, at any rate. There is also a tract of half-wild land somewhere in Pennsylvania. There is coal on it, I believe, and some timber; but Melig, my father's manager, told me that all the large timber had been cut. So far as available value is concerned, the property is about as much of an asset as the mining stock, with the disadvantage that I have to pay taxes on it."

"H'm," said the general, tapping the desk with his eyeglasses. "H'm—well, I should think if you lived very economically you would have about enough to carry you through till you can be admitted, provided you feel that the law is your vocation," he added, looking up.

"It was my father's idea," said John, "and if I were so situated that I could go on with it, I would. But I am so doubtful with regard to my aptitude that I don't feel as if I ought to use up what little capital I have, and some years of time, on a doubtful experiment, and so I have been looking for something else to do."

"Well," said the general, "if you were very much interested—that is, if you were anxious to proceed with your studies—I should advise you to go on, and at a pinch I should be willing to help you out, feeling as you do, I hardly know what to advise. I was thinking of you, John, not of me."

"John did not speak, and the general went on: "Of course, it will be a great change from almost everything you have been used to, and I dare say that you may find the life, at first at least, pretty dull and irksome. The stipend is not very large, but it is large for the country, where your expenses will be light. In fact, I'm rather surprised at his offering so much. At any rate, it is a living for the present, and may lead to something better. The place is a growing one, and, more than that, Harum is well off, and keeps more irons in the fire than one, and if you get on with him you may do well."

"I don't think I should mind the change so much," said John, rather sadly. "My present life is so different in almost every way from what it used to be, and I think I feel it in New York more even than I might in a country village; but the venture seems a little like burning my bridges."

"Well," replied the general, "if the experiment should turn out a failure for any reason, you won't be very much more at a loss than at

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28)

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Increase Your Chest Measurement

If you wish to have a thirty-eight instead of a thirty-two chest measure, read this article carefully as you will find in it many hints that will be of benefit to you in this battle for a broad, deep chest.

In the first place, it is of the utmost importance that you learn to stand straight. There is no beauty or grace of the body than an upright posture cannot heighten. On the other hand a woman can mar or obscure her good looks by simply standing incorrectly.

A great many women think they are standing straight when they throw the shoulders back and tip the chin up, but totally overlook the fact that they habitually droop the torso at the hips; throwing the abdomen forward. This throws the whole body out of balance, is a great strain upon the spine and gives one an ungraceful carriage.

The physical culture way of standing is to bear the weight of the body upon the balls of the feet, holding the chest high and drawing the abdomen in. The head is held erectly and the chin slightly tilted. The arms hang from the shoulders and the weight of the shoulders is not borne by the chest as is the usual way. The physical culture girl does not rest the shoulders on the chest bone as it were. She knows that the backbone is built for the purpose of carrying the weight of the shoulders and arms. In this way the muscles of the backbone are straightened, the muscles of the chest are developed and the enlargement of the chest itself made sure.

If you will hold the body in this graceful position all the day long, whether sitting or walking, you will find the daily duties will not fatigue you. The reason that so many women suffer from pains in the back and limbs is because they make some muscles do double work and usually in a strained position, while other muscles are left in absolute idleness.

You can easily see, girls, that it is important to cultivate a correct position of the body if you want to have a good bust measurement and be minus unnecessary aches and pains. Incidentally, the little maiden who learns to stand correctly is always extremely graceful!

Now I will give you a few exercises, which, if practiced daily, will be the means of giving you a broad deep chest. These exercises should always be taken with as little clothing on as possible and that entirely loose.

The following chest exercise comes to us from Paris and a well-known physical culture doctor in that frivolous city is quoted as saying that it "does wonders for sunken chests and thin throats and strengthens the vocal cords!" Aren't you anxious to try it?

Parisian Method of Developing Chest

Throw a heavy rug on floor and lie down on it flat on your back. See that your arms and legs are perfectly straight and rest on the floor. Now raise the upper half of your body to a sitting posture, without aid of arms or legs. It will be a great temptation to help yourself slightly with elbows or feet but I can trust you not to "speak" as the small boys say. If you will go through this exercise ten times every day you will soon note a decided increase in your chest measurement.

Series of Chest Exercises

Number 1. Stand erect with head up, shoulders drawn backward and downward, arms full length at sides, heels together and abdomen drawn well in. Now firmly grip the extreme ends of an umbrella, raise arms high in mid-air and take a deep full breath while counting ten. Hold breath for three counts and pull hard with the hands as though endeavoring to pull the stick apart in the center, pulling the left hand over to the left side until the arm is stretched at its fullest length down at the left side of the body, while the right hand is high over the head in mid-air. At this point exhale and inhale again, counting six. Now repeat exercise, pulling with the right hand this time. Relax and come back to original position, with the stick held horizontally over the head, and exhale through the mouth while counting five. This exercise can be gone through with only four or five times to start with but after you are accustomed to it you can repeat until tired.

Exercise 2

Assume the same position as in exercise No. 1, but this time you grip the umbrella the width of the chest apart,



REACH AROUND THE BACK AND GRIP THE HANDS TIGHTLY.

This exercise may be practiced five or six times daily.

Exercise 3

Stand erect as described in Exercise No. 1. Reach around the back and grip the hands tightly at their fullest reach. Now inhale through the nose, counting six, and while holding the breath for four counts, raise the clasped hands straight upward as far as possible (keeping the head erect) and pump them up and down. Now relax and rest for a second before trying it a second time.

While this exercise develops the chest, it also draws every line away from the neck and throat,

and squares and broadens the shoulders. Particular care must be given to the breathing in order to obtain the best results.

Exercise 4

Stand firmly upon both feet in front of an open window and lift the arms. As you do this take a deep full breath. Now lower the arms and exhale. Do all this very slowly. Fifteen minutes of this exercise will prove invigorating. It develops the bust and broadens the shoulders rapidly.

Questions and Answers

E. F.—To make the shampoo you mention, you must hammer the root until it looks like shredded moss. You then throw two handfuls of the crushed root into a china basin and pour over it two and one half quarts of boiling water. Let stand for twelve minutes, then strain. Shampoo the head with the clear liquid, using no soap, borax or extra water.

Maggie.—Peroxide of Hydrogen will bleach your hair but I hope you will not try it. You might be able to bleach your switch also but I think this work would have to be done by a professional.

M. M. M., Huron Co., Bertine, Mrs. W. Texas.—Massage and a daily steaming over a kettleful of hot water slightly. Scars are not easily banished unless electricity is used and this work requires a skilled operator.

Mrs. Fannie Tessie, Mrs. S., Unhappy Girl, Anxious, and others.—You can easily develop your bust if you are willing to massage it for twenty minutes every day with cocoa-butter. Before the massage bathe bust in very hot water, after the massage, dash on quantities of cold water. As you refuse to take milk, olive oil, etc., in order to gain flesh, the only thing left for you to do is to develop your limbs by physical culture exercises. If you will read my monthly articles on this subject, you will find exercises that will fill you need.

Mary D., Exie, G. B., Mrs. W. B. S., California Girl and others.—I hardly know what your question is. Do you want to gain or lose flesh? If the former, you should take two tablespoonsfuls of olive oil after every meal, drink quantities of liquid—milk and water—and cultivate a taste for sweets. If you wish an exercise for reducing the waist and hips, refer to my articles on physical culture now appearing in this department.

Ida, Old Subscriber, Vanity, Miss X. Y. Z., and others.—See my reply to Mrs. Fannie. Yellow hands are not very attractive and I must help you to get rid of them. Every night coat them thickly with the following hand paste and then draw on a loose pair of cotton gloves and run off to bed. In a few days your hands should be beautifully soft and white.

Hand Paste

Myrrh, one ounce; honey, four ounces; yellow wax, two ounces; rose water, six ounces.

Melt the wax in a double boiler, add the myrrh—powdered—while hot; beat thoroughly together, then stir in the honey and rosewater, and sufficient glycerine, little by little to make a "spreadable paste."

Miss Lutie, Mabel, Rosa Lee, M. F. W., Blue Eyes, B. F. F., Anxious Girle.—Following is a treatment for reducing a large bust but I do not recommend it. Rub the breasts every night with this pomade.

Astringent

Aristol, two grams; white vaseline, thirty grams; essence of peppermint, ten drops.

Then cover them with compressed wet with this lotion.

Alum, two grams; acetate of lead, thirty grams; distilled water, four hundred grams.

Cover the compresses with oiled silk or other impermeable stuff and keep them on for twelve hours.

This treatment must be continued for several months. The following formula is serviceable in removing freckles, tan, etc.

Freckle and Tan Remover

Horseshoe root, one ounce; boiling water, one pint; borax, two drams.

It would be well to try this remedy on the arms before applying it to the face. If it seems to irritate the skin discontinue it. It is about the mildest freckle remedy I know of, with the exception of buttermilk, and this you say you cannot obtain.

Sweet Sixteen.—You evidently do your hair up very prettily. I don't believe you could improve upon it. Your measurements are up to the standard. I think your mother is right about your red nose. You should stop squeezing it. Instead, scrub nose every night with nail brush using plenty of hot water and soap. After you have cleansed the skin of the nose, rub in a little boracic powder. Once a week steam the nose over a kettleful of boiling water for five minutes, then cover nose with a layer of soap jelly, formula for which is given below.

Soap Jelly

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of

water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jelly. Put in covered glass jar and use as wanted. Always wash face in hot water and finish by dashing on cold water.

Keep this up for a month and your blackheads will be gone. The pimple lotion should be applied only to pimple spots.

Mrs. S. C. D., Exie G. B., and others.—You do not

need to make the boric bath yourself. It is best to

go to a druggist and ask for a small bottle of three per cent. solution of boric acid. This will cost about twenty cents.

Blanche, Mrs. Newlywed.—I have never heard that

opium would make the face round and plump. Quite

the contrary. The use of opium will ruin your mind

and your health, so let it alone. You are talking

lightly of a horrible, depraved habit.

A Harmless Rouge

Carmine, one half dram; oil of almonds, one dram;

French chalk, two ounces.

Mix thoroughly. The oil is absorbed by the chalk

and carmine, leaving it a dry powder, but adhesive.

Sift through silk bolting cloth.

Elaine.—Why not use half water and half alcohol?

I do not think this amount of alcohol would irritate

the skin and yet there is sufficient to remove oil from

the skin.

Frequent. Nbr. A. Subscriber, Anxious Girle and others. If you really want a beautiful complexion, you must give up eating cheese, candy, cake, pie, ice cream, hot breads, sauces, preserves and fried foods. Also wear tea and coffee. Take a bath every day and sleep in a room with the windows open so your lungs can have good fresh air to breathe. Drink two glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal and before going to bed. If you are at all constipated you might take the following cathartic:

Cleopatra Neck Bleach

One ounce strained honey, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, six drops of oil of bitter almonds, whites of two eggs, enough fine oatmeal to make a fine paste.

Spread this thickly on a piece of cotton cloth,

three inches in width, and tie as a bandage around the throat. Four or five of these applications should bleach nose to a satin whiteness.

Remember this is not a face bleach and that oil of bitter almonds is a poison and must not be swallowed or left in the reach of children.

M. K.—To clear your muddy complexion you must

give up eating such things as candy, cake, pie, ice

cream, hot breads, sauces, preserves and fried foods.

Also wear tea and coffee. Take a bath every day

and sleep in a room with the windows open so your

lungs can have good fresh air to breathe. Drink two

glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal and

before going to bed. If you are at all constipated you

might take the following cathartic:

Laxative

Extract of dandelion, one dram; powdered rhubarb,

q.s.

Divide into three and one half grain pills and take

one every night or oftener if necessary.

Troubled One.—Paint the inflamed joint with the

following lotion several times a day:

Bunion Lotion

Glycerine, two drams; carbolic acid, two drams;

tincture of iodine, two drams.

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The joint should be protected from all pressure by a large ring of piano felt or felt and chamois combined. Low-heeled shoes are absolutely essential and the shoe must also be broad enough to prevent all pressure.

Benjamine, Lulu, Mrs. Happy, Iowa Girl and others.—Eyelashes can be made to grow into a bewildering fringe by moistening eyelid edge with warm sweet almond oil daily. Do not get any oil in the eye itself.

COMFORT'S Friend.—Massage scalp for twenty minutes daily with following pomade, which is a splendid hair grower:

White vaseline, three ounces; Castor oil (cold drawn), one and one half ounces; gallic acid, one and three quarters drams; oil of lavender, thirty drops.

I believe that they do curl the hair so it stays in permanently. I do not give addresses in these columns.

Neck Bleach

Strained honey, one ounce; lemon juice, one teaspoonful; oil of bitter almonds, six drops; whites of two eggs. Enough rice oatmeal to make it spread easily.

Spread this mixture thickly on a strip of cotton cloth three and one half inches in width, and fasten securely around the throat. Cover this bandage with another to prevent bedclothes being soiled. Do not apply to face and remember that oil of bitter almonds is a poison. Do not use this bleach if there are any pimples or cuts on neck. Butter milk taken internally is thinning.

Inquisitive.—Yes, a pair of tweezers.

Evelyn, Gertrude, Mrs. B., Miss S. H. R., and others.—It is said that massaging breasts with aromatic vinegar for fifteen minutes daily will reduce them, but I cannot guarantee results.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.



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By the use of a marvelous little Sound Transmitter, made of Vibratory Rubber.

Nobody but a deaf man would have had the infinite patience and dogged determination to study and experiment for years—to perfect the tiny Transmitter. That deaf man was Geo. H. Wilson.

Today, he can hear as well as anyone, and is almost idolized by the thousands who owe to his genius their escape from deafness. Even after



Mr. Wilson had mastered the laws of sound transmission, the problem was far from solved. He must make the Transmitter out of something exceedingly soft and light, yet possessing great vibratory power. The use of metal was impossible in a delicate device. Ordinary rubber did not possess the necessary vibratory qualities.

Mr. Wilson began experiments with rubber and finally succeeded in producing what is known as Vibratory Rubber.

This made it possible to perfect the Sound Transmitter which is commonly known as the Wilson Ear Drum.

Do not confuse this device with the speaking tubes or ear trumpets, or the complicated and expensive portable telephones which make the wearer look conspicuous and feel ridiculous. The Wilson Sound Transmitter or ear drum is so small that it rests completely out of sight in the ear holes.

So soft and comfortable that the wearer forgets all about it. So magical in its results that it makes the deaf hear distinctly, and instantly. So many deaf people have written to Mr. Wilson for information in regard to the Sound Transmitter that he has written a little book about it. And just to make the story complete, he has put in several hundred letters from people of every station in life who are using his Sound Transmitters.

Copies of this fascinatingly interesting book are now being mailed. If you wish one, simply write a post card immediately to the Wilson Ear Drum Co., 145 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky. (9)

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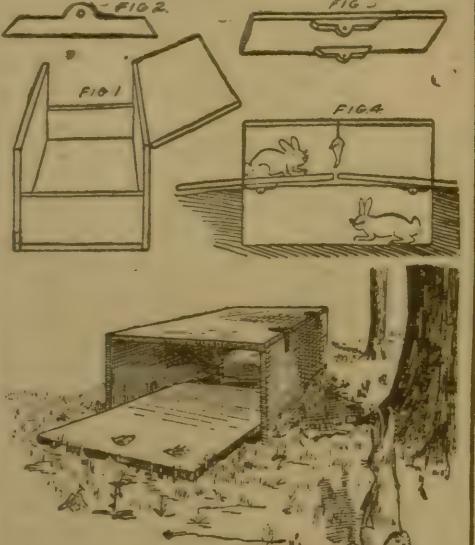
A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

THE gladdest holiday of all the year comes in this month. The birthday of a king. What a mantle of love seems to spread over the earth when Christmas approaches. It is truly a miracle. I hope every boy is very happy and I hope you all have it in your power to make others happy. I have designed some very nice things for you to make during the spare time you will have while out of school. A Happy New Year to all my nephews. If you can find time among all your other duties send me a post card. I will answer it.

A Rabbit Trap

A boy from a Western state that is infested with rabbits sends me an enthusiastic description of the success he had snaring the harmful bunnies with a home-made device like the one pictured here. According to the letter the catch for the season numbered into the hundreds. The trap itself is very simple and may be made by remodeling a large box. The sides are left intact but half the ends are cut off and the top is hinged on as in Fig. 1. A flat board with two small blocks on the under side as in Fig. 3 is then placed on the top edge of the ends so that it



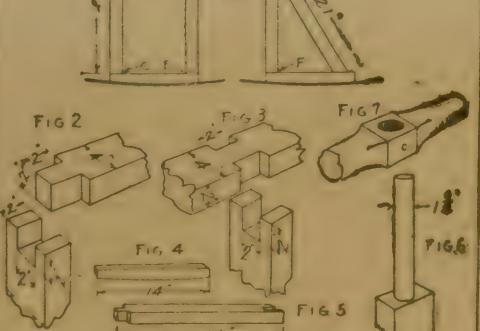
THE DECISION TO ENTER MAKES BUNNIE A PRISONER. will tilt down when the weight of the animal rests upon it. The success of the trap depends to a great degree upon the nicety of this balance. The flat piece must right itself quickly after the rabbit has slid into the pit below. Fig. 4 shows the interior arrangement and the manner of placing the bait. Tell me about animals in your vicinity and give me some trap plans if you know of any good, new ones.

A Whale Dairy

There is a professor in the East who has started and is successfully conducting a dairy in which whales and not cows are the milk givers. He makes butter and cheese from the product of his sixty cow whales and the cream is said to be fine in quality and taste. As you may readily guess the method of milking is different to the ordinary one and something more than a three-legged stool is required for the kick of a whale's tail is something like a train falling off a mountain and hitting you. Special apparatus is used for all the various operations. The herd is kept in an inlet having an opening to the sea fifty feet across, which is closed by iron gateways. Sometimes the keeper lets one of the cows out into the sea for a swim and on two occasions they returned and brought others with them. A fine quality of leather is also obtained from the whales besides the usual products of whalebone, oil, etc.

A Speedy Coaster

Here is a brand new type of coasting sled built on the bicycle principle. It can be used on hills where large wide sleds could not run for of course it requires only a narrow strip of good snow or ice for a track and the steering gear permits you to follow the best path. The barrel stave runners go good on soft or thawing ice but if you are on glary ice you must not try to turn too sharp or you will skid sideways and maybe take a tumble. In the case of hard ice you can take a pretty sharp curve safely by taking the staves off and using the scantling for runners. On any ordinary hill you can use the



EXHILARATING SPORT.

coaster just as the boy in the picture is and the harder and smoother the ice is the better will it be. There is hardly a question you can ask concerning the making of it that is not fully answered by the diagrams. The joint shown in Fig. 2 is used at "E," "C," "E," and "F." Fig. 4 shows the runner slightly curved before nailing

NEW THIN MODEL STEM WIND SET WATCH



This watch is a beauty of a timepiece with several new features in watch making. Thin model, size 16, (about 1-2 larger than picture) stem wind, stem set, bright nickel case with gold-plated winding stem. White dial has Arabic numerals printed in gold on a maroon background decorated with silver. Inside the circle gold and silver stars and dots. Case has new double back, protecting works from accident and dust. Each watch thoroughly tested at factory and just the watch to wear every day in the year and know what time it is. Just as good a time keeper as a very expensive watch, will wear for years and it costs you nothing.

You Can Earn It in a Few Minutes

I will give you this fine watch and fob with your initial for just a few minutes of your time. New and easy plan, sure to win. Many friends have earned it in a half hour. Just send me your name and 4cts postage for full free outfit of Post Cards, etc. F. H. PHELPS, Manager, 32 Water St., Springfield, Mass.

the stave on. The long piece that runs across the top and the upright piece in the middle are fastened together as in Fig. 3. The saddle or seat goes on top of this joint. Fig. 5 is the rear upright piece. The handle bar arrangement is clearly shown in Fig. 6 and in the other sketches. The material used to make this sled is good sound scantling. The fastening is done with screws sunk even with the surface of the wood. Bore a small hole for each screw and dip them in beeswax before you drive them. Now for a good time. Get busy and show the natives up your way that they are away behind the times if they do not take COMFORT.

A Puzzling Address

The government employs a number of experts at Washington whose duty is to decipher the addresses on letters that the other members of the postal service have been unable to read. There are a great many people in this country who cannot read or write English or any other language so you can imagine what a difficult task it is to find the meaning of their signs and pen scratches. Sometimes clever puzzlists try to fool Uncle Sam's experts by such attempts as the one we picture here. For fear that you would not be able to interpret the queer superscription we give you the correct solution here. It is Crosby G. Underhill, Whiteland, Indiana. Simple enough after all.

One Kind of Bath

If you object to taking a cold bath in winter weather you should think of the Esquimaux boys up in the Norton islands. In that cold inlet of the Behring sea the lads are forced to bathe every week, and such a bath it is. In the kashim or hut a roaring fire is built and when it has burned down to a mass of glowing embers, the smoke hole is closed up and the place becomes intensely hot. The boy then enters, wearing a respirator, of shavings over his mouth to protect the lungs. They stay in the inferno, clad only in nature's garment, until they look like boiled lobsters, then the door is opened and rushing forth into the intense cold, dripping with perspiration, they roll about in the deep snow. Although it seems a very harsh kind of treatment the young natives seem to thrive on it and never take cold.

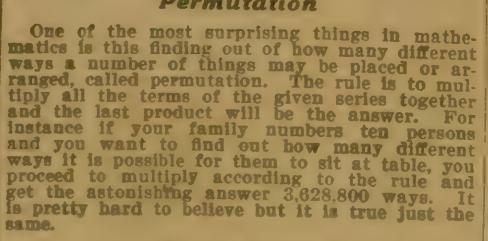
A Match Trick

This simple trick can be learned in less than a minute and will give you a chance to fool some of your friends. Get a match and whittle or bite the end until it is flat instead of round. Now hold your thumb crooked and place the sharp end of the match in the creases and open the thumb straight out. The match will stand rigidly upright but you must move your hand gingerly around to make believe that you are balancing it. Let your friend try it with a match that has not been prepared and of course he will not be able to balance it. It is great fun to see a group of people trying in vain to do something that you can easily do right before their eyes.

An Aeroplane Windmill

Here is a novel windmill plan that should interest all boys who have been thinking about the problem of flying. There is nothing new in the principle of this device but the shape is in accord with the latest fad. The first step of the work is the construction of the biplane shown in Fig. 1. The bearing (Fig. 2) is made out of cigar box wood or piece of shingle. The hole "H" is one inch in diameter. The planes proper should be of tin or very light wood. The axle (Fig. 4) has a hole bored through its center so that it can turn on the upright post. The blades of the wheel are of the common type cut out of two square sticks fitted in the center. The cuts show this clearly. To the sides of the bearing blocks long light rods are tacked and to the end of each pair of rods are fastened the piece "A" in Fig. 5. This tall-piece keeps the wheel in the wind. I hope you will utilize this plan. It is simple enough for all.

INTERESTING FOR THE BOYS.



PERMUTATION

One of the most surprising things in mathematics is this finding out of how many different ways a number of things may be placed or arranged, called permutation. The rule is to multiply all the terms of the given series together and the last product will be the answer. For instance if your family numbers ten persons and you want to find out how many different ways it is possible for them to sit at table, you proceed to multiply according to the rule and get the astonishing answer 3,628,800 ways. It is pretty hard to believe but it is true just the same.

SOLID STUDY

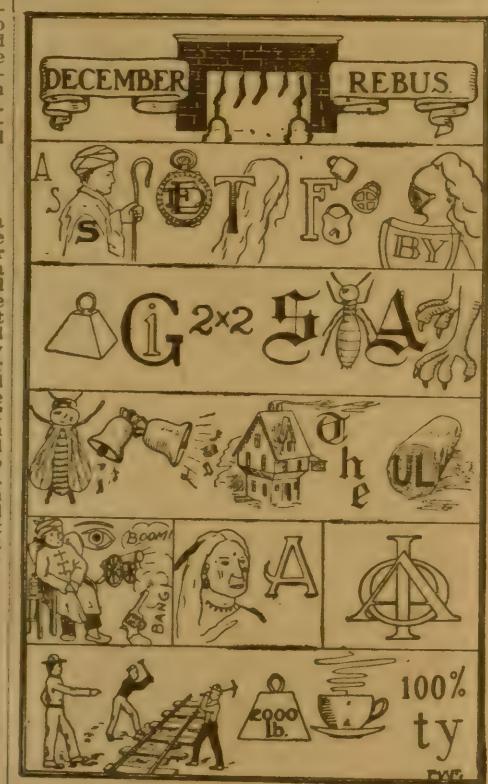
This is the day of scientific methods in farming and any boy who intends to follow that desirable business would do well to study it. One way, explained to me by a college professor in

A Box Chair

Here is a chair made from an old box. If you have a little sister it will be just the thing for her or for her doll. You can do the cutting out and nailing and she will make the cloth cover and cushion. It is hardly necessary to give any explanation but I will say this much: Before you begin to cut mark out with a pencil every line you will saw on. Doing this will give you an idea of the proper height and proportions and you will not spoil the chair by sawing in the wrong place. I know that many girls read this column and I am going to remember them in the future. Write to me sometime, young sisters, and don't let Uncle Charlie have all your nice letters.

December Puzzle

The picture rebus this month are appropriate to the glad season of Christmas. If they yield a half hour's amusement they will have served their purpose. Here are some hints to begin on.



1. A saying that refers to the first Christmas.
2. A practice common to every Christmas.
3. An old-time New England holiday custom.
4. Three divisions of our country, in the West.
5. An event preceding the Revolution. It occurred in December.

November Answers

Here are the answers to last month's picture puzzles.

1. The melancholy days are come.
2. Turkey, pumpkin pie, cranberries.
3. Battle of Lookout mountain.
4. Birth of James A. Garfield.
5. The day set apart for gratitude.

Problems for December

I am receiving many letters from all over the country from readers who take delight in working the problems. They can be worked if you try hard. I get many neat solutions from boys not over twelve years old and some from younger lads. Get out a pencil and pad and try your luck. It will be time well spent at any rate, and if you fail I will work them out for you.

1. What number must be added to twice itself that the sum may be 57?
2. A lady has two silver cups but only one first cup is covered if it weighs six ounces. If the second, but if the second is covered it weighs three times as much as the first. What is the weight of the second cup and cover?

3. Three times a certain number plus 15 equals twice the same number plus 30. What is three times the number?

Answers to November Problems

1. The time of day is 21 minutes 49.09 seconds after 4 o'clock. 2. In 16 years. 3. 120 of each kind.

There boys I have done all I could for you in the space allotted to me and I wish a very Happy Christmas for all. You will have lots of time to work during the Christmas vacation and I hope you will avail yourself of the time opportunity that is given you through this department to make toys and useful articles. No other paper ever does half this for boys and you should appreciate it and say a good word for COMFORT to your friends.

UNCLE JOHN.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

MY, my, how the time flies, doesn't it? Here it is December again and another year ended. Why, it only seems yesterday since I was saying Happy New Year to you all, and now the new year is old and in only a month I'll be saying Happy New Year again, but never again to those who were the same age when I said it before. However we can't prevent the time from flying and if we make of ourselves worthy of the years, we should not regret their going. And I'm not inclined to be gloomy about it, either, so here's by, by, to the old year, and hello, there, 1911 to the new and may we all get the best there is in it. We'll get work, you all may be sure, so I'll begin right now.

The first on the list, as I gather up your letters, is from Soft Heart of Wild West, Wash., and she has been writing her name on a berry box that went out into the world where a fine young man saw it and wrote to her. At least, she thinks he is fine for she wrote to him in reply and now he wants to come and see her. It sounds like a fairy story, doesn't it? Girls run great risks in making romances of this kind, but Soft Heart's mother and brothers will also see the Prince when he comes and if he isn't the right kind of a Prince he will not get Soft Heart, because she is wiser than some of the cousins I have. So I guess she can trust this romance to turn out as happily as any other fairy story.

Blue Eyes, Guthrie, Okla.—A sixteen-year-old girl might write three times a week to a seventeen-year-old boy if they showed all their letters to their parents, but not otherwise. (2) I don't know any way to make him stop smoking except to decline to see him unless he did stop. Maybe he wouldn't then even. Can't you get him to stop until he is twenty-one? Smoking isn't so very bad if he doesn't begin too young and smoke too much.

Happy Girl, Rosalia, Wash.—Maybe a married lady should go along as chaperon, but as it is largely a party of brothers and sisters and all friends, I don't think your trip to the fair will be unconventional enough to worry about. Hope you have a nice time.

Unhappy Girl, Runge, Texas.—Why do you want to be so foolish? The man you think you loved is married and you admit you quarreled with him always when he was your sweetheart. Wouldn't it have been worse if you married him? It would. Now you have a chance to marry a nice man well able to make you comfortable why don't you make up your mind to make the best of your blessings and try to be happy? I don't think you deserve it, but maybe you can make yourself deserving. You had better be out of the world than in it if you only make it worse.

Kitty and Babe, Graham, Va.—It is very nice of two girls to be so devoted to each other that either is willing to step aside and let the other have the young man who would as soon have one as the other, but what of that kind of a young man? I leave it to you, girls, if either of you would want him, knowing that he didn't care which one he got.

C. E. B., Newark, N. J.—You may do as you please about sending him a real birthday present or merely a card. It is the remembrance that will please him.

Rosy Cheeks, Bagdad, Ky.—You must go out and meet people if you expect to have friends, and you must not only meet them, but you must be so nice and pleasant in your manners that they will want to know you and have you around. That kind of a girl never lacks for friends among all kinds of people and the young men are sure to find her and keep her in sight always.

Minnchaha, Stafford, Va.—He couldn't have been a very "perfect gentleman" or he would not have gone off mad and not answered your letter because you declined to give him your picture. I wouldn't bother about him. (2) Keep on snubbing him is the only way I know to get rid of him. He'll quit after a while. (3) Ask the young man to explain why he broke the engagement, before you give him his leave.

Troubled Brown Eyes, San Jose, Cal.—Don't let him kiss you and don't tell him you love him. At least, not until he tells you so, and asks you to marry him. When you are engaged you may kiss him. Young men have a way of telling girls they love them and presume upon that to kiss them and fondle them, but, my dear, don't you be fooled by them. When a man really loves a girl he wants to marry her and he is much more serious than mere kissing and jollying. Girls are too ready and willing to be deceived:

Wife, Sanford, Fla.—Trust in the good Lord and wait. You are both so young now and just beginning life that it will take time for the adjustment that is almost sure to come if you will only have faith and courage.

Brown-eyed Kitty, Schaller, Iowa.—Well, Kitty, I think it is a very great credit to you that you can truthfully say you are sweet sixteen and have never been kissed. I wish all the cousins could say as much truthfully. Now don't be kissed until you have become engaged to some nice young man.

Flower Girl, Friday Harbor, Wash.—Well, well, knowing as little as you do about beauty my advice is that you wait three or four years and learn by observation enough to know the ordinary usage when you begin to have them around. Watch the other girls with their beads and do as the nicest girls do.

Brown Eyes, New Lexington, O.—No matter how good he is and how saving and how nice a husband he might be—for somebody else—don't marry him if you do not love him unless you are of that kind of character that can make a business of marriage and ignore all the sentiment that is in it.

Broken-Hearted, Corning, O.—You think you do not love him, my dear. But I think you are mistaken or don't know your own mind, or you would not let him keep on coming to see you just to find out if you could learn to love him. I think you will learn to love him before you know it.

Lonely, Corsicana, Texas.—Maybe he is too bashful to show his feelings toward you whenever anybody else is around. If he is, you should teach him that he mustn't treat you coldly even if he is bashful. (2) Really I don't know whether he loves you or not when he puts his arm around the back of the buggy. Do you suppose he ever does that with any other girl? My, my, but they are a tricky lot, those young men.

Sweet Alice, Shelbyville, Ind.—So you go to see him where he works and he darts with you but will not talk to you, and you want to know how to make him talk? Well, you are both silly young things now, and when you are older you may know better than to go where he works and he may know enough to have something to talk about. Wait and see.

M. S. L., Vernon, Texas.—He ought to know that giving you a pair of scissors or any sharp thing will cut your love in two. Tell him so, but keep the scissors because they will come in handy. (2) It is only fair to the young man if you are engaged to him to let him kiss you. If you loved him very much, you would. (3) It is a pretty sure sign if a young man talks to one girl about others, he will talk to others about her. Look out.

Two Girls, Kewanna, Ind.—Wait until you are of age and then, if your parents still object to the men of your choice, you can marry on your own responsibility. Possibly by that time you will be glad your parents objected. I know you will be if the men are the kind who want girls to take all the risk.

Troubled Kid, Galveston, Texas.—The young man is crazy and if you are not careful he will get more desperate some day and kill you and himself. Sane people do not act as he does. As to marrying him—it is against the law to marry a maniac.

Cousin Daisy, San Francisco, Calif.—As he does not think you are in love with him at all, and are merely a very good friend, why don't you talk to him as a friend and warn him quietly about the girl who cares

for his money only. Some men are foolish and won't listen to such advice, but maybe this one isn't. Anyway, you might try to show him that he was going wrong. I know it is a very delicate situation, but I don't know any other better plan to save him. In the mean time go with him all you can and let him learn the difference between the girl he ought to have and the one he oughtn't.

D. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—It will be proper to go to his house if his mother or sister invited you, but not otherwise.

In Earnest, Okeene, Okla.—Peanuts and candy answer very well as refreshments for your young man if you have nothing else at the house, and many times they are quite as good as anything else, and always better than nothing. (2) Girls with sweethearts and little sisters always have trouble and there is no plan known to escape it, unless you tell the little sisters, or give up the sweethearts. (3) Unless the girl is deaf and dumb she should not marry a man so afflicted except under extraordinary circumstances.

Happy, Humansville, Mo.—You know the rule is that you may ask but three questions and you have asked eighteen, so I won't answer any. You mustn't break the rules if you want replies.

Devoted Reader, Augusta, Ga.—You did exactly right in not answering the note of the young man asking to meet you. He certainly should know better than to write such a note. In a town the size of Augusta, if he is the right sort, he should know friends of yours who would introduce him properly. Really though I think he is not so ignorant as he is romantically silly.

Babe, Hanford, Cal.—As you can't help loving Archie and can't say "no" to Roy, I don't see any other way than to take an east-bound train and get off somewhere in Utah. Seriously, cousin, do you think that a girl who doesn't know which man she loves best, loves anyone very much—that is, enough to marry him? You wait until you do know.

Lonely One, Wolcottville, Ind.—You should have a sensible, grown-up talk with your parents about permitting you to have associates among the young people of your neighborhood and have some pleasure to ease the hard housework you do for them. If they will not listen to you, then go and do housework in some other family where the hired help is allowed some privileges. It is not right or fair not to let you meet the daughters and sons and families of your neighbors.

Waiting Eva, Chicago, Ill.—The next time you see Harold, you ask him why he always waits to be asked before he calls and you'd like to see him oftener. You can do it in a friendly, hospitable way that will not lead him to suspect that you want to marry him whether he wants to or not, though some young men are that silly about calling on girls.

A. C. K., Lima, O.—Even if the man told the truth in the first place about the girl he married, since he has married her he has acted as no decent man should and his attentions to you are simply insulting. If you have the proper spirit you will tell him so and have absolutely nothing to do with him.

Blue Eyes and Curly Hair, Chickamauga, Ga.—Love the soldier just the same, but don't marry him till his time has expired, and don't marry him then unless he is sober, industrious and able to support you. (2) Take a farmer. Travelers are restless and won't stay at home, even if they have one.

Blue Eyes, Castlewood, S. Dak.—It is proper to do what you ask about if your mother says you should. Ask her.

Blue Eyes, Langley, S. C.—You have been deceitful and dishonest with him and if he forgives you that is as much as you could ask. You have lost him through your own fault and you must suffer the penalty. It may be a lesson to you, and I am sorry it is such a severe one.

Rainbow, Clinton, Maine.—If he is too bashful to tell you he loves you, I wouldn't bother with him. Love should make him bold. (2) You cannot win a young man's love any more than he could win yours. It must come of itself. (3) A young man of twenty should marry a girl older than himself because he is too young to marry a girl younger than he is, and she would be too young, too.

Weary, Manitowoc, Wis.—Unless you love him well enough to wait for him don't wait for him. Of all things, don't wait for him because you are afraid you won't get anybody else.

Lonesome Lass, Crookston, Minn.—Fiances are apt to want to be over-familiar and it is just as well to tell yours that you do not think too much liberty is nice and you will not permit it. (2) The engagement ring should be presented at the time the engagement is made, if the man happens to have it with him as most of them do not; but if not, then as soon as possible afterwards. (3) When engaged the attentions of other men, except formal attentions, should be declined, and they should be told that you are promised to another.

Worried Kid, Fonda, Ia.—My serious advice to you, Kid, is that you postpone all thought of marriage with older or younger men, until you realize just a little what marriage means.

Troubled Heart, Spencer, Ia.—Don't ever marry to suit anybody except yourself, not even the man you marry; unless you are all head and no heart. People of more head than heart can marry and get along somehow, but those with more heart than head cannot do it. Better not marry at all than merely to suit your parents. (2) A friendly correspondence with a nice young man is very pleasant and I don't see any objection to your continuing it. (3) If you expect to marry the young man, you can, being of age, afford to ignore your parents' consent, but if he is merely "company," I think you might do better by selecting those your parents do not object to.

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Mary Ozetta Martha, Louisville, Ky.—You cannot win his love and you are young enough to forget him. Besides who ever heard of a Kentucky girl wanting to win a man's love. It is always the other way, we thought.

Brown Eyes, McCool, Miss.—As you love him with all your heart and have loved him so for three years and cannot forget him and never saw him except once and then for only a few minutes and he didn't speak to you, and now you want to meet him again, I think, my dear, you are quite warranted in writing him a long letter telling him the whole story. Just how he will take it, or what he will think of you for writing it, I can't say, but such love as yours should be rewarded somehow.

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Troubled, Oshkosh, Wis.—Don't become engaged to him, but tell him you will wait the two years he asks you to wait, and if at the end of that time he has abstained entirely from drink, you will consider his proposition. This thing of marrying a young man who is in an awful, awfully risky undertaking.

Darling, Table Rock, Neb.—You should be twenty-one before you marry, anyhow, and so you just wait a year and then you can give up your parents for a husband whether they want you to or not.

Unhappy Brunette, St. Paul, Minn.—Possibly you are trying to forget, but dear cousin you are not succeeding; or you would not be asking me what you should do. Bear your burden a little longer; a year or two, and if at the end of that time it is no lighter for either of you drop it and each go your own way. A girl of twenty should not bind herself to a lifetime of unhappiness and others with her.

Twenty, Table Rock, Neb.—Wait until you are twenty-one and marry the man you should marry instead of one of your parents want you to take. But be sure you are right.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

"wild" at times; saddle our horses, tie to the farm nine miles away in Okla., or take our horse and buggy, dog and rifle (as we both are good shots) and go to the woods for an hour or two, or perhaps spend the day if we are so inclined. My pleasures are his and we enjoy ourselves.

I presume nearly all of the sisters have read about the opening of the Cherokee Strip in 1903. This city is four miles from the Okla. line, which was the stopping place of thousands and thousands of people, waiting for that memorable day when it would be opened to settlement.

At noon, Sept. 10th, 1903, a cannon was fired by the U. S. soldiers and the race began. It was a sight I will never forget, as far as the eye could see, a mass of moving humanity, all eager to get a claim. Of course many had to be disappointed. All now are prosperous farmers.

Kansas and Oklahoma are about the same, but as I have lived in Kansas nearly all my life, I will have to give "three cheers" for her.

I have been somewhat interested in reading the sisters' letters in regard to women voting. I have never, never given it a serious thought, but women are taxed and have to pay taxes just the same as men. I am inclined to believe that it is no more right that women should have something to say.

With love and best wishes to all the sisters,

MRS. BENIA CHADWELL, Arkansas City, Kans.

MY DEAR SISTERS:

This is my first letter to you, and I certainly enjoy your interesting ones very much.

I have been confined to my bed since July 19, 1908, from a stroke of paralysis from my waist down. I cannot move either leg and suffer all the time. It was on Sunday that I was taken and I never shall forget it. I went to bed about as well as usual, but very nervous.

I awoke in the night to find that I was a poor, helpless girl, never to walk again on this beautiful earth. The doctor has told us that I never can be any better, but may live for years in this helpless condition.

It seems hard to think of, as I was used to living in our little city and going a great deal. Now we have moved onto the farm one and one half miles from the city. I am so very lonesome as I seem as if the days would never end, but it is God's will and we have to be brave in our lot.

My father died when I was eight years old, twenty-one years ago. It is a long time to think back my only sister is away from home and my only brother in Nevada. I am thankful that I have my mother to care for me. I lie in bed and do fancy work to pass these lonely hours away.

I think the COMFORT is rightly named for it brings comfort to thousands of homes.

Now dear sisters, I would appreciate a visit by post card, anything to brighten a poor shut-in's life. You can think you are seeing a girl with large brown eyes, brown hair and five feet tall that once enjoyed this beautiful world.

From your loving sister,

Miss FLORAL WALDO, Alma, Michigan.

Miss Waldo. You are sorely afflicted and my heart is full of sympathy for you. I am glad you wrote to our corner, for you will receive words of cheer that will help fortify you against some of those lonely days. Do not lose courage for a brighter day will dawn for you.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I hope you will pardon me for calling so soon again after my first visit. I have received so many letters and cards since my letter appeared that I cannot possibly answer all personally. So I take this method of answering them.

To the ones who remembered me in any way, please do not feel hurt or slighted if you fail to hear from me as we are poor people but I thank each and every one many, many times for their kindness and am sure the Lord will bless each and every one of you.

I am trying to answer personally those who sent stamps. I know you all will think that fair. To those who sent stamps and have not heard from me yet, just be patient and I will answer as soon as possible. It tires me very much to write long at a time.

As so many have asked what kind of work papa and sister do, will state here that they work in the field. Thanking each and everyone again for their kindness to me, I beg to remain your shut-in sister,

OLO C. ABBOTT, Butlerville, Ark.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have come so far, will you let me join your circle? I am an old lady of seventy-seven years and live all alone. I take care of my garden, also the milk of one cow and make the butter.

I take four magazines, but I like COMFORT best of all. I enjoy the letters and sometimes read them over several times and think I will write to this one, or will write to that one, but made up my mind I would write to COMFORT instead.

I live in a nice little town (no saloons) but have not been here long and get pretty lonesome and homesick.

I feel sorry for the shut-ins; it must be hard to be confined to the house and not get out in the bright sunshines.

I spend lots of time out of doors in warm weather. Now it will soon be cold with snow storms, and I dread the long, cold winter, and the long evenings sitting alone. You who have families and your children around you do not know the comfort you are taking. Soon, perhaps, your children will be married and gone and you be left alone.

Let me give you a little advice: Always be kind to each other; never speak a cross word if things don't go right; explain it pleasantly, never dispute or get mad, and see how much happier you will be. And be kind to old people; it is hard for them to think they are so old nobody cares for them. Try and make their lives pleasant by kind words.

Do the sisters know that when freshening salt cucumbers for pickles to keep them on the back of the stove where they will keep hot and keep them covered and change the water often, they will be green as when first picked?

If you wish to take a pie or cake off the tin it is baked in put it on the hot stove for a second and it will come out nicely.

If anyone lives alone as I do, I wish they would write me. With good wishes to all the COMFORT sisters and Uncle Charlie, will say good night,

MRS. E. A. MATTHEWS, Wartens, Box 104, Wis.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I enjoy reading your letters very much and although I haven't been a subscriber to COMFORT very long, I now could not do without it. It certainly deserves its name.

I am a farmer's daughter, fifteen years old, and am keeping house for my father, brothers and sisters. My mother died last December. I have four brothers and one sister. The youngest is eight and the oldest eighteen. I have quite a lot of work to do, but my sister is eleven years old and quite a help, though very small.

We are having cool weather here. The corn crop is very good and the small grain is nearly all good.

We live four and one half miles from Winterset, a nice town. It has a court house, electric lights and water works and some large buildings.

I am not in school, but received my diploma from the high school a year ago.

I would like to receive letters from the sisters.

With best wishes, I remain your friend and sister,

MISS ALICE KIEVIN, Winterset, R. R. 4, Iowa.

Alice. You are a dear daughter with a brave loving heart to fill so large a place in your home. How fondly and approvingly your beloved mother would speak to you, were she here. Good reading on varying subjects will be helpful to you.

Keep cheerful and rise above the daily obstacles, for you will find your reward somewhere in life.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

Could some of you tell us where and how we could arrange to find a little child in need of a home? We are farmers and have a good chance to bring up one of the many homeless children. It is a good place to live and go to school in. Would like an American between the age of two and five years with blue eyes and black hair.

MRS. JOYCE E. WILLIAMS, Duncan, R. R. 1, Okla.

DEAR SISTERS:

Will you admit a Missouri girl into your happy band? We live about three miles from town. I have eight brothers and one sister, I being the youngest. My father died when I was four years old.

I want to tell you about the dedication of St. Mary's Chapel at Starkesburg on Sept. 14, by Archbishop John J. Glennon, assisted by priests from other parishes in conducting the ceremony. The edifice is sixty-nine by forty-five feet and built of rock at a cost of twenty thousand dollars, the money being do-

nated by the pilgrims who make a semi-annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Sorrows. At 3:30 P. M. the Archbishop administered confirmation to a large crowd. Rev. Father G. W. Hoenh has been pastor for twenty-three years. This chapel is located in one of the most picturesque spots of Montgomery county.

I would like to receive letters from the sisters. Wishing success to all.

ESTHER DEOLIN, Rhinelander, Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I cannot refrain from writing a few lines to this corner. I have been reading all those beautiful letters in our September number and have enjoyed them all so much.

The reason why I wish to say a few words is to ask all the cousins to read what our kind editor has to say in the August number about that prize fight. I will never forget, as far as the eye could see, a mass of moving humanity, all eager to get a claim. Of course many had to be disappointed. All now are prosperous farmers.

Kansas and Oklahoma are about the same, but as I have lived in Kansas nearly all my life, I will have to give "three cheers" for her.

I have been somewhat interested in reading the sisters' letters in regard to women voting. I have never, never given it a serious thought, but women are taxed and have to pay taxes just the same as men.

I am inclined to believe that it is no more right that women should have something to say.

With love and best wishes to all the sisters,

MRS. BENIA CHADWELL, Arkansas City, Kans.

DEAR SISTERS:

This is my first letter to you, and I certainly enjoy your interesting ones very much.

I have been confined to my bed since July 19, 1908, from a stroke of paralysis from my waist down. I cannot move either leg and suffer all the time. It was on Sunday that I was taken and I never shall forget it. I went to bed about as well as usual, but very nervous.

I awoke in the night to find that I was a poor, helpless girl, never to walk again on this beautiful earth. The doctor has told us that I never can be any better, but may live for years in this helpless condition.

It seems hard to think of, as I was used to living in our little city and going a great deal. Now we have moved onto the farm one and one half miles from the city. I am so very lonesome as I seem as if the days would never end, but it is God's will and we have to be brave in our lot.

My father died when I was eight years old, twenty-one years ago. It is a long time to think back my only sister is away from home and my only brother in Nevada. I am thankful that I have my mother to care for me. I lie in bed and do fancy work to pass these lonely hours away.

I think the COMFORT is rightly named for it brings comfort to thousands of homes.

Now dear sisters, I would appreciate a visit by post card, anything to brighten a poor shut-in's life.

You can think you are seeing a girl with large brown eyes, brown hair and five feet tall that once enjoyed this beautiful world.

From your loving sister,

Miss FLORAL WALDO, Alma, Michigan.

Miss Waldo. You are sorely afflicted and my heart is full of sympathy for you. I am glad you wrote to our corner, for you will receive words of cheer that will help fortify you against some of those lonely days. Do not lose courage for a brighter day will dawn for you.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I hope you will pardon me for calling so soon again after my first visit. I have received so many letters and cards since my letter appeared that I cannot possibly answer all personally. So I take this method of answering them.

To the ones who remembered me in any way, please do not feel hurt or slighted if you fail to hear from me as we are poor people but I thank each and every one many, many times for their kindness and am sure the Lord will bless each and every one of you.

I am trying to answer personally those who sent stamps. I know you all will think that fair. To those who sent stamps and have not heard from me yet, just be patient and I will answer as soon as possible. It tires me very much to write long at a time.

As so many have asked what kind of work papa and sister do, will state here that they work in the field. Thanking each and everyone again for their kindness to me, I beg to remain your shut-in sister,

OLO C. ABBOTT, Butlerville, Ark.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am one of the old ones coming back in the ranks. COMFORT was a regular visitor for over thirteen years. When I first began to take it, I could get about like other folks, but had to give my welcome visitor up, as did other things. Now I am again enjoying my old friend and the sisters' letters are a source of great pleasure to me. My eyes prevent my reading very much at a time. I hope though they will soon be stronger.

Now I am near, you will be interested in my little story. You know, I used to be active like the rest of you, but twenty-one years ago this past July, I walked my last step, and about sixteen years ago, I felt the last touch of my own hand to my face, and eleven years ago last Feb., I was left a widow, alone with only a hired girl. We were then living in our Kentucky home. I loved this little home and my flowers, and so hoped I could spend the rest of my days there, but in a few years I grew more helpless, so much so, it took two to lift me. I came here to stay a while with my half sister, so she could help in the care of me, but it was the breaking up of my little home that was so dear to me, and for a while it seemed as if my stay on earth would be short. But God was good to me and raised me to my chair again, and as I began to grow stronger, my heart began to yearn for home again. I grew tired of a room there, and I do so love home, that when I got so I could get along with the help of one, I began to feel that I must be at home again. I took the money I sold my little Kentucky home for, and bought this house. The house is old and was badly out of repair, but the location is so nice, I am right on the Tennessee river and can see all the boats, so many strange floating craft. The sunset in summer is grand for me; all of this is beautiful to me, and I never tire of it, and can never thank God enough for letting me be at home again. I would rather be at home if I had to live on a cross and as can make my home more comfortable I will be as happy as can be.

I have been working this year to put a new roof on it, and with the help that kind friends have given, I hope to have it on by winter. My way of earning is by doing the little things, and I never become discouraged. I feel that God will help me through. I have learned to live on the sunny side, but dear sisters, I did not learn this lesson until I had gone to the very end of the dark way; then I found that God's own beautiful sun was always shining bright. I had closed my eyes to all but my sorrow, now I have no more dark clouds.

I expect if you could come in and see just how I have to manage, you would think it rather dark, but it is not. I have a child I got from the poorhouse that help me out. I love to do all of this, and be at home. I named my home Sunshine Cottage and am trying to get a start of flowers again. When I had to give up my home in Kentucky I had to part with all my pretty flowers, my work for over twenty years, and now I am trying to make it look more like home by planting hardy flowers. I have a sunroom built of hyacinths and tulips, that differ one cent and I can never tell the pleasure we were to have last spring. I would sit for hours and feast on their beauty. I had a bed of beautiful white lilies at my old home, these were so dear to me, the white Candide lily is my favorite. I think we will find these pretty lilies all along "The Golden Shore" when we cross over. I do wish if any of the sisters have the Candide lily they would contribute to my Sunshine Cottage. I will appreciate any hardy lily. I am getting a nice start of roses, have rooted a good many cuttings. I will have a good many chrysanthemum blooms this fall and do wish you all could gather in and enjoy the feast with me, for I would have a banquet for each one of you. I wish I could send every lonely shut-in some. I feel sorry for the shut-ins who seem so lonely and some say they are friendless. I wish they could feel as I do about this, it seems that I could not feel either lonely or friendless, with all of God's own beautiful world to feast our eyes on. And this big world full of good people; I feel that many love me, and I am happy in this belief. I will be glad to hear from any of you, but please enclose stamp for reply, as my dimes are scarce.

With love and best wishes for you all. Good by, come and see me.

MRS. E. L. FREER, Clifton, Tenn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you kindly allow me space to tell you how much I enjoy reading so many cheerful letters! They are a source of pleasure to me, as I am confined to the

bedroom, there were so many children in the house.

I am not in school, but received my diploma from the high school a year ago.

I would like to receive letters from the sisters.

With best wishes, I remain your friend and sister,

MISS ALICE KIEVIN, Winterset, R. R. 4, Iowa.

Alice. You are a dear daughter with a brave loving heart to fill so large a place in your home. How fondly and approvingly your beloved mother would speak to you, were she here. Good reading on varying subjects will be helpful to you.

Keep cheerful and rise above the daily obstacles, for you will find your reward somewhere in life.—Ed.

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Could some of you tell us where and how we could arrange to find a little child in need of a home? We are farmers and have a good chance to bring up one of the many homeless children. It is a good place to live and go to school in. Would like an American between the age of two and five years with blue eyes and black hair.

MRS. JOYCE E. WILLIAMS, Duncan, R. R. 1, Okla.

DEAR SISTERS:

Will you admit a Missouri girl into your happy band?

In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree.

Words by HARRY H. WILLIAMS.

Music by EGBERT VAN ALSTYNE.

Andante.

poco rit.

mf

1. The o - ri - ole with joy was sweet-ly
2. I've real-ly come a long way from the

sing ing. The lit - tle brook was bab - bling its tune, The vil - lage bells at noon were gai - ly ring - ing, The
cit y. And though my heart is break-ing I'll be brave; I've brought this bunch of flow'rs, I think they're pret - ty, To

world seem'd brighter than a har - vest moon; For there with - in my arms I gen - tly press'd you, And blush-ing red, you slow - ly turned a -
place up - on a fresh - ly mould-ed grave; If you will show me, fa - ther, where she's ly - ing, Or if it's far just point it out to

way, I can't for - get the way I once ca - ressed yon; I on - ly pray we'll meet an - oth - er day.
me, Said he "She told us all when she was dy - ing, To bur - y her be -neath the ap - ple tree."

Chorus. Valse lento.

In the shade of the old ap - ple tree, Where the love in your eyes I could see, When the voice that I heard, like the

song of the bird, Seem'd to whis - per sweet mu - sic to me; I could hear the dull buzz of the bee, In the blos - soms as

you said to me, With a heart that is true, I'll be wait - ing for you, In the shade of the old ap - ple tree.

Home Dressmaking Hints

Suggestions That Will Help

By Geneva Gladding

How to Be Well Dressed

It has often been remarked that "good clothes are an asset to any woman." However this may be, it does give a certain poise and a feeling of self-assurance that is neatly and tastefully dressed, that is perhaps attained in no other way.

Does this sound costly and difficult?

In fact it is not, but simply means that you should study the colors and styles best suited to you, and whatever you buy, be it ever so little, select with care and an eye to your needs.

If any particular color pleases you or is just the fashion, do not choose it regardless of whether it is becoming, but rather select the color that will make your skin the clearest and your eyes the brightest. People with sallow skins should never wear brown, neither should people with gray hair unless their skin is very bright.

A well-hanging skirt two and one half or three inches from the ground and a plain, neat fitting coat worn with a becoming, not over-trimmed hat is bound to make an attractive figure and one suitably dressed for many occasions.

Waists that have well-fitting and well-boned collars are a necessity to the well-dressed woman, and an important feature. Many waists are seen matching the skirts, and these

are often trimmed with a contrasting color, effectively used as side plaitings, pipings or bands. Skirts are scant and narrow, but as the season advances they are declared graceful, comfortable and easy to walk in.

A blue and green Shepherd check was worn with a plain blue coat with collar and cuffs of the check. A plain green waist finished a smart costume, suitable for street, calling or church wear.

No. 6826 shows a long, loose protective coat that fills many needs. Double faced cloth, in fact any of the cloakings will be found suitable for this model. A feature of this coat is found in the collar. It can be rolled open with the fronts or it can be buttoned up closely as shown in the small view. The patch pockets are a great convenience and at the same time they give a stylish look to the coat. It may be worn with or without belt. Cut in six sizes, 34 to 42 bust, medium sizes requiring four and three quarters yards of material 44 inches wide.

Many of the newest skirts are those made in three circular flounces, and they promise great vogue. Especially becoming to slight or medium figures, they can be fashioned from any material. If a more elaborate effect is desired the flounces may be trimmed with braid or a narrow band of contrasting material. The lower flounce is joined to edge of foundation and the two upper arranged over. The closing is habit style and the pattern gives a smart skirt without either of the upper flounces. Cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 waist measure, medium size requiring three and one quarter yards 44 inches wide.

Nos. 6704 and 6754 illustrate a gown that is extremely chic. The blouse is one of the newest shown and is cut in one piece with the sleeves, while the skirt combines full side portions with a circular flounce and plain front

waist.

The two-piece skirt No. 6835 is much in demand. This one is trimmed with braid in a most effective manner, but can be treated in any way that may suit individual taste. Buttons are being much used, and arranged at each side of the seams are always pretty. The skirt is a simple one, easy to make, smart and satisfactory in effect. Cut in three sizes, 14 to 18 years of age, size 16 requiring seven yards of material 44 inches wide.

For Your Little Daughters and Sons

Simple dresses such as No. 6807 are always needed and every new and pretty design finds a place.

The skirt is straight and plaited, and the body portion is novel and attractive at the same time that it is simple. Plain material makes this one, and the trimming is soutache braid, but striped or plaid material trimmed with itself, cut on the straight or bias, would make a pretty effect. Cut in three sizes, four, six and eight years of age, six years requiring three and one eighth yards of material 36 inches wide with 12 yards of braid.

Capes are being much worn by the young

children just now, and No. 6778 is pretty and simple and easy to make. Any cloth such as serge, broadcloth or cheviot is suitable, or it may be made of cravatette and worn as a storm cape. It may be finished with a rolled-over collar, but most mothers find the hood a great protection against storm and cold. Cut in three sizes, one, two and four years, medium size requiring one and one half yard of material 44 inches wide.

No. 6810 is a little coat that closes snugly at the neck making it comfortable for cold weather.

It may be made dressy by using trimming as illustrated or finish plainly with rows of stitching.

The big armholes and panel effect at the back are attractive features. The coat consists of lining and outside. The lining is faced at the armholes, and the sleeves are inserted in it. The outside is left loose and its edges are trimmed. Cut in three sizes, two to six years, medium size requiring one and three quarters yards of material 44 inches wide.

No. 6815 is another one of those popular

models having the sleeves and body cut in one, and they are very becoming to the younger girls.

They are graceful and mean the least possible labor in making a frock. The little tuck which you see laid over each shoulder gives a bit of fullness which gives softness to the lines. Plaid with plain bands would be pretty or bordered challis can be used with good effect. Cut in three sizes, six, eight and 10 years, size eight requiring two and five eighth yards of material 44 inches wide.

No. 6816 is another one of those popular

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They are graceful and mean the least possible labor in making a frock. The little tuck which you see laid over each shoulder gives a bit of fullness which gives softness to the lines. Plaid with plain bands would be pretty or bordered challis can be used with good effect. Cut in three sizes, six, eight and 10 years, size eight requiring two and five eighth yards of material 44 inches wide.

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No. 6

Children's Jolly Hour

With Uncle John

MERRY CHRISTMAS to the little ones. If Christmas is joyous to anybody it ought to be made the more so to the children, for as you have all learned at Sunday school, it is the birthday of our Lord and Saviour who loves you all. When He was on earth He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." I hope Santa Claus will remember you generously but while enjoying your presents share your pleasure unselfishly with your brothers, sisters and playmates and your own happiness will be the greater. That is the lesson which Christmas teaches and we should all remember to be unselfish on Christmas and on every day in the year; and if we do we shall realize the fulfillment of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven."

And now for a merry, good time.

The Snowflake

I think the prettiest thing in the world is a snowflake. It is so white and pure and if you look close it is like the dearest lace. The next time it is snowing take a piece of dark cloth or paper that has been outside and hold it so you will catch a few large flakes. You will be surprised to see how wonderfully shaped they are. And each one is different. You can never find two that are alike. The first one that falls touches your cheek and melts away, then another comes and then another. Soon the ground is all white. You go indoors and stay by the fire. In the morning the great white heaps are against the door, you can hardly trudge around, horses move slowly, mighty engines are delayed and perhaps stopped altogether. Do you not learn from the snowflake the beauty of God and His might?

Baby Rhyme

Fret-say little baby, come to mamma's lap. Pet-say little baby, take a little nap. Romping little baby, pushing chairs about; Funny little baby, all tired out; Darling little baby, shut your little eyes, Little baby bunting go to sleepy byes.

The Happy Christmas

See the poor little boy just waking up on Christmas morn. He never got anything from Santa Claus because he was too poor and besides he never heard of him. But when he did find out about him he hung up his stocking. He wanted a kitten and asked Santa for one. He did not care for toys. He wanted something to love for he had no brothers or sisters. Although it was cold he left his window open so Santa could get in. A little kitten was out in the cold and snow and seeing the open window climbed right up



THE KITTY'S CHRISTMAS.

and into the boy's stocking. When he woke up he could hardly believe his eyes for there indeed was the longed-for present in his stocking. Jumping up he clapped his hands and cried, "Oh, this is the best and happiest Christmas I ever had!"

Blowing the Book

Lay a paper sack that is free from holes and leaks on a smooth table and place two large books on the enclosed end just as the picture shows. Now place the open end of the sack in your mouth and blow. If you have pretty good wind the books will raise up and topple over. Keep adding more weight until your limit is reached, then let someone else try it and you will soon be engaged in an amusing contest.

It may happen that the smallest and puniest child in the crowd will prove to have the best lung capacity.

Help a Little

If you are a good child you will not leave your things thrown about the house. Hang your hat up, put your shoes where they belong, have a special place for your toys. Then your belongings will never get lost and your mother will delight in telling what a good child you are. The best way to help your mother is to help yourself. Whenever she goes to do something for you, say "No, mother, let me do that," and don't stand there as though you don't mean it but pitch right in and do the thing and do it so very good that your mother will be pleased. Some children are more of a help at five or six years than others are at twelve. I hope you love your parents enough to be always planning to help them in some way.

Musical Glasses

It is easy to play a tune on wine glasses if you have any talent for music. Place eight glasses in a row on a level firm table and fill in a little water in the first, a little more in the second, still more in the third and so on.

Wet your finger and rub it around the rim of the glass and a hollow, bell-like sound will result. Keep changing the quantity of water until you can play the common scale nicely and then with a little practice you can pick out any simple tune. A good idea for a party contest is to give a prize to the boy or girl who can play the best. The judge should be some older person and then each must attempt the same tune such as "Yankee Doodle" or "Dixie."

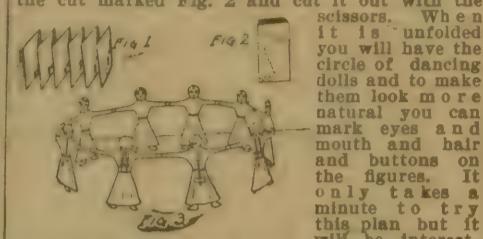
A Dream

Johnny was lying down on the couch when all of a sudden it started to move as though someone was pushing it. He tried to yell and get up but he could not. Straight through the door went the couch and down the road like an auto. He was awful scared and had to hold hard to keep from falling off. There was no one pulling the couch but it seemed to fly along like light-

ning. Up over trees and houses it went and straight for the sun. "Maybe I'm going to heaven," thought Johnny, "but I want to go home first." His eyes were blinded with the light and his flesh began to feel awful hot. On and on he shot and at last he struck something and there was a loud crash. With an effort he managed to yell, "Mother, oh, save me!" "What's wrong?" said his mother's kind voice, "did you fall off the couch?" Johnny looked around and found he was at home. Then he kissed his mother and told her of the awful dream he had.

Paper Dolls

Here is a very old way of having fun. Take a nice white piece of writing paper and fold it up as shown in Fig. 1. Make the marks shown in the cut marked Fig. 2 and cut it out with the scissors. When it is unfolded you will have the circle of dancing dolls and to make them look more natural you can mark eyes and mouth and buttons on the figures. It only takes a minute to try this plan but it will be interesting to little tots who are too



AMUSING FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

small to read this piece so you better try it for their sake. I will write a letter to any little boy or girl who writes to me.

To Color

The simple outline sketch shown here will suggest some nice fun to the child who has colored pencils or chalk. See how pretty you can make the picture by filling in the colors. As a hint I would say to make the girl's dress a bright red, the grass and tree tops green, the tree trunks



gray, the path brownish black, the sky blue and pink, the house white. You can change this if you wish but have all tints as near like real life as possible. When the coloring is finished write a little story telling what you think the picture is intended to represent.

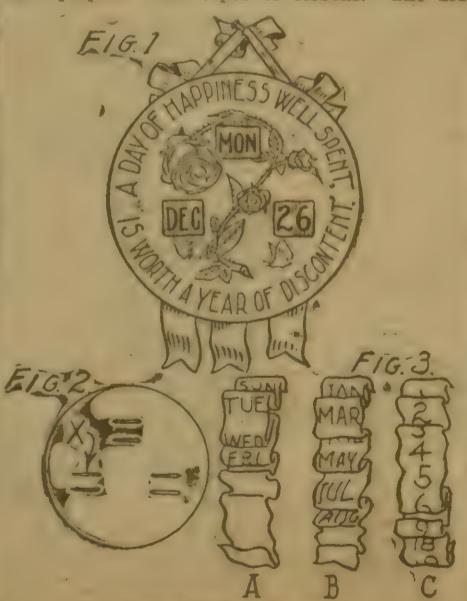
A Dolly Song

What will I name my dolly? I really do not know. I've one whose name is Polly And one whose name is Flo. And then of course there's Teddy Who stands where he is put, And never yet has run away Or moved a hand or foot. I asked my Irish neighbor He said to name it Pat, But this new dolly is a girl, And so I can't do that. Now all our folks are trying To help me in my plight, They told me many different names But none of them seems right. Last night I laid there thinking As hard as I could think, When I got up my mamma said "You never slept a wink." But I don't think it funny For where's the rest to find, When one is awful worried And has trouble on their mind.

J. L. D.

A Calendar

Here is a new design for a calendar. Any boy or girl can make it, especially a girl. Get a pasteboard box and cut a circular piece as in Fig. 2. With a sharp knife cut six slots as shown. Before going any further you can decorate this piece of cardboard any way you choose, by covering with fancy cloth, by pasting pictures on it, by coloring with crayons or painting. We next prepare three tapes or ribbons. The first



ARTISTIC AND USEFUL.

has the days of the week marked on it, the second has the names of the months and the other the numbers from 1 to 31. Thread them through the slots so that only one name or number will come to view. Hang it with a bow of ribbon and each day pull the tapes one space. You can pull a lot of work on this article and make it to last a lifetime.

Riddles

What occurs once in a minute and not once in a thousand years? Ans. The letter "M."

Why is the nose in the middle of the face? Ans. Because it is the center (center).

Why live in the desert people no fear of starvation? Ans. Because of the sand which is there (sandwiches).

How came the sandwich there? Why the tribe of Ham was bred there and mustered into a large nation.

Now, good by for another month, and although it will be only a month until we meet again it will be in another year. If you don't understand this ask some of the older folks to tell you what it means.

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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Readers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name, and direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

BONE TUMOR.—I have a four-year-old mare that has had a lump, three months, below the right eye. It feels hard. About ten days ago it broke and discharged freely. L. B. R.

A.—Home treatment will not avail in such a case. It no doubt will be necessary to have the place trephined by a veterinary dentist who may find a decayed molar tooth needing removal. Until this can be attended to you may carefully paint the lump each other day with tincture of iodine and inject a very little of the same tincture into the discharging place.

SCRATCHES.—My horse suffers with what appears to be scratches. I washed feet with Castile soap, and then rubbed them well with axle grease for a couple of weeks, but it did not seem to help much. A. G.

A.—One good washing to be followed by a perfect drying with sawdust is all the washing permissible for a case of scratches. Washing always aggravates the disease. Keep the leg saturated with a creamy mixture of flowers of sulphur and sweet oil to each pint of which add half an ounce of coal tar disinfectant.

DECREASED MILK FLOW.—I have a fine Jersey cow, eight years old, that is failing in milk without any apparent cause. She is in fine condition. Calf about four months old; generally raises a calf every ten months. She used to give six quarts and let the calf have some too, night and morning, now she gives about half the amount. Her milk is very rich in butter fat. Mrs. T. M. R.

A.—Three times a day thoroughly massage theudder and at night rub it with brandy. Stop all fattening food, such as corn and oatmeal and substitute bran, middlings, gluten meal and dried brewers' grains along with best of mixed hay and silage. Make the cow take plenty of exercise every day.

BABIES; CATARRH.—My dog became hoarse and lost his voice and began to slobber. It was thick, slimy and partly bloody. His mouth and throat grew sore, he couldn't eat or drink water and his mouth turned green before he died. (2) I have a cow with a cough; she had discharges at the nose of a yellowish color. She gives rich milk; her cream is foamy at times. L. S.

A.—We strongly suspect that the dog died of rabies (hydrocephalus). This is incurable and any dog showing suspicious symptoms should be securely chained up and the disease allowed to develop so that it can be diagnosed with certainty by the expert and if rabies is present bitten persons then will know to take the Pastern treatment. (2) Have the cow tested with tuberculin. Tuberculosis is a very probable cause of the catarrhal condition described and it is incurable. Milk of a tuberculous cow should not be used.

LAMENESS.—I have a horse that was cut by wire last June, under the pastern joint. He ran in the pasture and got poison in it. Calomel killed the poison, and it healed up, but left him lame and with a large ankle. I worked him last month a few times when it broke out and ran again. L. S.

A.—Clip the hair and perfectly cleanse the parts. Twice daily inject peroxide of hydrogen into discharging places and then cover with a mixture of one part each of calomel and subnitrate of bismuth and six parts of boric acid, cotton batting and clean bandage. When discharge ceases should lameness persist blister the parts with cerate of cantharides and if necessary repeat in a month.

PERITONITIS.—Can you tell me a remedy for keeping calves from dying after an operation? My neighbor (Mr. Worley) operated on a calf when it was five months old and there was no inflammation from the result, although there was a swelling along the belly. Nearly every calf that he operates on dies. H. A.

A.—Care is not taken to do the operation with a perfectly clean knife and hands. Cleanse the seat of the operation with a two per cent. solution of coal tar disinfectant and soak the knife and hands in the same solution before operating. After the operation insert in wound a mixture of one dram each of iodiform and turpentine to the ounce of lard and trouble will not be likely to follow. See that the calves are put on clean grass pasture after the operation. If they are turned into a dirty pen they will be likely to die of blood poisoning. The wounds in the scrotum must be made large to allow of free drainage.

INDIGESTION.—My three months' old calf eats heartily, and is in good condition, but sometimes it staggers, and trembles, while walking, after getting up, and at other times it is all right. B. L.

A.—At time of each attack purge the calf with a few ounces of Castor oil shaken up in milk. Mix limewater with its milk at rate of one ounce to the quart of milk. Allow free range in yard or on pasture.

LAMENESS.—The hind legs of my mare swell up when she stands in the barn. The left leg swells more than the right one and she goes a little lame in the left leg. There are scars on the left leg that look as though it had been blistered for spavin. What is the cause? Do you think the spavin has been killed? M. S.

A.—If the mare limps when made to "set over" in stall and when backed out of stall and the lameness disappears when she trots for a few minutes but returns on standing for a time, it is spavin lameness and it would be well to have the joint freed and blistered by a veterinarian and then give six weeks' rest in stall. If the symptoms described are not shown, simply bandage the leg when she comes into stall and see that she does not stand a single day in the stable.

COUGH.—I have a four-year-old colt that had the distemper last winter; he got over that all right but now when I drive or work him a little hard he coughs and has a slight discharge at the nose. D. H.

A.—Give an ounce of glyco-heroin three times a day and wet all food. See that stable is kept clean and well ventilated. If this treatment is given the cough should soon subside.

WEAK STIFLES.—We have a two-year-old colt that has swellings on both hind legs and his hip slips in and out of joint at every step. He is healthy and in high spirits. This does not bother him much only when I ride him, which is seldom. J. H.

A.—Evidently it is the caps (patellae) of the stifles and not the hip joints that slip out and in as colt moves. Blister the stifles with cerate of cantharides once a month or rub daily with a stimulating liniment, and see that colt is generously fed on oats and bran in addition to hay.

INTERFERING.—I have a horse four years old that strikes his left fore ankle with the toe of his right fore hoof. Mrs. E. W.

A.—Trim the feet perfectly level and put heavy weight on the inside quarter of the right fore foot. This is about the opposite of the usual way of weighting to prevent such striking. The weight may have to be shifted near the toe; but a little experimenting should soon show whether it will do most good.

UMBILICAL HERNIA.—I have a pup two months old with very large navel, it is soft, it seems as though his entrails are in it. He is a fine bird pup. S. M. G.

A.—A qualified veterinarian could successfully operate for cure of this rupture, but home treatment would not be likely to succeed. Sometimes such ruptures disappear as the animal grows; especially so where a colt or calf is affected. You might try effects of a truss put on to keep pressure upon the part.

INDIGESTION.—I had a mare twelve years old weighing fifteen hundred pounds. She was taken suddenly ill, would lie down quietly and remain so for a time then get up with her head half way bowed, breathing short and quick without sweating and would not touch grain or hay. The next morning she would eat corn but not oats and little hay. She would eat a few bites of hay and back up from the manger. The oats I fed her were heated in the sticks. The afternoon she was sick she was bloated a little but in the morning was thin in flesh, would pass manure in small amounts a little thin, and in afternoon began to eat all right. E. W.

A.—The unfit food disagreed with her and it is a wonder that she did not die of enteritis (inflammation of the intestines). At time of attack she should have had a pint and a half of raw linseed oil and along with it an ounce of turpentine and half an ounce of fluid extract of cannabis indica. Better not feed the damaged oats.

WARTS.—We have a young cow and about last December warts began to grow on her teats. Now they are so bad we can hardly milk her. E. W.

A.—Thoroughly rub the wart covered parts with best cold pressed Castor oil and the warts will soon disappear. Any wart that has a narrow neck may be snipped off with scissors. The oil will work best on those that cannot be removed by operation.

BLINDNESS.—I have a horse that has been blind for nearly two years. His eyes are slightly milky and his eyeball shrinking away. G. S. B.

A.—There is no cure for a blind horse and none has been published here. It is not uncommon, however, to see some quack advertising a remedy which he claims will cure any case of eye disease. We have not seen such an advertisement in COMFORT. Such things are of course humbug. The horse no doubt went blind from periosteal ophthalmia (moon blindness) and the present condition is "cataract".

WOUND.—I have a three-year-old filly that got her right foot cut on the wire over one year ago, cutting about one third of the hoof off of bone and even with the frog. It has healed all but a place two inches across, one inch below the top of hoof there is a growth. The bone grows out like a tumor. I have cut it off twice, but can't stop growth of bone. I have been using biniodide of mercury and cartharides mixed in lard. E. C. C.

A.—Using a blister like biniodide of mercury and cartharides will do much more harm than good in such a case. While it is questionable whether the sore will heal it may do so if you keep it covered with a mixture of equal parts tannic acid, calomel and boric acid, cotton batting and bandage. Renew this dressing once daily. Your second question is unintelligible. Please write fully as to what is the matter with the stallion.

THICK WIND.—I have a Percheron stallion that is a little thick in the wind. The affection came on him last spring; he does not cough and can do any kind of ordinary farmwork; it is only when out on the road at hard pulling that he shows it much. Will he be eight years old in the spring, is in good flesh and eats heartily. F. A. R.

A.—The disease (roaring or laryngeal hemiplegia) is incurable. He will not show it so badly if you keep him in work condition and well checked up when at work.

PARALYSIS.—I have a hog that drags on its hind legs. It is in good condition, and eats well. H. G.

A.—Better kill the hog for meat as it is unlikely that it will recover and if you let it drag about it will gradually lose flesh and be unfit for use. The trouble usually comes from overfeeding and lack of exercise. It is most apt to attack hogs that are stuffed on corn. The bones are too weak to support the body and the disease is known as "rickets". Give the other hogs free range; do not feed heavily on corn. Feed mixed rations and give limewater in slop at rate of one pound per quart of slop. Digester tankage and bone meal fed to hogs tend to prevent this.

INDIGESTION.—I have a saddle mare with foal three months old. The colt every few days lies down, groans, stretches its legs and seems to be in much pain. After a while she gets up, eats heartily, runs, jumps, and seems to be all right. Sometimes these spells occur three and four times a day. E. M.

A.—Give the foal two ounces of Castor oil shaken up in milk the next time it has a pain and at same time keep the mare up and reduce the rations. Better feed the mare dry hay before turning her on green alfalfa.

INFECTION FROM NAVEL.—My colt when foaled seemed to be all right; when six days old got cut in the wire on fore leg, and across the back and a few days later her ankles began to bend and swell and seemed to be sore. Now her ankles are large and hard but not sore, but still bent; her kidneys act most all the time especially when she lies down. She is in good shape, hearty all the time. F. W. E.

A.—The condition of the joints no doubt came from infection of the navel at birth. This might have been prevented by wetting the navel with a 1-500 solution of corrosive sublimate at birth and then twice a day until the cord dried up, dropped off and no raw spot could be seen. Clip the hair from affected joints and mix them with iodine ointment each other day. Mix together half an ounce of tincture of echinacea and distilled water to make half a pint and of this give the foal two teaspoons three times a day if necessary increase the dose until the urination is normal.

DEPRAVED APPETITE.—I have a dog about eight months old, a Scotch Collie. She never seems to be satisfied but wants to be eating all the time. Do you think she has worms? Mrs. E. H.

A.—Worms would be a most likely cause and it would be well to give treatment. Worm medicine for dogs may be bought at any drug store with full directions for use.

SALIVATION.—I have a mare that foams a great deal at the mouth, and had small pimples on her neck and sides. She seems to be healthy. J. J. T.

A.—Have the teeth attended to by a veterinary dentist as irregularities there no doubt cause the salivation (slobbering). Have mare clipped and then wash the affected parts of skin with a 1-50 solution of coal tar disinfectant and at once rub in flowers of sulphur. Repeat this treatment as often as found necessary. Keep her where poultry cannot infest her with chicken lice.

SUMMER ITCH.—I have a four-year-old horse, perfect in every way except in warm weather he has pimples or small bunches on his right side. In winter they do not show. S. S. H.

A.—Every spring have this horse clipped when he begins to shed. Then do not feed corn; but let him have light rations of oats, bran and hay. Green grass often induces the trouble. Let him do without. Wash affected parts of skin with a 1-50 solution of coal tar disinfectant and then rub in flowers of sulphur or keep the parts saturated with a creamy mixture of flowers of sulphur and sweet oil to each pinhead of which add half an ounce of coal tar disinfectant.

DISEASED TEETH.—My horse has something on her upper jaws like a pocket. Every time and anything she eats (grase or other food) makes her upper jaws swell both sides. This can be taken out by fingers at any time, and the odor is very offensive. She can hardly eat; it is not the teeth; it's only one pocket which absorbs feed and makes her upper jaws swell both sides. B. G.

A.—Depend upon it that this condition is entirely due to irregularities or disease of the upper molar teeth. Most likely some of the molars are missing, or one has been removed or broken off. Nothing can be done in that case but if diseased teeth are present they may be removed by the veterinary dentist.

We have seen such conditions present in bad cases of glanders and it therefore would be wise to have an examination made by a qualified veterinarian.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22)

Send her some cheery letters. Frank G. Lenz, 233 South 4th St., Salina, Kans. Paralyzed from waist down for the last eighteen months. Wants cheery letters only. T. C. Collum, Mulberry, R. R. 1, Ark. Shut-in for fifteen years. Begs for wheel chair. Who will help her get one? Miss Annie M. Morris, 325 W. 5th St., Bedford, Pa. Helpless invalid for twenty years. Would like unbleached muslin squares, twelve by twelve inches, with name and address on. Send her orders for bedroom slippers, children's socks, and stockings, ladies' knit Sherland floss shawls. Help her to help herself. Victoria Butler, Decaturville, Tenn. Victoria and her mother are both invalids, and in great need. The last appeal only brought her forty thirty cents. Do better this time. Rose E. Joyce, Spencer, Va. Shut-in. Poor and needy. Send Santa to her bedside. Lena L. Harwell, Lawrenceburg, R. R. 2, Tenn. Lena has been a cripple for fifty-one years. Has no means of support. Mother is eighty-two, and able to do little for her. Last appeal was failure. Gladden her heart this time. Rebecca Thomas, Tucker Town, N. C. Wants invalid lifter, and quilt blocks ten by ten, red calico. Sender's name worked in white thread. J. A. Elfe, 27 Poplar St., Atlanta, Ga. Invalid. Well educated. Can anyone give him a home in a dry climate? Writes beautifully. Used to be a cowboy. Interest yourselves in him. Mrs. Minnie F. Fenton, Mill Shoals, Ill. Invalid. Does all sorts of beautiful needle and fancy work. Send for her price list. Has little time to support. Don't let Santa miss them. Mrs. Alice B. Fahl, Auburn, Box 56, Pa. Bedridden invalid. Writes beautifully. Send Santa Claus

her way. Her life is hard and lonely. James E. Hailey, 118 Shawnee St., Waycross, Ga. Helpless invalid. Barely strong enough to care for himself. Send for his mail order price list of a number of useful articles. Wants tobacco tabs, only those with patent paper on back, like the horse-shoe and Granger twist wanted. Highly recommended. Mrs. W. C. Hall, Tivoli, Pa. Invalid. Has consumption. Would like good magazines and other high class reading. Too sick to write. Financial aid not wanted. Mrs. Martha Carter, Clinchport, Va. Worthy shut-in. Send her some Christmas cheer. James Wortham, Letona, Ark. Worthy invalid. Could engage in a little business and be self supporting if someone would give him a start. Who'll help? F. E. Showers, Wayland, N. Y. Shut-in. Worthy of your help. Send him some Christmas cheer. Flora Barnett, Plaquimines, Ky. Helpless, motherless girl. Grateful for any assistance. Miss Emma Miller, Laurel Springs, N. C. Invalid for eighteen years. Wants cheery letters only. Priscilla Tillery, Elm City, N. C. Asks for aid for her helpless mother. They are poor colored folks. Well recommended. Mrs. Lillian Perkins, Hunlock Creek, R. R. 1, Pa. Helpless invalid. Sufferer for many years. Poor and needy. Send her some cheer. Martha Richardson, Selma, N. C. Shut-in. Poor and needy. Make her Christmas bright. Mrs. Harriet Williams, Fort Edward, N. Y. Shut-in. Would like cheery letters. Miss Nora Harris, Buena Vista, R. R. 2, Ga. Invalid. Would like cheery letters. Financial help not needed.

That's a long and sad list. If you knew the history of all those lives as I do, you would not sit down to your Christmas dinners until you had provided a meal for at least one of them. Scatter your sunshine as much as possible. Play no favorites. All are hungry, all are needy. Don't send shut-ins a dime and ask them to spend five cents of it on you in stationery and postage, also many painful hours answering a hundred questions. That is not charity. That's paying ten cents for a dollar's worth of attention. The most Christlike of our givers never even mention their names. As the poet said "Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame." Now dearies, with a heart that is torn with many emotions, I've got to say by, by for 1910. I hope I shall meet you all in this corner, everyone of you in the New Year, and I hope that New Year will be one of happiness and prosperity for us all. You have stuck to me nobly, and nobly done all I've asked you to do, and my heart is full of loving appreciation and gratitude for all your kindness. There's a big lump in my throat as I write this. God bless everyone of you, and may your Christmas be full of merriment and unalloyed joy. May Santa Claus remember everyone of you. Once more God bless and be good to you all.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort's League of Cousins

Its Benefits and Purposes

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a friendly and intimate relationship among all readers. It was originally started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family only, but these of more mature age clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admission into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and does not include non-subscribers. The membership fee is \$1.00 a year. This fee makes you a member of the League and gives you the League button with the letters 'C. L. O. C.' a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do is keep in good standing is to renew your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly.

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 6 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-months subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

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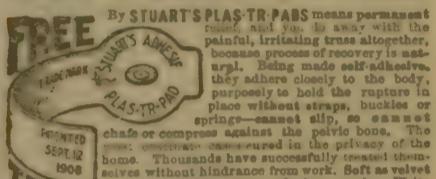
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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Beardless Santa Claus

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

"That's the way to feel, Jimmie," the girl said. "Now let's go home, 'cause it's half past eight. "Aw no, let's not go yet, Mary. Ye know your ma said we shouldn't stay longer'n half past ten, so we got lots o' time yet. I ain't sleepy, are you?"

They were about to move on, when Jerome, an interested listener, laid his well-gloved hand on either small shoulder. The children looked up in awe at him, but Jimmie was brave.

"What cher want?" he inquired.

Jerome, worldly wise young fellow that he was, was somehow embarrassed by the question.

"O, I wanted to ask you your names," he said. He drew his engagement book forth and turned to the last page. "Now what are they?"

"My name is Jimmie Cling, and her'n is Mary Blake, an' we live at 32 Wiggin street. She lives up-stairs and I live down-stairs."

"Just a moment, come here." Pulling off his glove as he walked, he went to a sheltered corner, and then asking their names and addresses again, he wrote them down. As he did so, his glove dropped, and the girl picked it up, and dusting the snow from it carefully, she handed it to him.

"It's awful pretty," she said.

"Would you like a pretty pair that color?" he asked.

"Yes, but I guess I wouldn't know how to wear them. An' I ain't got no nice clothes to go with them."

"Well, well, that's too bad. Dear me!" he suddenly exclaimed apparently without purpose, "I feel awfully hungry. Do you?"

"Well, I guess I could eat all right," Jimmie said.

"All right. I'll tell you what. Suppose you come along with me, and I'll tr' you to a nice dinner. You'll be my guests. What do you say?"

"It'll be lovely, but you ain't a kidnapper, are you?"

"Well hardly," he smiled. "You just come along, and we'll have that dinner."

He led them to a brilliantly lighted restaurant, gay with Christmas cheer, and entered; passed the well-dressed men and women some of whom he was acquainted with, and who nodded amicably as they saw his charges.

Then he spoke with the head waiter who led them into a little room, just large enough to accommodate a single table.

He bade them take off their wraps, and removing his coat told them to be seated and he did likewise. They looked upon him in awe at the fine cut of his clothes, the white tie with the wonderfully twinkling diamonds.

"Now then we are seated, what will you have?"

"Shall we have pork and beans, an'—an'—pie, Mary?" asked the lad.

"Anythin' will suit me," the girl replied.

Amusement shown in Jerome's eyes, which was quickly followed by moisture. Poor children. How could he expect them to order anything?

"Well, now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll order a nice little dinner for each of us. Shall they be all alike?"

"Yes, sir," they replied.

"And can you eat a great big lot?" he went on.

"I'm pretty hungry," Jimmie confessed.

"I guess I could eat pretty much too," Mary volunteered.

"Then I'll order. We'll each have a nice oyster stew, and some turkey with cranberry sauce, potatoes, celery, sweet potatoes, some chocolate and mince pie, and finish up with some sliced oranges and ice cream. How will that suit?"

"Gee, what a whopper!" exclaimed Jimmie.

"Then it's a go?" asked Jerome heartily.

"Ye betcher. But won't it cost a lot?"

"It will be cheap at any price, if you enjoy it. Did I order what you liked?"

"You bet you just did?"

"It will take some time before it is all ready so we'll have a little talk. I've got your names and addresses. Now what would you like to have Santa Claus bring you? He's a pretty busy old fellow, but I think that he can bring it all over tonight. Besides Christmas eve is tomorrow night, so we must make sure. What will you have?"

"I'd like to have a gun and some soldiers, and a wagon, and say, mister, couldn't he bring somethin' to my ma? An' to my little brother and sister? They's twins, they is, and they'd like a dog a doggie."

"You just tell me everything they want and they'll get it," replied Jerome, scribbling down the things the lad enumerated.

Then he turned to the girl asking her what she wanted, which she shyly told, often interpolating, "ain't we askin' too much?"

The waiter now brought on the dinner, and setting the children to eating, Jerome left them for a while, calling up a department store. Being a director there, he was promised the seeming impossible thing of getting all he wanted that very night. After which he called up his chauffeur, telling him to bring the machine to St. Halbert's Grill, at which place he (Jerome) was taking dinner with two guests.

Then returning to his charges, whom he found blissfully deep in their dinner, he sat down to his, and enjoyed it with an appetite that he would have believed impossible just before he met the children.

"Say, Mister—Mister—are you Santa Claus?" the girl asked in wonder.

He looked amusedly upon her.

"Why?" he asked, though he well knew. "Do I look like one?"

"No," cause Santa Claus is little and fat and has a red nose, and wears a funny little cap and red clothes with white fur. You are big and tall and dress like a sport. An' Santa Claus has white hair and whiskers and you ain't got no whiskers at all—"

"So then of course, I'm not Santa Claus."

"I dunno. You act just like Santa Claus. An' you've taken down our names an' where we live—"

"That's what Santa Claus does, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And so, of course, you can't understand why I shouldn't be Santa Claus?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you believe in Santa Claus?" Jerome's glance took in them both.

Jimmie squirmed a bit, and then said: "I dunno. I used to, but then they're so many Santa Clauses that I thought maybe they was fakes, all of 'em."

"No, they're not," Jerome replied. "You see it is this way. There used to be only one Santa Claus, but now that there are so many children in the world, Santa Claus would never get to them all, and wouldn't have time to make new toys, so he goes right ahead and gets all the helpers he can, and they make all the toys and go in all the stores to see all the little boys and girls. But sometimes, even with all this help he forgets some little people, not because he means to, though, and so if he doesn't come, why then children should be real good anyhow, and then perhaps, he'll be so much better to them the next time."

"O, I know who you are now," cried the little girl, clapping her hands. "I know. You're one of Santa Claus's helpers, ain't you? An' you go around like any other man and look for the children that was forgot, don't you? I knew there was something wrong last Christmas when Santa didn't come round. See, Jimmie, I said so."

Jerome smiled at her vehemence. He felt unusually light-hearted. And had anyone told him that he, Jerome Salvord, would pick up a couple of poor children and feast them, and would cap the climax by telling them stories of Santa Claus, it would have filled him with amusement.

His guests were quite at home. They seemed to forget that there was such a thing as time.

"What do your mothers do? And where do your fathers work?" he questioned them severally.

"We ain't got no papas," Jimmie answered.

"An' our mas wash clothes an' we help. Jimmie turns the wringer an' I rub, an' Jimmie sells papers too." Mary replied.

"Your mothers will not be worried about you, will they?" Jerome asked.

"I guess they won't, 'cause they know we kin take good care of ourselves. When we cross the street we wait until the policemen blows their whistles so that we kin git across all right."

"Is it far to your house?"

"It's about two miles, but then we kin walk it."

A waiter now entered and spoke in a low tone to Jerome. "Everything is packed in the machine now," he said.

"All right. Now my little friends," and Jerome turned to his guests, "I think we'd better go, if you are all ready. Do you want a ride home in an automobile?"

Would wonders never cease? An auto ride?

It seemed too much.

He took them both by the hand and marched to the street. Before the restaurant a large red touring car stood. From the rear a green Christmas tree, snow covered protruded, on the rear seat were large and small packages, bulky and smooth, while a wagon, go-cart, sled, and numerous other toys gazed temptingly out.

"Now jump in," said Salvord, "you see Santa said he was awfully sorry he forgot you and so he wants to make up for it this time. All that's in the machine belongs to you both but there are some things that I guess you'll want to give to your mammas and the other children."

"O, I just know you're Santa Claus's helper," cried Mary in happy exultation.

He helped her into the machine, and sat down beside her, taking Jimmie in his lap. The lad snuggled up against Salvord and patted the hand that held him. A tender chord was struck in the man's heart, he held the lad tighter. "It's seems just like when I had a papa," the lad said, almost sobbing.

The machine started off, in the midst of cheers of a gathered assembly. Just as it turned the corner, a tall, queenly girl in a blue tailored suit, and blue hat with large white plumes on it, observed it.

"Wasn't that just too cute?" she said, turning to her companion. "I wonder who that dear fellow was playing the good fairy to those poor children. Don't you know, sweet brother, that he looked very familiar."

"I didn't pay much attention, Marian, but I know one thing, and that is when I am 'sweet brother' you want a favor of me. What is it?"

"I'm starved. Come, here is St. Halbert's Grill. Jerome often took me here, when we'd run out for a naughty little dinner by ourselves. I say 'naughty' because we'd dispense with my chaperon. We'll go into a dear, private little room that they have here, if it is possible."

They entered the place, and John Wentworth spoke to the head-waiter who said: "The room will be ready immediately. Its former occupants have just left. They were a young man who gave a couple of poor children a treat."

"A treat?"

"Why yes. A young man, a friend of yours, I've sworn to secrecy regarding who he is, brought me a couple of poor children, whom we made think they were in fairyland by ordering things that are the height of good living to your stomachs. Then he ordered the biggest bunch of Christmas truck over the phone, had it piled in his motor and took the kids home."

"Beautiful of him" the girl answered. "Well, John, please order something. I'm not capable. I'm so tired. I suppose you are too. Poor Jerome. I don't blame him for not wanting to come with me tonight. You dear lad, you're the best brother in the world."

He smiled at her, over the menu as he ordered. Suddenly Miss Wentworth's eyes caught an object laying on the floor. She stooped and picked it up. It was an engagement book, with a name in gold letters upon it. She held it hesitatingly a moment, then quickly glanced at the last week of the year. But all the entries were crossed out, or erased.

"John, your pencil please." She rubbed the erased space clean and in a dainty hand replaced the engagements.

"John dear, ask the waiter to bring an envelope and have you got a stamp?"

The waiter brought the envelope

WANTED—Buyers for nice, new, 40-pound Feather Beds at \$10.00. The Stokes Furniture Co., BURLINGTON, N. C.

SONG WRITERS Send stamp for liberal plan. KEITH'S MUSIC HOUSE, LONG BRANCH, N. J.

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10 Perfumed postcards with your name in gold. 10c

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Three Wheel Chairs in November

65 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Bravo!

The Wheel-Chair Club is doing nobly; it has earned the three chairs which I am putting out this month (November) and has nearly squared up the balance of subscriptions due on the extra chair announced in November COMFORT for October. So we start practically square to work for the December chairs, and we must make them four at least in the Christmas month; ought to be half a dozen.

The recipients of the three November Chairs are Mrs. LeRoy Cowles, W. Derby, Vt., 28 years a sufferer, besides being a cripple her eyesight is now failing, and her husband is an invalid; Marion Moore, West Point, Tenn., 64 years of age, 40 years an invalid, a very lonely shut-in; Mrs. Alice Kornberger, Glen Gardner, N. J., crippled for 19 years.

I am much impressed by the pitiful condition of Mrs. Martha B. McElroy whose letter appealing to COMFORT for a wheel chair appears in the Sisters' Corner this month, and I have decided to include her among the four to whom I hope to send wheel chairs in December, and I want to do it before Christmas. She makes a special appeal to the "COMFORT Sisters" to help her by sending subscriptions to the Wheel-Chair Club for her benefit. Please read her letter, and then if you will take hold with a will for her as you did for Mrs. Mallory the wheel chair will be shipped to her before Christmas. Send the subscriptions direct to COMFORT, of course, and thus avoid delay.

The other candidates are equally deserving but I cannot spare the space to print their letters. Everybody boost the Wheel-Chair Club this month and see how many other shut-ins besides Mrs. McElroy we can make a Merry Christmas for.

You will be interested in the good letter of thanks from Esther Rasner for her wheel chair and in the big November Roll of Honor.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas,
Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain, that for each and every 200 new 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large expense premium for me to give to that number of subscribers, but I have always tried to do my part a little for each month that you do yourself.

Subscription price 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each. COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair a Godsend to this sufferer.

ROCKFORD, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I received my beautiful COMFORT wheel chair. I cannot tell you how delighted I am with it. It will be a perfect Godsend to me. I cannot find words sufficiently strong to express my gratitude. I trust however, what I have said will give you a slight idea of what your kindness means to me. God bless everyone of you. Gratefully yours, ESTHER RASNER.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Lenora Steele, Calif., 8; Mrs. Mary Duncan, Kans., 10; Miss Ethel Miller, Iowa, 5; Mrs. E. G. Batterton, Oregon, 5; Anna Stoen, Ill., 5; Mrs. John E. Baker, 10; Mrs. L. C. Johnson, Ark., 42; Mrs. Jeanine Ferranti, Mass., 5; Mrs. Hester Gouraud, Wash., 6; Elmer E. Harkins, Ohio, 7; Mrs. Nellie Howe, N. Y., 9; Mrs. W. A. Williamson, Iowa, 5; Mrs. G. W. Hobgood, Nebr., 5; Mrs. Carl Johnson, Kans., 7; Mrs. Laura (Blythe) Berry, Texas, 6; Mrs. Olawalter, M. G. C., 5; Mrs. John F. Mead, No. 3; Mrs. Sophia Suedtke, N. Y., 5; Mrs. W. W. Shock, Texas, 5; Mrs. Geo. A. Culver, Kansas, 6; Mrs. D. G. Gamble, Okla., 5; Mrs. S. DeVore, Calif., 5; Mrs. Leo Foster, Maine, 7; Mrs. Julia Totman, Calif., 5; Mrs. Ella M. Bassett, Pa., 5; Mrs. Barbara Thompson, Okla., 5; Miss Anna Hoyt, S. Dak., 5; Mrs. Guy Hargrave, Mich., 5; Mrs. J. Starrett, La., 8; Mrs. Julian Liotard, Nev., 10; Mrs. Thos. Bettessworn, Iowa, 5; A Friend, Missouri, 5; Mrs. L. Wood, Tenn., 5; Mrs. Geo. Bacon, Wis., 6; Maggie Wells, Nebr., 5; Mrs. Mabel Lewellen, Mo., 5; Mrs. Jessie Davis, Calif., 5; Mrs. Raftery, N. Y., 6; Mary E. Shutt, Kansas, 5; Mrs. C. E. Helton, Texas, 5; Mrs. Pearlie Wells, N. Dak., 6; Mrs. John A. Williams, Kansas, 5; Emma Goss, Ill., 17; Mrs. William C. Bancroft, N. H., 5; Jennie Antill, Ohio, 5; Ollie Kerr, N. C., 5; Mrs. Wm. J. Finlay, Mass., 5; Mrs. Martha Chapman, Idaho, 5; Mrs. Grace Hines, Kansas, 10; Mrs. Charles Hart, Tex., 5; Pennsylvania, 5; Nebraska, 14; Mrs. Jeanie Hamilton, Florida, 5; Miss G. Bell, Arkansas, 5; Mrs. L. H. Weisman, S. C., 12; Nettie Sherwood, Michigan, 5; Mrs. M. S. Parsons, Pa., 5; Mrs. W. B. Youngblood, Indiana, 5; Mrs. S. G. Smoot, Mo., 5; Addie Martin, Ohio, 5; Mrs. Kate Sassetts, Ga., 6; Gertrude Gibbs, S. Dak., 10; Mrs. F. Wason, Iowa, 5; Edith Lind, Washington, 5; Mr. G. B. Culpepper, S. C., 5; Miss Willie Collier, Miss., 5.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A. V. B., Apex, N. C.—You can never remove the effect until you get rid of the cause and after having had eighteen years of catarrh and twelve of hay fever and asthma in the climate where you now are, we should think you would be pretty nearly convinced that you should get out of it. You are young and a good farmer and out in the dry cold air of Colorado or the dry hot air of Arizona you ought to be as good a man as is out there. You have taken enough medicine to choke a horse, and now, suppose you quit the medicine and try common sense a while in a better climate.

Mrs. A. H. W., Hebron, W. Va.—Just what the climate is in the particular part of California to which you expect to go we cannot say, but any change of climate will benefit you temporarily. If you find that where you are going is not good for you, you can change again to some region good for weak lungs. You are very wise in getting away from where you now are. Car sickness is not unusual with many travelers and there does not seem to be any sure remedy for it except to get it over and done with as quickly as possible. Most sufferers seem to find that fresh fruit is about the best thing they can eat.

Reader, Saville, Neb.—You are young, just on 18, threshold of young womanhood and fair start along what may be a troublous journey means a very great deal to you. For that reason we advise that you go to a physician and have a long talk with him and get such instruction as he will gladly give you and which will be of value all your life. There are too many ignorant people struggling along with what they don't know anything about and paying the penalty in suffering.

Subscriber, Hesterville, Miss.—Persistent boils have at last come to be considered a disease and homemade remedies are no longer considered of any value. Up-to-date physicians have learned in the last few years of a course of treatment which is permanently curative and you should see such a physician. The treatment is by inoculation and can only be administered personally. If your physician doesn't know about it, ask him to write to Rockefeller Institute For Medical Research, New York City and get information.

W. N. T., Campville, Fla.—You had better take your doctor's advice and have the operation performed. It is not painful or difficult and will afford relief when other means fail.

G. A. J., Grannis, Ark.—We think you are more scared than hurt and if you will go around and have a heart-to-heart talk with your doctor he will soon have you in good shape. You are a husky individual and there is no reason that we know of, why you shouldn't continue just as good as you ever were.

Subscriber, Conway, N. Dak.—Physical culture exercise is worth a lot more to you than a specialist doctor. Forget your past and brace up for the future. Keep in the open all you can, eat good food, breathe fresh air and associate with cheerful company. That's enough for you to do.

Miss M. W.—Not knowing the cause of your itching feet we can hardly suggest a remedy. Have they ever been frost-bitten? Have you ever consulted a physician who could examine your general condition?

M. E. V., Alexandria, S. Dak.—We hardly think it is possible. What did your physicians say after the operation? If you did not ask them, why didn't you?

Anxious, Oscoda, Mich.—Catarrh can and does do a very great many queer things in the parts it affects. Suppose you let a doctor look into your throat and treat it as it should be treated. It is poor economy to try to cure yourself.

L. J. McN., Morgantown, N. C.—Poor circulation seems to be the trouble, which is the result of poor digestion and consequent nervousness. You should bathe your feet in hot water night and morning and rub them thoroughly continuing it for some time and rubbing up toward the knees so as to assist the circulation. Drink milk instead of coffee, hot milk, and eat only such food as you can digest without feeling any uncomfortable effects. Chew every mouthful of food thoroughly before swallowing it and do not overeat. (2) The child is all right.

Very Sorry, St. Louis, Mo.—You have escaped serious trouble, but not by any wisdom or prudence of your own and it ought to be a lesson to you.

L. E. S., Charleston, Mo.—It is not doctors and medicine that you need, but the exercise of your will power to throw off your melancholy and tired feeling. You have a nice home, husband and children and you owe it to them to be well and cheerful and put as much sunshine into life as you can. If you find that you are too weak to help yourself to health try Christian Science. That sometimes works wonders with women who are in exactly your condition.

J. H. G., Greenville, S. C.—Write to Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, and to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill., asking for lists of such books with prices.

J. G. H., Tupelo, Miss.—The Mississippi climate is too much for you, at least during the summer and you should get out of it, either permanently or during the winter. Why don't you try one season out in Colorado or Idaho up high enough to have it cool all the time? Your catarrh would be greatly relieved if not cured entirely and that air would set your blood going till you never wake up and be as active as you wanted it. Try it next summer and see what the result will be.

"I will remember," said Chandler.

As the doctor left the room, the detective took his second look at the head on the pillow, for the first glance on entering the room had revealed nothing, except a feeling of disappointment.

Why had he no pity for this low-browed, pallid man, whose eyes sought his own, questioningly?

Chandler's gaze was searching, taking in the color of the eyes, blue-gray and the hue of his skin, dark locks. His face was round, even in its thinness, his head round also, his face decidedly handsome, and yet the detective did not like his looks and now he knew why his feelings of pity died on the instant. But he brought himself to say courteously:

"How do you find yourself this morning?"

"Wretched! I want to be up and go about finding the villain who shot me."

"He called you 'Frank,'" said the detective, "so he knew you and you should know him. In which case you can easily discover him. But it would simplify matters if you would tell who the man is, so that the authorities will not let him escape."

While he talked, the detective was watching the man's face, but he could make nothing of the blank, scared look, which gradually verged into one of apparent wonder. At last he exclaimed:

"Let him escape, if I won't tell? Why, I don't suppose I want him found? Why, I would give ten years of my life to have him run down. Lying in here, like a wet rag, on my back! I would have him put behind the bars for a lifetime if I could."

"Have you no suspicion who it is?" asked Chandler.

"No, none whatever."

"But he knew you, he called you, 'Frank'."

"I didn't hear him. Even if he did, it might have been a dodge, such as is common enough with rascals of his order. I do not believe he knew anything of me except my name. Perhaps his motive was robbery. That is the only explanation of the hold-up."

"But why did he shoot before getting your money?"

"That is what puzzles me. My own idea is that he had his pistol as a means of intimidation and that it went off, by reason of his inadvertently pressing the trigger. Knowing my name to be Frank, he used it at this moment. It is claimed he was trying to protect us from the police."

"It is claimed we all possess it to protect our own lives. He may have spoken truly when he said he did not mean to shoot me, if he did say it. The name 'Frank' in that case might have been added for the reason I have mentioned."

Mr. Chandler was greatly interested now, at all events, in the man before him, who appeared to have built for himself, while dangerously wounded, an ingenious hypothesis which, if to be believed, detracted somewhat from the guilt of the man who shot him.

But, ingenious as it was, he did not believe it. Neither did he believe Luce himself believed it. The lowered lids, concealing those bright, shifty steel blue eyes, the firm stilling of the nervous lips, the upper one of which, when released, twitches upward, so as to reveal the white,

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In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-fives (25) cents in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

M. K., Washington.—Address the Board of Civil Service Commissioners before whom you desire to take the examination.

A. L. B., Illinois.—We do not think she can bar by will her husband's right to a share of a one third interest for life in her real estate, and a one third interest absolutely in her personal estate.

M. T. B., Ohio.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that you are not legally entitled to any of the property you mention as belonging to your father, except such as he may voluntarily give you.

Mrs. T. B., Massachusetts.—Under the laws of our state, we are of the opinion, that, upon the death of the husband or wife leaving no descendants, and leaving no will, the surviving spouse would take of the personal property five thousand dollars and one half of the remainder, and of the real estate one half; of course, after the payment of debts.

A. R. N., Washington.—We think that, if your mother owned the property absolutely, upon her death leaving no will, her husband, if he survives, would receive a portion of her estate in addition to whatever just claims he may have against it.

Miss C. W. A., Missouri.—If the person is mentally competent at the time of making the will, we think he can execute a valid will; the test would be, of course, the question of mental competency at such time.

J. E. W., Texas.—If the work was performed after you became of age, and was not barred by the statute of limitations and was not voluntarily performed, or paid for in any way, we think you ought to be able to establish a claim against the estate. We think, however, the fact that you did not adjust this claim during decedent's lifetime will place the burden of proof upon you to show that you did not perform the services voluntarily, or was not remunerated for them in some way.

D. J. C., North Carolina.—We think that, if the deed to the property is properly drawn, so that you and your husband own the property as tenants by the entirety upon the death of one the property would go to the survivor. (2) We think if the policy of life insurance is properly worded the money would go to you upon his death. (3) We think the statute of limitations has been against the claim of your husband's which you mention.

A. M. L., North Dakota.—We are of the opinion, that in such a case as you describe, in the event of the separation of the parents, the custody of the child would be discretionary with the court, but that all things being equal the custody would in all probability be in a limited way awarded to the father.

Mrs. E. D. B., Louisiana.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that the validity of the manager, the legitimacy of the children, nor the rights of the children to inheritance are not in any way affected.

M. L., Utah.—We are of the opinion, that the money in the bank, in the manner you mention, would upon the death of either go to the survivors, but that the money on mortgage, in the manner you mention, would upon the husband's death be and become an asset of his estate.

B. B., West Virginia.—We are of the opinion that she could force partition of the property in the proper action brought for that purpose.

Mrs. M. C., Texas.—If the property was not a homestead, and if your father left no will conferring such power upon your mother, we think she is not entitled to the whole proceeds of the property.

Mrs. T. P. B., Georgia.—We think you should get a local attorney to draw and attest to the execution of your will. It would be impossible for us to draw it for you from such information as you have sent us.

M. E. H., Texas.—We do not think you can compel the company you mention to take back the property you mention in payment of the notes; but if someone has changed the amount in the notes since the execution and delivery of the same, we think that the person doing so is guilty of forgery.

Mrs. E. N., California.—As we understand your statements, which are not very plain, we think the note can be collected provided it is a negotiable note, and is now in the hands of some innocent third party.

Mrs. M. G. L., New York.—If the decree of divorce was legally entered upon personal service within the state where the divorce was granted and was not procured by fraud or otherwise subject to being set aside, and if one year has transpired since the same was made final, we think the woman can remarry in the state where she now is and that, upon the death of her husband, she would be entitled to share in his estate, except as she might be cut off by will; the property under such conditions as you describe in the absence of will, would go as follows: dower of one third interest in the real estate for life, and one third of the personal property absolutely to the surviving widow, and the balance equally among the children of the deceased, regardless of the fact as to whether they were by a former marriage or not. The widow cannot be cut off from dower in the real estate by will. We think that this woman would have no share in her divorced husband's estate; it might depend upon the form of the decree.

M. C. B., Illinois.—If the seller of the property you mention refuses to give you a deed as provided for in your contract, we think you should bring suit against him for specific performance of the contract.

Mrs. W. S. D., Texas.—Apply to your nearest dealer in law books.

Mrs. E. H., Michigan.—We have no knowledge of the company whose letter you enclose.

Mrs. M. E. G., Arkansas.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that if either or both of the roads you mention were ever turned over to the public as a highway, then the former owner of the land cannot close the same, but, if on the other hand, the owner of the land simply allowed his neighbors the privilege of crossing his land, but did not grant them an easement to do so, nor turned over the road to the public, he can close the road at any time he may choose to do so.

J. W. H., Missouri.—If the will you mention is so worded that a certain devise or bequest goes to the one son on condition that he support his mother for the balance of her lifetime and he fails to so support her, we are of the opinion, that the other persons interested in the estate can successfully contest the son's receiving such conditional device or bequest.

R. D., Pennsylvania.—We think that a plea of the statute of limitations would defeat your recovery of the money you mention.

S. A. N., Pennsylvania.—Your right of action, if any, we think lies against either the monolithic or the adjoining property holders, depending upon which your local ordinances or regulations place the burden of maintaining the sidewalk, provided, of course, you were injured owing to a defect in the sidewalk; the amount of damages to which you would be entitled would depend entirely upon the damage you sustained from the injury.

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Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

H. K., Sturgis, Ky.—Whether an extra couple should stand with bride and groom at the wedding depends upon what the bride's wishes are. There is no rule requiring it. (2) Usually before the couple goes away after a day wedding, a wedding breakfast, or less formal refreshments are served. Which it shall be is for you to decide. (3) At a small wedding at home some friend usually plays the march and no pay is expected. If someone is employed, then whoever it is sets the price. Of course, if you wanted to give the friend some little token as a souvenir you might do so, making your own selection of what it should be.

Lonesome, Crookston, Minn.—In passing on a narrow sidewalk, the man should lead the way, if it is crowded. If there is room for him to be polite, he can let the lady go before. (2) In view of the fact that the girl, not her parents, is to live with the man she marries, we should say, that it was her right to choose the man. It won't be much of a happy married life if she does not.

Fluffy Ruffles, Elk Creek, Neb.—It is not improper for a lady to accept as escort from a dance, a nice man she has met there for the first time, though that is not the custom in formal society. You may do as you please about continuing the acquaintance.

Sweet Sixteen, Okeene, Okla.—We believe more brides wear white than any other color, if white is a color. The bride, however, may dress as she pleases. (3) With three in a one-seated buggy etiquette has nothing to do. Fix yourselves in the most comfortable fashion, that's enough. (3) A girl may write as long a letter to her "gentleman friend" as she wants if her g. f. will stand for it, as most of them will.

Anxious Reader, Big Rock, Va.—At a wedding table serve the bridal couple first and then the minister. (2) When a man introduces himself by saying to the lady: "This is Miss B., isn't it? I am Mr. D." she should tell him she was Miss B. and that she was glad to meet him, unless she was not. In which case she should say nothing and turn away. Self introductions are not unusual, but it is better to have some one else do the introducing. (3) If a man asks a girl if he may kiss her and she doesn't want him to, she may tell him anything she pleases that will make him feel what a fool he was not to know the girl better than to ask her.

M. R. S., Blackwater, Mo.—If he is so jealous because you went to church with another young man that he will get mad and want you to take your ring back, take it back, quick, and thank goodness you don't have to have anything more to do with him. That's the only way to treat his kind. (2) Words are inadequate to express what we think of the young man engaged to one girl who will kiss another. And so many will, we are pained to state.

Brown Eyes, St. Francis, Ark.—The regrets should be sent to the person sending the invitation to the wedding, as they are the ones who want to know who is coming and who is not. They may be sent to the bride, if she is a near friend. Congratulations, written, should be sent to the bride and groom. If the invitation is general the head of the family may reply for the whole family. Presents are in order whether there is a reception or not, but you don't have to make presents unless you want to. P. S. Prompt answers to questions are not possible.

M. E. B., Stenbenville, Ohio.—Don't make your announcement luncheon too formal. A luncheon is preferable to a dinner, but we cannot undertake to make a rule for you. Use your own judgment and taste. We might give you one that would cost far more than you are able to pay. The simplest way to make the announcement is the easiest way. Make it in the invitations to the luncheon, and your guests will do the rest. They all know about it anyway, don't they? Cards announcing the wedding are to be sent, notwithstanding the engagement announcement. Sometimes there is no wedding though the engagement may have been announced. They are to be sent to distant as well as near friends. You should wear gloves. Only one ring, that to the bride, is the rule. If you are not married by the ring, you may exchange rings whenever you want to. That is not a public function. We extend our best wishes.

Baby Doll, Chesterfield, Mo.—Etiquette provides no rules governing an engaged young man's failure to tell his fiancee when he goes out with other girls. You have to make your own rules for that. Do as you please. (2) The length of engagements depends upon what the two people most at interest think about it, but they should not make it too short or too long, say, three months or so. (3) If the lady wants the man to take her arm while walking on the street, no matter what the weather is, he may do so with propriety.

Sorrowful, Western, Nebr.—Wear the regulation mourning of a widow, except the heavy veil, which is unhealthy and fearfully gloomy to look at. Our private opinion is that regulation mourning should be abolished, but custom is not as far advanced as we are. People will talk if a widow, especially a young one, does not observe custom. We think the black suit you suggest would be quite mourning enough, but what would the other women in your town say? Wear a small hat. These big, black ones are about the gayest of the gay.

Sara, Detroit, Mich.—Really we can't say why the young man stopped putting his arm around you and that, too, when you wanted him to. It was bad manners to say the least of it, but etiquette has no rule applying to it. Ask him. P. S. Maybe he has got another girl.

Hopscotch Girl, Aspinwall, Pa., N. Y.—A girl of seventeen and a boy of nineteen should not become engaged, though they might have some understanding that they would later and marry when they are old enough. Put it off until you are twenty-one. By that time both of you may be very glad that you are not engaged. (2) The young fellow who writes as slovenly and grammarly spelled and syntaxed letter as that you do does not worth getting acquainted with until he improves. He is bright enough, but he is too care less to be reliable. Mark this copy of COMFORT and send it to him.

Old Maid, Clever Hill, Kans.—As no power on earth can win a love which is not to be won, etiquette can not tell you how to win this one's love. Why don't you throw a new over him and drag him in by force? (2) It is quite proper to ask him to call though he has taken you out for the first time. (3) Backwardness may be welcome to a great extent by associating with people and cultivating all your powers of self-possession.

Brown-eyed Betty, Hamilton, Maine.—Sorry we are too late, but we have said over and over again we cannot give immediate answers to inquiries. We hope you were a beautiful bride, and you have our best wishes.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

Miss B. A. Nelson, Baldwin, Box 81, Wis., wants good homestead land.

Mrs. D. V. Shafer, Herndon, R. R. 2, Va., song, "The Little Brown Church in the Dell," sent direct to her.

Mrs. John S. Fleming, Walhalla, R. R. 2, N. Dak., light colored wool pieces for log cabin quilt and print pieces four by four.

Mrs. Anna Tobin, Prentiss, Wis., shower from sisters as she is lonely.

Miss Annie Blaszkewitz, 1420 W. 19th St., St. Louis, Mo., shower in January.

Mrs. Cora Compton, Crooked Creek, letters.

Mrs. W. D. Moyer, Yankton, Oregon, instructions for doing sea-foam work sent direct to her.

Mrs. Susie Robertson, Price, R. R. 1, N. O., reading matter and letters.

Mrs. Mabel Ainsley, Columbia, N. C., letters.

Miss Emma Wilson, Cloverdale, Ore., song, "Hang Up the Baby Stocking."

Mrs. W. E. Haver, Lebanon, R. R. 1, Box 8, N. J., correspond with sisters living in or near Wichita, Kans.

Mrs. Jennie C. Anderson, Cumberland, R. R. 6, Wis., birthday letters, Dec. 28th.

Mrs. Onie Granke, Harwood, R. R. 1, Texas, flower seeds.

Miss Mona Newton, Millersburg, Ohio, a shut-in and great sufferer, twenty-four years old, cheerful letters, also a subscription to COMFORT.

Mrs. J. N. Jett, West Plains, Mo., how to make even temper easiest.

Mrs. Harriet L. Crawford, Three Oaks, R. R. 1, Box 42, Mich., old-time song, "William Riley."

Helen Dick, Eagle Lake Farm, Mt. Lake, R. R. 4, Minn., sample of center-table cloth in crochet sent to me.

Mrs. Margaret Baldwin, Story, Wyo., sick and helpless, letters and silk pieces.

Mrs. Lizzie Koch, Felton, R. R. 1, York Co., Pa., cancelled stamps.

Remedies

BURNS.—Beat white of egg light, add equal part of melted lard and apply. I have never known it to fail to relieve at once.

MRS. M. L. QUINE, Mahl, Texas.

CORNS.—Corns may be removed by applying the milky juice of common dandelion.

MRS. WM. L. KINCH, 332 Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ECZEMA.—Take one teaspoonful of flour of sulphur and make into three doses, a dose before each meal. Take this for three days in succession and then omit for two days and repeat. For external applications, take pure lard or olive oil and stir in enough flour of sulphur to make a paste. Before applying, thoroughly bathe the affected parts. While using sulphur do not get wet as it stiffens the joints.

MRS. ESTELLE GRIGSON, Texarkana, R. R. 4, Box 69, Ark.

CHILBLAINS.—Bathe the affected parts freely in witch-hazel and you will soon be relieved of chilblains. Witch-hazel is also excellent for sore throat. Bathe outside four or five times a day, and dilute one half with water and use as gargle.

MRS. VINNIE JOHNSTON, Nekoma, R. R. 1, Kans.

FOR CHILDREN.—If a child has a very bad cold and cough, take melted lard and grate a good amount of nutmeg into it and rub on the child's throat and lungs; also soak a cloth in it and put on lungs. It will stop the cough in a short time.

MRS. ETHELLIE BROUNS, 715 S. Cory St., Findlay, Ohio.

WORMS.—For a child troubled with worms, give one teaspoonful of sage tea to a dose. It is made more palatable by sweetening.

MRS. SADIE PRATHER, Chandler, R. R. 6, Okla.

SUMMER COMPLAINT.—For the sister who asked for this remedy: Dig up the wild rose bush and take the roots and make a tea by boiling in water. Give baby a teaspoonful every two hours, or oftener if necessary. I have seen babies cured in a few days.

Another remedy for the same condition with vomiting is to put rice in the oven and brown well. Make a strong drink from this and take as often as you wish. It can be retained when everything else fails.

MRS. S. S. L.

NURSING SORE MOUTH.—A dentist gave me the following remedy: Pour one cup of boiling water over as much boric acid as will dissolve. When cool, take a mouthful at frequent intervals, holding it and rinsing about the mouth.

Mrs. T. G. MARLIN, Covington, Tenn.

LINIMENT.—One quart of vinegar, one gill of turpentine and yolks of two eggs. Mix together and shake often. Excellent for lameness and pains. For external use only.

MRS. HANNAH ROGERS, So. Royalton, Vt.

BRITTLE SQUARES.—To three cupfuls of brown sugar add butter size of an egg and two tablespoomfuls of water. Cook without stirring until when tested in cold water it will snap, then add a pinch of soda and cook two minutes longer. Pour into buttered tins and when partly cold mark into squares.

MRS. CHARLEY S. SMITH, Little Rock, R. R. 3, Ark.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives column, include a name and address of 15-month 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, add only two new 15-month 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-month subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Mrs. Florence Rines, Nowata, Box 213, Okla., wants to know whereabouts of her brother, C. E. Johnson, last heard from in Montana.

Anyone knowing whereabouts of Mrs. Itze, last heard from in St. Paul, Minn., in 1878, please communicate with Mrs. Geo. Graff, Hollenberg, R. R. 1, Kansas.

Information of Mary Jane Scott, (colored). Last heard from in Greenwich Conn., with family "Meade's" (white). Rosa E. Scott, Fredericks Hall, Box 23, Va.

Heirs of D. Blaylock and others who knew Margaret Dillingham (nee Summers) or C. C. Summers, write Franklin Moore, 362 West 117th St., New York City.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Post Cards Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a bad but a custom as first established in letter writing, and more can be done in this class. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange, list it is necessary to send a club of twelve fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Miss Ola Downing, Westville, Adair Co., Okla., Chas. Bolton, Zeigerville, Montgomery Co., Pa., Benjamin B. Mundley, 94th Co. C. A. C. Fort Flagler, Wash. Mary E. Osborn, 9 Taylor St., Bridgton, N. J. Edward Reicher, Hobart, R. R. 1, Ind. Miss Edith Murbach, 1904 Hollins St., Baltimore, Md. Mrs. Viola Osterhoudt, 106 Albany Ave., Kingston, N. Y. Miss Bessie Dixey, 17 Merritt St., Marblehead, Mass. Miss Arimanda Skiles, Licking, Mo. Miss Ella Dollman, 913 East 7th St., Muscatine, Iowa. Miss Nellie Herford, Gilliam, R. R. 1, Salina Co., Mo. Miss Winifred Johnson, Muskego, R. R. 1, Box 91, Mich. Mrs. Emma Westcott, Cedar, Colo. Mr. J. E. Adams, 1085 Pine St., Beaumont, Texas. No comics. Miss Lola Etheredge, 1085 Pine St., Beaumont, Texas. 30 comics. Miss Catherine Sigus, Saint Johns, R. R. 5 Clinton Co. Mich. Mr. Harvey E. Settim, Newark, Del. Samuel L. McGuckin, 2711 E. Cumberland St., Philadelphia, Pa. Miss Winifred Motter, German Valley, R. R. 1, Ill. Miss Stella Rhodes, 391 Garfield Ave., Salem, Ohio. Miss Lizzie Holstine, Little York, R. R. 19, Ill. Miss Elizabeth Buchholz, 540 17th Ave., Moline, Ill. Miss Elizabeth Reed, 708 French St., Wilmington, Del. Views Ellen Bullock Basin, Mont. No comics. W. R. Armstrong, Union, R. R. 3, Ind. Miss Estelle Taylor, 39 Pine St., Gainesville, Ga. Mrs. Addie Doddy, 18 Forest St., Greenwood, Mass. Views and scenery. 10 comics. Rose Barnum, 8 Stone St., Birmingham, Ohio. Buildings and views. H. H. Pleasant, Buck Creek, Ind. Miss Ethel Creech, Hallsboro, R. R. 1, Box 69, N. C. Miss Georgia Shaefer, Hunnewell, R. R. 20, Mo. No comics. Mrs. Wylie P. Ross, Grossmont, Cal. Mrs. R. H. Allen, Holland, Fla. W. G. Knader, Berkeley Springs, W. Va. No comics or leather. Joseph W. Riedel, Boyne City, R. R. 4, Box 56, Mich. J. S. Dick, Zurich, R. R. 1, Kans. Miss Mary Moore, 305 Banker Ave., McKeesport, Pa. Miss Marie Bunten, Logan St., Lemont, Ill. Mac E. Chadbourne, 29 Melville St., Augusta, Maine.

To BE CONTINUED.

DAVID HARUM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

present, it seems to me, and, of course, I will do anything I can should you wish me to be still on the lookout for you here."

"You are exceedingly kind, sir," said John earnestly, and then was silent for a moment or two. "I will make the venture," he said at length, "and thank you very much."

"You are under no special obligations to the Careys, are you?" asked the general.

"No, I think not," said John with a laugh. "I fancy that their business will go on without me, after a fashion," and he took his leave.

To BE CONTINUED.

Farm Lands Practically Free

By the Light of the Silvery Moon, If All The Moons Were Honeycombs, Glow Worm, Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly 7 Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet, Kiss Me, and 190 others, all the latest songs hits of New York and Chicago. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. Non-lysophat Nolles. Durable, cheap Pat. Sept. 10/10/11.

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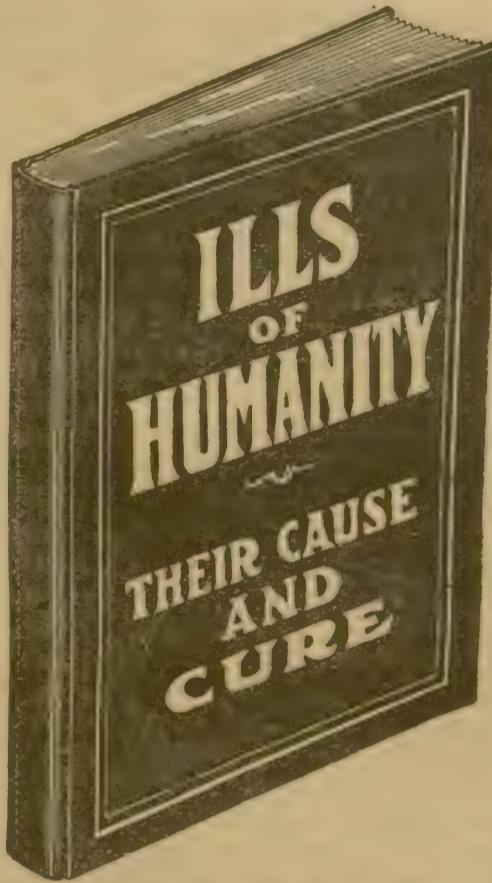
As soon as I receive the coupon below, besides sending the prescription and my big medical book, I will write you a long letter of advice telling you exactly how to take the treatment. I will refer you to pages in my book which will tell you all about **your** case. If you follow the advice in this letter it will be a great help to you in becoming absolutely well and strong. Other specialists receive hundreds of dollars for verbal advice, this is sent to you FREE, plainly written in plain words so it can be remembered and followed.

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I don't claim that my prescriptions will cure cancer, leprosy and other incurable diseases, but I do claim that they have cured and are ACTUALLY, POSITIVELY curing every day desperate, stubborn chronic cases of all kinds—cases that were pronounced incurable by other doctors. Thousands in despair, in pain and misery have written to me as a last resort, have taken the treatment which I prescribed, have followed my advice and have found a new life bounding with health and vigor.

I want to prove what the treatment which I prescribe will do for you. No matter what disease you have or how long you have suffered—no matter how many remedies you have vainly tried—no matter what other doctors have failed—you should try this treatment from a doctor who SUCCEEDS WHEN OTHERS FAIL. Thousands of weak despondent men have been restored to vigorous, forceful, energetic activity, full of the GO-VIM and potent strength that make life worth living. Thousands of suffering, pain racked women are healthy and happy. Why not you?

Fill out the coupon, or if you wish, give me a description of your case in your own words. Send the coupon to me and by return mail FREE and postage paid, in a plain sealed letter, I will send the prescription, my 192-page medical book and a personal letter of advice. I ask no pay—NOT ONE PENNY.



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I will accept no pay—not one penny, for the prescriptions, my Medical Book, or the letter of advice. I want to prove my ability to every sick or afflicted person who will accept this offer now before it is too late. I may not repeat this offer. I want to prove my skill to you, this will prove it to your friends and neighbors. If I cure you I know you will speak a kindly word for me when convenient. This is all I ask. You will be under no obligations to me. The Special Prescription, the Book and letter of advice will cost you nothing. Fill the coupon below and mail it today.

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Send me at once, all charges paid, your free prescription for my case and your 192-page medical book—all entirely free to me.

My name is.....

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Age..... How long afflicted?

If your disease is not on the list opposite write the name here.....

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| Dropsey | Torpid Liver |
| Piles | Partial Paralysis |
| Neuralgia | Chronic Cough |
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Prove the results of this great discovery for nerves FREE. It speaks for itself. A trial package of this great nerve awakener will be sent free in sealed wrapper, by return mail, to every man or woman who sends his or her name and address, as instructed below. Do it today. A revelation is in store for you.

FOR MEN. Nerve-force gone! You are what your nerves are, nothing else. If you feel all run-down from overwork or other causes, if you suffer from insomnia, "caved-in" feeling, brain fag, extreme nervousness, peevishness, gloominess, worry, cloudy brain, loss of ambition, energy and vitality, loss of weight and digestion, constipation, headaches, neuralgia, or the debilitating effects of tobacco or drink, send for the free trial package of Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers.

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A trial package of this great discovery will prove that they do the work. They are guaranteed—every wafer. Send your name and address today for the free trial package of Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers, to F. J. Kellogg Co., 146 Hoffmaster Block, Battle Creek, Michigan, in the city of peace, happiness and health.

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146 Hoffmaster Block, Battle Creek, Mich.

Send me by return mail, free of charge, a trial package of the wonderful discovery for nerves, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers.

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My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend, a full 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound absolutely free. It is a remedy for the treatment of women's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to use it yourself—right at home without any inconvenience—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or pleasure. Balm of Figs Compound is a remedy that has made sick women well and weak women strong, and I can assure you that if you send me your name, and I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that has, according to the abundance of testimonies, been so quickly and surely cured of women's ailments. No internal doses necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to a certain extent, some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore, I want to send it to the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhœa, Painful Periods, Ulceration Inflammation, Uterine Displacements, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

This 50c box of Balm of Figs Compound will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Fig Compound, and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these 50-cent boxes free. So, dear reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free. Return mail, and if you so desire, I can readily refer you to many, who can personally testify to the great value of this article that has been so quickly and surely cured of women's ailments. No internal doses necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to a certain extent, some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore, I want to send it to the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhœa, Painful Periods, Ulceration Inflammation, Uterine Displacements, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

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If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy a hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach weak, breath offensive, circulation feeble, cold clammy hands or feet; have rheumatism, heart trouble or grippy colds.

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A GREAT OFFER TO EVERY PAID-IN-ADVANCE SUBSCRIBER

This Calendar is embellished with an exquisite picture of mother, baby and little sister all intently engaged with "baby's first shoes." It is exquisitely lithographed in ten colors perfectly reproducing the color, action and decoration to any home.

A Prize to Everyone that tries to answer the new prize question as directed on back of the calendar.

Two Prizes Sure and a Chance to Win Four if you send in two answers to the calendar prize question.

744 Cash Prizes are included in the list,—six of them \$10.00 each. Send for the calendar so to take your chances on these prizes.

The call for calendars is so great that they are going fast, and we know many of our subscribers who have already paid months in advance want one. They can have a calendar by sending us one subscription or a club; if they send a club they get their club premium, too.

Knowing that many paid-in-advance subscribers who cannot now get up clubs, want a Prize Calendar and some sample Christmas Cards, we will send an assortment of four of our latest style Christmas and New Year's Cards and the beautiful 1911 COMFORT Prize Calendar. This gives a chance to win some of the many Prizes offered therein and you can have the cards to send to friends for Holiday Greetings. Send the two cents today to pay postage and get all FREE.

Address COMFORT D PRIZE, Augusta, Maine.

Special Holiday Premium Announcement

With the approaching holidays the Christmas Present looms up large again, especially this year of high and rising prices.

Get Your Christmas Presents of Us Free

So many of those whose generosity is bigger than their purses reach a happy solution of this problem by earning one or more of the attractive premiums which make such acceptable Christmas presents, and incidentally win cash prizes too, that we have arranged and announce in this number of COMFORT, the following Special Holiday Premium Offers, for their benefit and that of others who are quick to see and pick up a good thing.

Our great combination offer of hundreds of liberal cash prizes in addition to valuable club premiums contained in this paper, with other prize and premium offers in COMFORT'S beautiful 1911 Calendar, presents by far the richest opportunity you have ever had to turn your spare time and idle moments to profitable account and cash them up for big money, besides the large value in useful goods which come to you free as club premiums.

These premiums are all strictly high-grade goods, in every respect fully equal to what they are pictured and described here in COMFORT.

This choice assortment of useful and ornamental articles, including the most up-to-date novelties, has been selected and assembled with the utmost care to cover a wide range of utility for personal needs and for the home, and to suit the tastes and requirements of both sexes, old and young.

Doubtless you will be surprised at their value and will wonder how we can afford to give them for so few subscriptions; and you are right, for at the retail price which you would have to pay for them at the stores we could not; it is only because we buy in enormous lots at manufacturer's lowest cash prices, and often procure bankrupt stocks below cost, that we are able to hand you out so much in value for so little of your time.

Among them you will surely find something to gratify a long-felt desire, some luxury which you thought you could not afford; and you would jump at the chance to buy it of us at the bargain price we paid. **We never sell them, but we do better for you.**

You can have any of them without costing you a cent, just by a slight effort and a little of your spare time, and the same club subscriptions which earn you the premium will count towards winning you a good cash prize too.

Read carefully our big offer (on another page) of 863 Cash Prizes which we pay to club-raisers in addition to club premiums, not less than \$1.00 nor more than \$1,300.00, and see how well it paid our club-raisers last two seasons.

December is one of the best subscription months and besides that thousands of COMFORT subscriptions are expiring every day now.

None of our old subscribers wish to drop out, and lots of others want to begin the new year right with COMFORT in the family.

How to Earn the Premiums and Win the Prizes without an Effort

When you make a call or have a caller, instead of talking gossip, show your COMFORT Calendar and this copy of COMFORT. Mention some of the stories, departments or topics that are of especial interest, and you have a subscriber before you know it—without half trying.

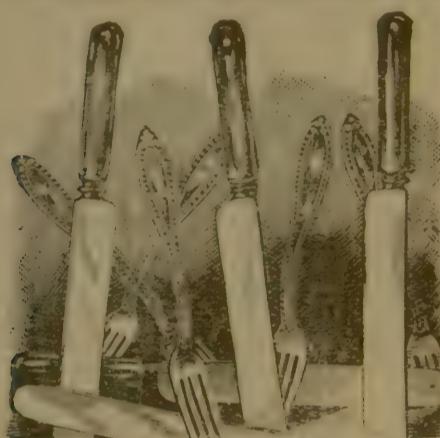
The children all like COMFORT and are very successful in getting subscriptions. Lots of premiums and special prizes for children.

We permit old subscribers only to renew or extend their subscriptions two full years for only 30 cents. This is only a little over half the regular price, and is good only to those who are taking COMFORT, but not to anyone who used to take it and has dropped it. Undoubtedly there are many COMFORT subscribers in your neighborhood whose subscriptions are nearly expired, and who will gladly renew two years for 30 cents as soon as you call their attention to it. It is a soft snap to get these two-year renewals at special 30-cent rate, and they count you one point toward winning Cash Prizes, same as 25-cent subscriptions.

Look in COMFORT each month this winter and coming spring and see the names of the monthly prize-winners. Get your name into that list, it pays.

Select a premium and begin at once so to be early in the field, and enter now with a small club, at least, for this month's cash prizes.

It is a great opportunity so don't let it slip by you.



Tableware In Fine Silver Plate

We have an extensive line of silverware and from the assortment selected a few of these sets of Six Knives and Six Forks to give away. These knives are made of the best of silver plated steel, usual shape and length, and the Forks are the handsomest ones we ever saw, being finished with a continuous row of small silver beads round the entire edge. This bead effect in silver goods is the very height of fashion, is extensively used on all solid silverware, in fact is used on most every article made of silver for dainty finish, ornamentation and attractiveness.

SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER. Send us a club of only thirteen 15-months subscribers at 25 cents each, and we will send you a complete set of Six Knives and Forks, 12 pieces in all, as a premium and send each subscriber our magazine, COMFORT. Or we will give you your choice of Six Knives or Six Forks for a club of only 8 at 25 cents each for 15 months.

EXTRA SPECIAL OFFER. We have also a family size Tea Spoon to match the Knives and Forks and can give you as a present a set of Six Spoons, Six Knives and Six Forks, 18 pieces in all, for a club of only 15 subscribers at 25 cents each for 15 months. On this last offer you get a full set of silverware, sufficient for the family, absolutely free, as we pay all shipping charges. Send for samples of COMFORT and further information.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



MRS. E.D.E.N. SOUTHWORTH'S NEW SERIES

Any Woman who wants a Beautiful Book here is the chance to get the handsomest and most artistic many colored cover, in the best of cloth binding Free. Not only is this new edition of Mrs. Southworth's Novels the best bound that have ever been offered, but they are printed from all new type on good paper. As years go on there are none of the modern authors who can touch the pathos and true to life vein put into the stories of Mrs. Southworth. Her works are now more popular than for a long time and the publishers are getting out this new lot of her novels to meet the ever growing demand for the real good love stories written many years ago, but which cannot for their kind be equalled in these days. We only show a few titles in our illustration and they are necessarily reduced so small you can get no idea of the full size books we are able to send you. We are sure if you are at 25 cents each for one book you will be so pleased with its beauty that you will surely keep sending in clubs until you own the whole lot of twenty-two books yourself. Decide today just what books from the following list you desire. To start with send in 75 cents to pay for a club of three names. You thus begin your work of club raising for the full list of Mrs. Southworth's books:

Allaworth Abby.
A Beautiful Fiend.
The Bride's Fate.
The Madcap Capitola.
Changed Brides.
Cruel as the Grave.
The Curse of Clifton.
Descreet Wife.

Discarded Daughter.
Hidden Hand.
India.
Ishmael; or, In the Depths.
The Lost Heiress.
Miriam, The Avenger.
The Missing Bride.
The Mother in Law.

Mystery of a Dark Hollow.
Retribution.
Self-Baised; or, From the
Depths.
The Three Beauties.
Tried for Her Life.
Victor's Triumph.
Vivis.

Select the book you want to read most from above list of titles and we will send it post-paid as soon as your club order is received.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Two Boxes absolutely Free

25 CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S CARDS in each box, the PRETTIEST, DAIANTIEST set you ever saw, new designs all exquisitely done in BRIGHT, HARMONIOUS COLORS and SPLENDID GOLD effects, and beautifully EMBOSSED.

The idea of remembering friends near home or at a distance at Christmas and New Year's is not a new one but with the aid and use of the new popular Post Card, it more than ever is a fixed part of the season's festivities. To remember all one's relatives and friends usually requires a large number of cards and consequent large expense. All this is avoided by using our cards which come in two assorted boxes, each containing a different varied assortment. We can only show some of the many styles in much reduced form in the illustration. There is OLD SANTA CLAUS or KRIS KRINGLE with his long GRAY BEARD, CHRISTMAS BELLS, CUTE LITTLE FOLKS, VERSES, HOLLY, PONSETTE, EVERGREEN, SNOW, BIRDS, and each card conveys a Merry Christmas or Happy New Year greeting, also contains separate calendar pads for the twelve months of the year 1911.

THEY COST YOU NO MONEY YOU GET BOTH BOXES FREE

For a CLUB of only TWO fifteen-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25c each we will send you the TWO above described HOLLY HOLIDAY BOXES of 25 ASSORTED CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S CARDS.

As each box of 25 is made up as a distinct and separate assortment it gives you a large variety of beautiful cards which your friends will be delighted to receive from you as tokens of good cheer, or you can easily sell some of them to people you know and not only make money but have enough for your own use also. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

REMEMBER YOU GET TWO COMPLETE BOXES FULL FOR A SMALL CLUB OF ONLY TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS.

14,000 BEADS & LOOM OUTFIT FREE

PROFITABLE BEADWORK AT HOME MAKING BAGS, CHAINS, NECKLACES, PURSES, BELTS, COLLARS AND CUFFS, SHIRT-WAIST SETS, SLIPPERS, WATCH CASES, FOB WATCH CHAINS, CARD CASES, POCKETBOOKS, WRIST BAGS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, ETC., ETC.

The KANIBAS

Bead Loom
OUTFIT
And Product



Copyright 1904.

The great revival in Art Beadwork has brought about a Wonderful Loom Invention for easily doing this fascinating work. The product of the Penobscot Indians of Maine as well as the Apache Tribes, has made them famous the world over. For thousands of years Venice has produced wonderful beads. Columbus first brought articles of Venetian Beadwork to America that completely fascinated the early settlers. Now the most dainty and artistic costumes are not complete without a dash of beautiful color such as can only be gotten from these same exquisite shades of artistically arranged beads. That beadwork is entirely practical can be proven by its thousands of years of usefulness. No art in existence has given the world more profitable employment or genuine happiness than Bead working; the articles that are now being made with beads sell for many times the cost of material—all that is necessary is a little time and patience for any one to become proficient in the art. The invention of this Bead Loom, the mechanical possibilities of which are nearly unlimited, the simplicity of stringing the beads is at once astonishing and rapid. The old-fashioned work was mostly knit after the beads were strung yards at a time, when the miscount of even a single bead would throw the pattern out all over the design. All of our grandmothers' beautiful designs can now be reproduced with half the expenditure of energy and nerve force. Another wonderful help is the use of the regular Bead Needles. These are long and slender and have a very long eye built especially for holding a lot of beads at one time and doing the work easily and rapidly. The Kanibas Loom as illustrated shows the method of working, the hands holding the needle and thread, giving an idea of the progress of the warp in making a Belt or Woven Chain. The outfit consists of 1 Kanibas Loom, 5 Bundles Black Beads, 2 Bundles Green Beads, 3 Bundles White Beads, 2 Bundles Pink Beads, 2 Swivel Snap for chain, 1 Spoon Special Small Bead Thread, and the Apache Bead-worker of Instruction and Designs. This great book was gotten up especially to show some of the wonderful possibilities of Artistic Beadwork. It has a beautiful photogravure cover and contains seventy-five different cuts and designs in popular beadwork, giving full easy detail instructions just what color beads to use and how to work them; it shows some of the Lady Washington Bags illustrated from these old Revolutionary articles themselves that cannot now be bought for hundreds of dollars. It shows how to make all sorts of Chains, Bags, Collars, Cuffs and Dress Trimmings, Purse, etc., etc., giving full directions for all designs. All the popular Secret Order Emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for Fob Chains, etc., and this book shows Masonic, Odd Fellow, Royal Arcanum, and other styles with directions. Some of the Bag designs shown bring \$12.00 or \$15.00 when worked out and the extra beads cost so little that very large profits come from doing the work. It only requires your time to make a lot of monies doing the designs. You get these Fourteen Thousand Beads with the Loom and Book of Directions, Thread, Needles, now introduced in teaching color schemes that the educational boards have adopted Loom Bead instruction and introduced it in all large city schools.

Club Offer. For a club of only five 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will deliver the entire outfit free. Get up your club now.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Plain Band Baby Ring

In preference to our Baby, Pet and Darling engraved Baby Rings many prefer a plain gold band. In response to this demand we have just added this new number to our premium list and now offer you a real gold ring for Baby that is dignified and beautiful, will wear indefinitely and give entire satisfaction.

Club Offer. Send a club of only two new subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months. We will send the ring in a cute box, post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Heart Signet Stone Ring

Just a dear little ring for the young ladies. Small in design and treatment, made exclusively for the young miss, not ready for older styles or advanced customs. The band is slightly engraved near the heart center, which is mounted with a tiny sparkling white stone chip. Little ladies from seven to seventeen are more fond of finger rings than their elders. This is a splendid selection, is made up of good quality material, and is not expensive.

Club Offer. A club of only three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions secures one of these mounted Signet Rings in a neat little ring box. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

STONE SIGNET GOLD RING

Introduced this season for first time and at once displaces old style initial signet ring. Stone mountings of every kind are now worn exclusively. Nearly all rings except plain band now are given the added touch of a stone of some kind. This engraved ring has artistic lines, is heavy and durable, a new style in every way, enhanced in beauty by the single imitation chip diamond setting in center. This is a swell ring for young ladies, or old; it can be worn as a man's ring with taste. One of, if not the best of our new rings.

Club Offer. Send only four subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, and give finger size. We will send ring at once in an attractive ring box. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

GENTLEMAN'S STONE RING

The newest design and one of the most popular man's ring yet marketed. In a flat Belcher setting, is mounted an imitation diamond. Not much to say in blank type, but the ring cannot be described fittingly nor its brilliancy displayed. The unique and finishing touch to this mounting is in the treatment of the stone. The top or front is cut with many facets, as a regular diamond, then the back is treated or coated with real platinum, the result is a brilliancy and sparkle only equalled by a genuine diamond of tremendous cost. A genuine diamond is not more brilliant, only more expensive. This is a desirable ring, sturdy in make up and appearance, a ring any gentleman will be proud to wear, a most excellent gift ring.

Club Offer. For a club of only six subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send one of these Gentleman's Belcher setting stone rings, in a lined ring box, postpaid. Send size or finger measurement. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Solid Gold Wedding Ring

The genuine article. No sham, no substitute, this is a genuine Gold Ring, as such we advertise and guarantee it. Our illustration merely shows the general style, a wide, heavy band fit for either ladies or gentlemen. It is in proper size and style today. If you are about to be, or are married, and require a real wedding ring this is an unusual opportunity to procure the correct thing in a ring and at a reasonable cost. We fully and we unequivocally guarantee this Wedding Ring to be genuine solid gold, not rolled, plated or gold shell or other ingenious imitation. Your money back at any time, so don't go to storekeepers and pay enormous profits but avail yourself of our Club Offer. For a club of only eight subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you one of these genuine Solid Gold Wedding Rings in a plush-lined ring box. Send finger measurement. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Fancy Chased and Plain Band Gold Shell Finger Rings.

Newest designs of chasing and correct widths. For persons of all ages; a refined and dignified ring worn on all occasions. They are 14K gold plate, will wear a long time.

CLUB OFFER. For 15-mo. subscribers at 25 cents each, we will send you your choice of one of these rings. Send finger measurement.

Gold Band Wedding Ring. A suitable wedding ring most used for the occasion. It is a heavy band ring of 14K gold plate wears long and satisfactorily. Many years have they been used as wedding rings, the quality is the best and you may be assured you will not regret having selected one if you order today.

CLUB OFFER. We send one in a plush lined box free of all expense for a club of four 15-months subscribers at 25 cents each. Send finger measurement. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Baby's First Ring

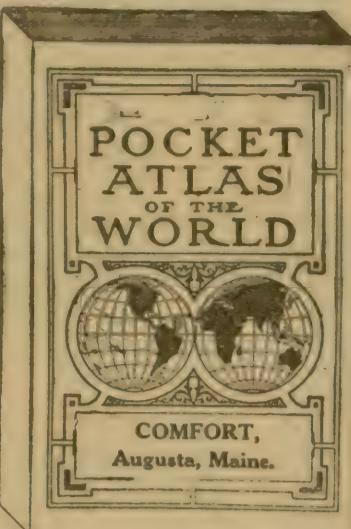
The Little Darling Surely Wants One Now

These are baby sizes only and are designed for the little one's tiny fingers. Each is heavily embossed with the words BABY, PET or DARLING, just as you prefer. Made in one style only, the regular hoop or band ring of 14 karat gold filled, and will not tarnish. The demand for children's and babies' sizes has encouraged us to have this special line made up for our particular customers and we are delighted with the patterns. They will please the parents of every lovely baby. Mamas and Papas, also friends, will find this an excellent privilege of obtaining the first ring for baby. We can promise satisfaction in fit if a bit of string or ribbon is sent showing size of the little finger. We will pack the ring in a cunning plush-lined box and you will be delighted with the whole.

SPECIAL OFFER. Send us only 2 15-mo. subscribers to this monthly at 25 cents each per year, and we will send a ring same day and enter subscriptions. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

CORAL NECKLACE

Every Girl or Woman delights to possess a real coral necklace. The genuine and popular article is so very expensive that it can hardly be had. This necklace looks so much like the real thing that many think they are, so perfect is the coloring of this Italian Wonder. It is a triple strand beautifully polished delicate coral pink necklace of just the proper shade to give it the most expensive appearance. We have but a limited number which we can give as premiums to all who get up clubs of 15 15-months subscribers at 25c. each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**COMFORT POCKET ATLAS Of the WORLD**

Gives in complete detail the Census Figures of the Entire Country according to the 1910 Enumeration. Tells you just exactly how many people there are in your own or any other town or city in the country. Invaluable in the home, school or office, as there have been radical changes in nearly all cities, towns and incorporated villages, rendering all previous information incorrect and unreliable. The Census Figures are not alone the great value of this work.

It also contains separate colored maps of each state and territory of the United States, all of our insular possessions, and of all countries. These maps are printed from new plates, showing the latest changes in boundaries, transportation routes, etc.

No other work of similar size and cost compares with this work in accuracy, completeness or convenience of arrangement. It is a marvel of condensation, legibility and value.

Most convenient in size and shape, being 4x6, a little giant among reference books, contains 250 pages, bound in strong board covers, with designs in colors.

Club Offer. Send us only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for one copy post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-mo. subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we send this Cabinet of useful articles, post-paid.

Complete Household Cabinet

Containing over two hundred different articles always useful in and around the home, particularly to the mother who must do all the making and mending. The assortment of articles has been put together, after repeated calls for such an outfit, in convenient arrangement to provide the greatest variety of really useful and much wanted articles most likely to be needed. Each article is of full size and good quality and is such as you would usually purchase at any store. The following list of contents of each package will at once convince you we have made a good selection and in the right quantities.

Aluminum Sharps Thread, standard size and weight. 1 Card with 3 doz. best quality Shantung Buttons. 1 Card with 2 doz. best Hooks and Eyes. 1 Card Household Sewing Cotton. 1 Linen Tape Measure, 50 in. long. 1 Paper with 400 best quality toilet Pins. 1 Card with 1 doz. Safety Pins. 1 Card with 6 doz. Pearl Lentile Agate Buttons. 1 Tube with 50 Invisible Hairpins. 1 Paper best quality straight Hairpins. 1 Skeins of 5 yds. each Embroidery Cotton, assorted colors. 6 Stamped Linen Dollies in assorted Designs. 4 Papers of Needles. Sharp, Straight, B. G. S. 8/10. Ladies' Shawl Pins, assorted sizes glass beads. 1 Yards Bodkin. 1 Dozen Needles. 10 Embroidery Needles. 1 Glove Button. 1 Key-Ring. 1 Doz. Agate Collar Buttons. 1 Doz. Best Kid Curriers. 1 Spoon Linen Thread. 2 Glass-head Hat Pins. 1 Pair Shoelaces. 1 Pair Corset Laces. Each Cabinet packed ready for shipment and positively contains all articles as described. A nice present for mother.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

LADIES' GOLD SHELL RINGS YOU CAN GET ONE FOR A CLUB OF ONLY FOUR

The delight of every young lady is in having handsome finger rings of the latest style and finish set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on either side same as shown in the illustration. These are Gold shell Rings you may be proud of and they will wear well and not turn; they look like gold, wear like gold, and will stand gold acid tests. These settings are very rich and look refined and just as attractive as rings costing much more. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections. Opal, Emerald and Ruby, with the finest imitation chip diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring. We guarantee the sparkle of these stones to be quite equal to Genuine Diamonds costing hundreds of dollars and are always behind this guarantee. Each stone is set separately in Tiffany style and is sent in a nice Ring Box, plush-lined, just the ornament for your room and keeps the ring clean and from getting lost when not in use.

These Rings Are Free. We bought these rings to give away and the following offers are liberal enough to enable every reader to own one at once. Mothers should have one. The boys should get one for their sweethearts. They make a swell present. We will give one ring Free for a club of only four 15 mo. subscribers at 25 cents each.

Emerald. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

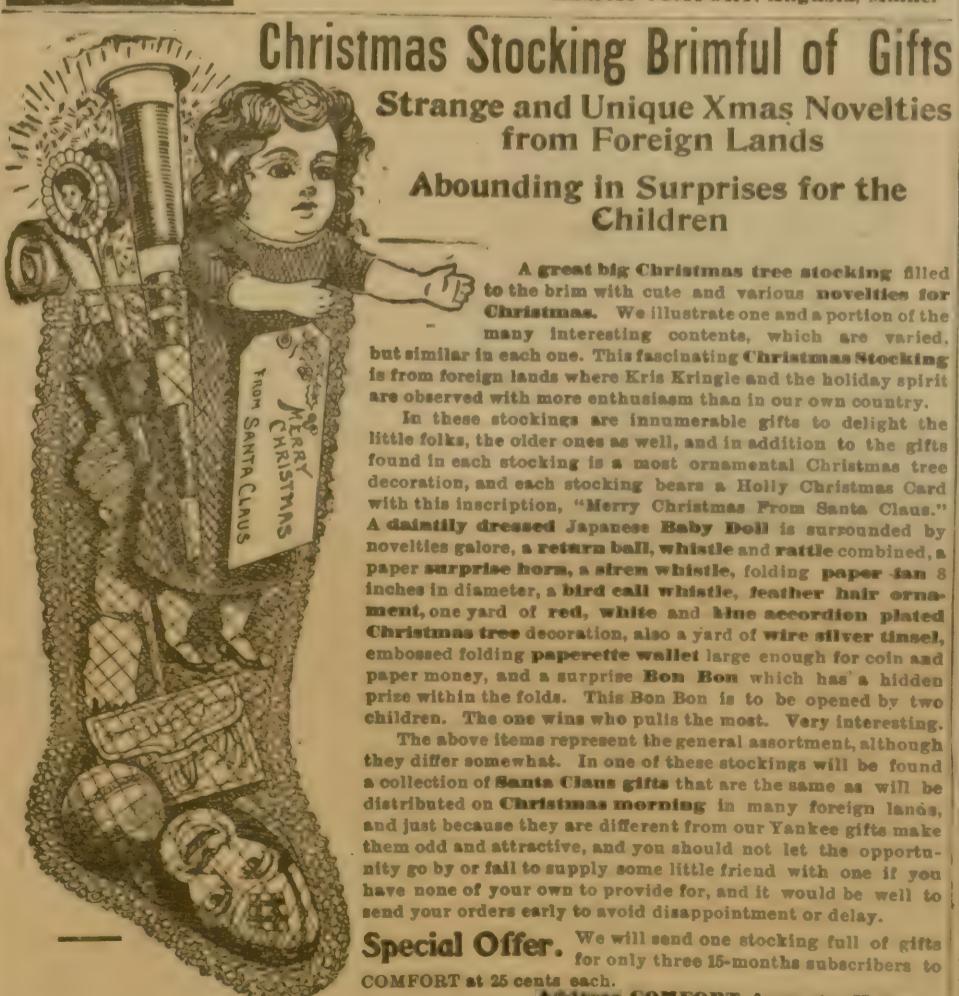
**Cathedral Angel Chimes**

Three Sweet Musical Bells. A New and Striking Musical Novelty Suitable both for Ornament and Amusement all the year round.

Cathedral Angel Chimes consist of 5 beautiful Angels with trumpets & candle sticks, with 6 beautiful colored wax candles, 3 tuned bells and a turbine motor. Surmounting the wheel, imposed over the turbine, the Herald Angel with Trumpet, the machine being twelve inches high and six inches broad. It is made of bright silver nickel-plated metal, the Turbine is finished in blue enamel with gilt stars. Then we have an added feature in our New Chimes; under the three musical bells is a metal tablet upon which in eight or more colors is the beautiful picture of the Birth of Christ in a Manger. The effect as though it were hand painted, and is very beautiful and inspiring.

The chimes are composed of what the candles are lighted the Turbine revolves, the rising pot all from the candle giving the power that causes the Turbine Motor to revolve, the candles strike gently on the Bells in succession, and as the Bells differ in size sweet musical tones are produced. The effect is wonderful and unusually pleasing; not only is the soft tinkling of the bells a delight to the ear, but the brilliancy of the reflection of the candle flames on the highly polished silver-like metal parts lends delight to the occasion and entrance of the old or the young. A set should be in every home, to be used at all times or for decorative purposes at Christmas or any other time, especially suitable for table decoration in sitting- or dining-room, making a splendid centerpiece, and one never tired of the sweet chimes tinkling. Being entirely of metal, they are absolutely unbreakable, can be used indefinitely by renewing candles from time to time, as used for Birthdays, Parties, Bells, Christmas, or other festivities. Each is packed in a separate box with full instructions how to put together and operate. Any one can do it and we warrant every machine to work to satisfaction.

Club Offer. For a club of only four 15-months, subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you a complete set of Cathedral Angel Chimes. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Christmas Stocking Brimful of Gifts Strange and Unique Xmas Novelties from Foreign Lands**Abounding in Surprises for the Children**

A great big Christmas tree stocking filled to the brim with cute and various novelties for Christmas. We illustrate one and a portion of the many interesting contents, which are varied, but similar in each one. This fascinating Christmas Stocking is from foreign lands where Kris Kringle and the holiday spirit are observed with more enthusiasm than in our own country.

In these stockings are innumerable gifts to delight the little folks, the older ones as well, and in addition to the gifts found in each stocking is a most ornamental Christmas tree decoration, and each stocking bears a Holly Christmas Card with this inscription, "Merry Christmas From Santa Claus." A daintily dressed Japanese Baby Doll is surrounded by novelties galore, a return ball, whistle and rattle combined, a paper surprise horn, a siren whistle, folding paper fan 8 inches in diameter, a bird call whistle, feather hair ornament, one yard of red, white and blue accordion plated Christmas tree decoration, also a yard of wire silver tinsel, embossed folding paperette wallet large enough for coin and paper money, and a surprise Bon Bon which has a hidden prize within the folds. This Bon Bon is to be opened by two children. The one wins who pulls the most. Very interesting.

The above items represent the general assortment, although they differ somewhat. In one of these stockings will be found a collection of Santa Claus gifts that are the same as will be distributed on Christmas morning in many foreign lands, and just because they are different from our Yankee gifts make them odd and attractive, and you should not let the opportunity go by or fail to supply some little friend with one if you have none of your own to provide for, and it would be well to send your orders early to avoid disappointment or delay.

Special Offer. We will send one stocking full of gifts for only three 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BUFFALO BILL HIS OWN STORY TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS

Just published, his own story of his own life. Every reader of COMFORT knows of Buffalo Bill, the most famous Indian Fighter, Buffalo Bill, Hunter, Frontiersman and Scout the Country over produced. This thrilling story from his own pen reads like some preposterous tale. Every lime and every chapter is exciting, but interesting because it is cleverly told, also splendidly illustrated. A book of over 250 pages, large clear type, extra heavy book paper, with many special half tone plates illustrating important features of the book. Bound in strong tinted mottled covers, illustrated with a large clear full page sepia-toned photograph of Buffalo Bill in his plainsman's costume. This is strictly an American story by one who has literally grown up with his country. A career beginning in '77, when the lad was but eleven, the reader is carried chapter by chapter through a life of wild and rugged achievement never equalled. This is Buffalo Bill's great work, there is no other similar story, any more than there was ever another Buffalo Bill. You should read this book, everyone should read it, and read it now, while it is fresh off the press. All the big city newspapers are printing notices about the book and are to print the story serially whenever arrangements can be made. Public schools should adopt this book as a supplementary volume of American History. Teachers will do well to obtain a copy and read it to their pupils. We have a limited quantity, all we could obtain at present, and shall distribute them at the following

Send us only 3 15-mo. subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for a copy of this special edition of True Tales of the Plains by Buffalo Bill, which will be sent post-paid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

LADIES' UNDERGARMENTS MADE AT HOME FOR YOURSELF OR THE CHILDREN

From your own patterns and ideas of fine quality ENGLISH LONG CLOTH.



Suggesting some of its practical uses. Every mother or grown-up daughter appreciates well-fitted stylish undergarments. The children and especially the babies look best dressed in all white. Think of the garments made of white linen or lawn in the outfit of every family, and mother has to make nearly all, if not all, of them by hand.

COMFORT has selected a twelve yard piece of extra fine quality ENGLISH LONG CLOTH, or linen fine and sheer in quality and texture which is manufactured solely for woman's undergarments. Probably you know just what the material is and just how satisfactory it makes up into Drawers, Corset Covers, Nightgowns, Marguerites or Chemise, or for Baby's underclothes, dresses, etc. In a twelve yard piece there is sufficient material for many different pieces, it is a family supply for a long time. If any of the young ladies of the family are to be married here is an opportunity to obtain the necessary material for the wedding outfit, and it is fine enough and pretty enough for any bride. Each piece is twelve yards long and the material is 36 inches wide.

With every twelve yard piece we will supply free of charge one paper pattern which may be selected from our regular pattern offer, elsewhere in this publication.

CLUB OFFER. We shall send one twelve yard piece of this First Quality English Long Cloth for a club of only eight 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each. A remarkable bargain offer. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Real Steam Engine FREE. EVERY BOY AN ENGINEER.

Be an engineer, learn to run an engine, how to use fuel, oil up and blow the whistle, just like the man. You never saw a steam engine in your life that you didn't like the looks of. Now here we give you a chance to have one all your own that you put on a table and get up steam and blow the whistle and watch the wheel go round fast or slow just as you wish, and every lad you know will be green with envy.

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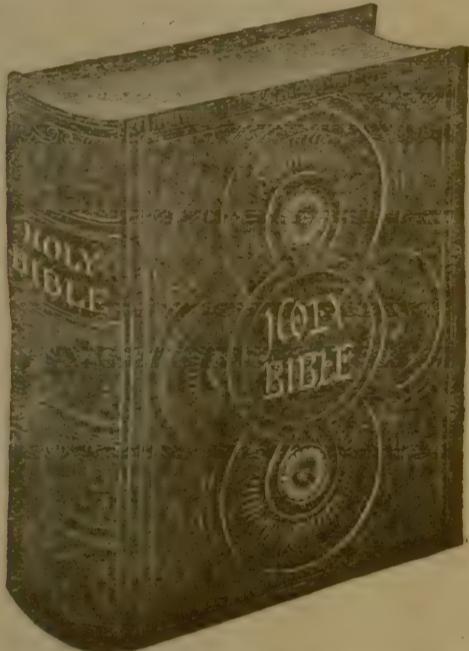
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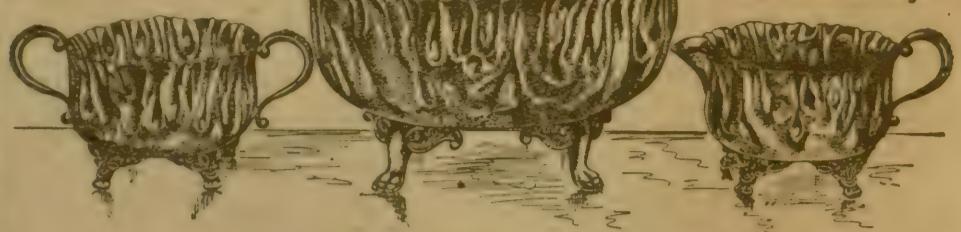
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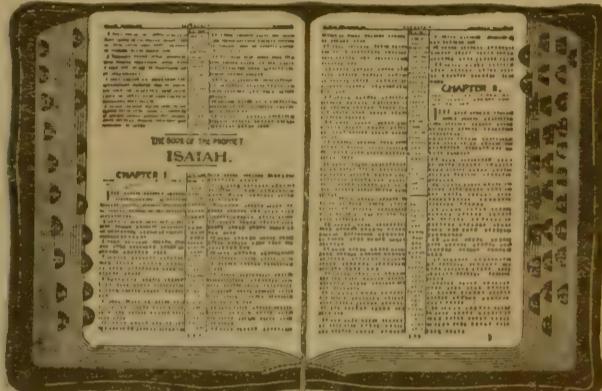
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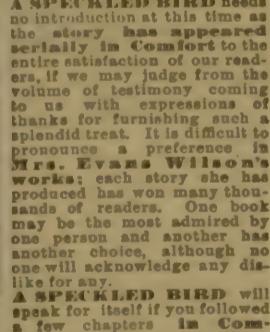
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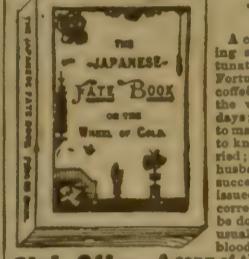
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Thirty Minutes is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but for practical everyday use they are no better timekeepers. This watch keeps not perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter what makes. We are willing to give you this watch if you will do us a slight service, which you can easily do in an hour. We wish to increase our subscription list, and we want the assistance of every reader of this paper to that end. We do not want you to do it for nothing, we will reward you for it. You can easily secure this valuable watch if you get a club of 5 subscribers to COMFORT, at our special subscription price of 25 cents for 15 months. Do this, sending us the money with the names, and we will send COMFORT to each subscriber and we will send you the watch to reward you. Start out now and see what you can do. Remember we guarantee every watch. If you get subscriptions and send us NOW at once, we will also send you a nice chain. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE.

After repeated requests from our thousands of readers and club workers, we are prepared to furnish a COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE, in a smaller size than our regular Family Bible. The new offering is indeed a perfect charm; a thoroughly complete Bible, consisting of over 800 pages, with fine colored soft binding, half padded, round corners, finished with red edges, is five and a half inches long, three and a half inches wide and nearly an inch thick, weighing half a pound. It is a thorough Bible with full and complete books of the old and new testaments. For Sunday School workers, teachers and students, or for a convenient new Bible, this is an unequalled opportunity to secure a bit little Bible that will please. By co-operating with a Bible maker and a Bindery, we were enabled to dictate terms and agreed to purchase an enormous quantity during the next year if a low price would be made, in order that we might give our hosts of friends and readers at least one great opportunity to procure one or more Bibles for their own use or as gifts, knowing well enough that we shall receive many second orders from our first purchasers. Modern machinery and skilled workmen produce these Bibles in quantities made in the highest order of workmanship. Each and every Bible is sent with a guarantee that it is perfect in each and every detail; and what will please you most in which they are bound and finished. The soft padded FULL MOROCCO BIBLES costing \$10.00 each.

Please do not send for this FAMILY BIBLE elsewhere. This small Bible is for the same purposes, but is more convenient to carry about. Knowing we shall receive second orders from those who send for one of these Bibles, we are making a specially attractive introduction proposition below.

OUR OFFER. We will send you one of these Holy Bibles as a free premium gift only four Bibles, we are making a specially attractive introduction proposition below.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THIS BIG POSTCARD ALBUM FREE**DON'T MISS THIS PREMIUM**

We show this album as it opens, showing that four cards may be displayed before you on the 2 pages, also each leaf accommodates four cards, two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve, fifteen, twenty, fifty cards. You preserve and exhibit cards at same time. The average post-card collector would naturally require three or four of these albums every year, now that post cards are produced in such various seasonable subjects. One could fill an album with all different Christmas cards and again with birthday and greeting cards, all kinds of allusions, which may be received from friends who are residing at a distance or traveling. In this way one can arrange and classify their cards and they will then be preserved in a nice way and when you want to show them to your friends they are presented in a tastily arranged manner for exhibition.

ALSO LOTS OF CARDS FREE

To go with ALBUMS. As long as they last you get Cards and ALBUMS and COMFORT at these liberal terms.

Club Offer. Send 25 cents for a 15-months subscription to COMFORT, with 5 cents extra, 30 cents in all, for an Album. To those who subscribe we will give a fine lot of cards free with each album and an assortment of 15 beautiful cards, comprising all the popular subjects, such as Christmas, New Year's and Santa Claus, embossed in gold floral, birthday and sentiment, greeting cards, views of public buildings, birds, animals, landscape cards, etc., special Easter cards, etc. This will give a great big opportunity if you let this offer escape you. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

You preserve and exhibit cards at same time.

The average post-card collector would naturally require three or four of these albums every year, now that post cards are produced in such various seasonable subjects. One could fill an album with all different Christmas cards and again with birthday and greeting cards, all kinds of allusions, which may be received from friends who are residing at a distance or traveling. In this way one can arrange and classify their cards and they will then be preserved in a nice way and when you want to show them to your friends they are presented in a tastily arranged manner for exhibition.

This is a wonder Doll and will positively please every little or big girl who receives her from us. Her pretty head is made of bisque, with long, natural curls; her handsome costume of lustrous silk finish; latest fancy trimmed, lace-bordered HAT; lace-trimmed underwear; openwork stockings, dainty low shoes with buckles, etc., etc. She is dressed throughout in the latest Doll fashion.



FREE for Only Six Subscribers

I Can Say Papa and Mama and also Close My Eyes

Each Piece Decorated with your Initial in Gold.

Positively the Biggest and Finest Dinner Set ever Given Away as a Free Present. Any Lady Can Earn this Set in a Few Hours' Time.

This beautiful Monogram Dinner Set, full size, for family use, consisting of 42 pieces just as shown, is a present that will bring delight to the heart of any housewife and can be had absolutely free of charge for a few hours' easy, pleasant work among your neighbors and the people of your vicinity. This set is made of finest Parisian china, is a pure delicate white and decorated with wild rose design in colors, with the edges traced in gold. It is a set of dishes that you will be proud to own and put on your table and show your friends.

Your own initial in pure gold will be on every piece except the cups and saucers. The set consists of six large plates, six dessert plates, six large cups and saucers, six sauce or fruit dishes, six butter plates, two large vegetable dishes, one large platter, one cake plate, one bread plate, and one gravy bowl, making 42 separate pieces, positively the grandest array of dishes ever offered for this small amount of work.

Club Offer: For only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for fifteen months we will present

you with one of these beautiful Monogram 42-Piece Dinner Sets. The set will be carefully packed and shipped by freight upon receipt of the club order. Remember only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months procure this Gold Decorated 42-Piece Initial Dinner Set. State what initial wanted when ordering.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Extra Gold Plated Pens - FREE

Until recently an all rubber Fountain Pen cost a large sum, owing to the high cost of raw material, but the recent discovery of rubber in large quantities has reduced the price and new machinery has done the rest. We are now able to offer to our subscribers a fine quality Pen, with two additional Pen Points and a glass filler, a standard outfit at a greatly reduced price. Lawyers, Doctors, Clerks, Agents, Teachers, Scholars and in every home a Fountain Pen is needed, a good quality, warranted not to leak Pen, a pen it will be a pleasure to use, and can be sold at once. Send only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for a free Pen Outfit.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

It replies to Love, Business and Troubles are immediate and accurate. It will forecast your future and tell you what you want to know if you but ask it. Constructed on strictly scientific principles, the adjustable horn acts as medium of speech. You talk to it as though it were alive and its answers are revealed to you as though of the same breath. The action of your voice brings about startling and magical response. An original simple entertainer there is nothing like it. Your friends will be delighted with you in its power to please as well as to inform you all about matters. You can now tell fortunes for money. If Fortune or Misfortune is lurking about you, if you are to marry or not, if joy and pleasure is to be your lot through life, or if you will gain what you least expect or anything else that now puzzles you, just direct your thought to this Magic Fortune Teller and everything will be clear. They are strongly made and handsomely nickelated. There is nothing to get out of order and they will last a lifetime. We will send one for a club of only 2 15-mo. subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A MAGIC FORTUNE TELLER

It is a Cute, Pleasing Design of Frolicking Kittens, a subject which is sure to amuse the young and old and add to the cheerfulness of any room.

Combination means that when you receive this pillow the design will be hand painted in a beautiful blending of colors and you are to outline the whole design in a dark shade of mercerized cotton. Printed Art Pillow Cloth of a exquisite green or softest shade of yellow, this outline embroidery produces an effect that can be had in no other way. It will "bring out" the playful attitude of the Kittens, giving a "raised" appearance which greatly adds to the beauty of the pillow which is 22x22 inches square.

Send a new 15-months subscriber with 5 cents extra, 30 cents in all, and we will Give you the above described pillow.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

A CAT PILLOW IN A COMBINATION OF

HAND PAINTING AND OUTLINE EMBROIDERY

Is a Cute, Pleasing Design of Frolicking Kittens, a subject which is sure to amuse the young and old and add to the cheerfulness of any room.

Combination means that when you receive this pillow the design will be hand painted in a beautiful blending of colors and you are to outline the whole design in a dark shade of mercerized cotton. Printed Art Pillow Cloth of a exquisite green or softest shade of yellow, this outline embroidery produces an effect that can be had in no other way. It will "bring out" the playful attitude of the Kittens, giving a "raised" appearance which greatly adds to the beauty of the pillow which is 22x22 inches square.

Send a new 15-months subscriber with 5 cents extra, 30 cents in all, and we will Give you the above described pillow.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

A Speaking and Sleeping DOLL FREE

Can Say PAPA and MAMA

I am the Prettiest, Daintiest, Sweetest Lace-Dressed Doll you ever saw

Observe my Beautiful Raiment. Lace-trimmed Gown and Hat. Openwork Hose, Low Shoes with Buckle and all sorts of frills and furbelows.

This newest premium is a Special Extra Large Size Imported French Doll, over a foot tall, and can be made to sleep and speak. To be exact, she measures sixteen and one-half inches from the sole of her feet to the top of her lace hat, requiring a big box eighteen inches long to pack her in. It is one of the most beautifully dressed Dolls ever given away as a premium for so few subscriptions or for such little effort as we require.

This is a wonder Doll and will positively please

every little or big girl who receives her from us.

Her pretty head is made of bisque, with long,

natural curls;

her handsome costume of lustrous

silk finish;

latest fancy trimmed,

lace-bordered HAT;

lace-trimmed underwear;

openwork stockings,

dainty

low shoes with buckles, etc., etc.

She is dressed through-

out in the latest Doll fashion.

Our illustration does not do her justice; we can only

show about how splendid she is.

It would be impossible

to show up her charms and graces, but you get a very

good idea,

and will be delighted when you receive

and open the package and see her; and to see her is to love

her, she is such a GRAND DOLL BEAUTY.

CLUB OFFER.

For only six 15-months subscriptions to

COMFORT at

25 cents each, we will send free and post-paid, one of these

magnificent, large Dressed Dolls.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE

This Beautiful Monogram

Dinner Set of 42 Pieces

Each Piece Decorated with your Initial in Gold. Positively the Biggest and Finest Dinner Set ever Given Away as a Free Present. Any Lady Can Earn this Set in a Few Hours' Time.

This beautiful Monogram Dinner Set, full size, for family use, consisting of 42 pieces just as shown, is a present that will bring delight to the heart of any housewife and can be had absolutely free of charge for a few hours' easy, pleasant work among your neighbors and the people of your vicinity. This set is made of finest Parisian china, is a pure delicate white and decorated with wild rose design in colors, with the edges traced in gold. It is a set of dishes that you will be proud to own and put on your table and show your friends.

Your own initial in pure gold will be on every piece except the cups and saucers. The set consists of six large plates, six dessert plates, six large cups and saucers, six sauce or fruit dishes, six butter plates, two large vegetable dishes, one large platter, one cake plate, one bread plate, and one gravy bowl, making 42 separate pieces, positively the grandest array of dishes ever offered for this small amount of work.

Club Offer: For only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for fifteen months we will present

you with one of these beautiful Monogram 42-Piece Dinner Sets. The set will be carefully packed and shipped by freight upon receipt of the club order. Remember only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months procure this Gold Decorated 42-Piece Initial Dinner Set. State what initial wanted when ordering.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

YOUR CHOICE FREE
Sixteen New Artistic
EMBROIDERY DESIGNS
*Doilies, Tray-cloths
and Centerpieces*

We show here, and for the first time, a display of sixteen Tray-cloths and Centerpieces. Four large oval tray-cloths, 18x22 inches, and twelve Round Centerpieces, 22x22 inches.

Each design is distinctly stamped on a high-grade semi-linen material that wears well, washes well and always looks refined and rich. Such a multitude of good ideas are shown in this variety! There is the artistic touch in every one, the new ideas and shapes of the fall are shown in shape and pattern. Some are round, others irregular or scalloped. Flowers and conventional designs are both adapted so that it must be impossible that one cannot be suited with one or more. Examine the designs carefully and select numbers you prefer.

COMFORT'S readers and patrons are so eager for the new and so fond of embroidery ideas whenever presented, we are especially anxious for your verdict on this new collection, and in order to disappoint none and gratify all, we have made arrangements for a tremendous quantity of material, enabling us to be assured at all times of sufficient stock as well as obtaining a price concession, the benefit of which is in our real value bargain offers made especially for you, for an indefinite time.

Each design is distinctly stamped on the material. It may be embroidered by the novice and this feature will be appreciated by one accustomed to doing lots of embroidery.

Send Now for One for Yourself

Personal Offer to You. To obtain any one of these lovely Centerpieces or Tray-cloths you are to send but one new subscriber to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months. Not a renewal, not your own subscription, but a genuine new COMFORT subscriber. Think, only one subscription required.

Club Offers. A club of two 15-months 25-cent subscribers to subscriptions, amounting to \$1.00, entitle you to three selections. Four subscriptions, amounting to \$1.00, entitle you to select six Centerpieces or Tray-cloths, and for a club of 10 subscriptions at 25 cents each for 15 months, amounting \$2.50, we will send the entire assortment or set of sixteen and include a box of three dozen skeins embroidery cotton FREE. This last offer enables you to obtain a variety for your own use with material for embroidering a great many, if not all of them, some of which can be sold at a profit. We permit you to select either Tray-cloths or Centerpieces in each case and only ask that you give us the number of the design you wish sent.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Pair of Nottingham Lace Curtains Free

Each Curtain Nine Feet Long.

This Most Beautiful and Elegant Premium Has Just Been Added for Selection to all who Send a Club of Only Five New Names.

The Curtains are full width and just what one needs to adorn the home with. Everyone of taste will tell you that there is nothing which "dresses up" a room so much as a pair of Lace Curtains. The finest effects are obtained by these draperies. They show from the outside as well as from the inside. They are of the real Italian pattern and formerly sold as high as \$5.00 to \$5.50 a pair. They are delivered free to you, all charges paid.

SPECIAL OFFER. If you will send us a club of only 5 15 months subscriptions at 25 cents each to COMFORT, we will send COMFORT to each subscriber and one pair of Curtains to you as a free premium. A club of only 5 25-cent 15 mo. subscriptions secures two pairs and we send three pairs for only 12 subscriptions at 25 cents each. COMFORT goes to the subscriber each month and the Curtains to you. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**A White Bedspread
For a Club of Eight**

Will grace and adorn your bedroom and put on an air of refinement that will reflect creditably on you.

We have tried to convey to your eye through the illustration, the appearance of the spread or counterpane when carefully arranged on the bed. It finishes the bed and dresses up the whole room.

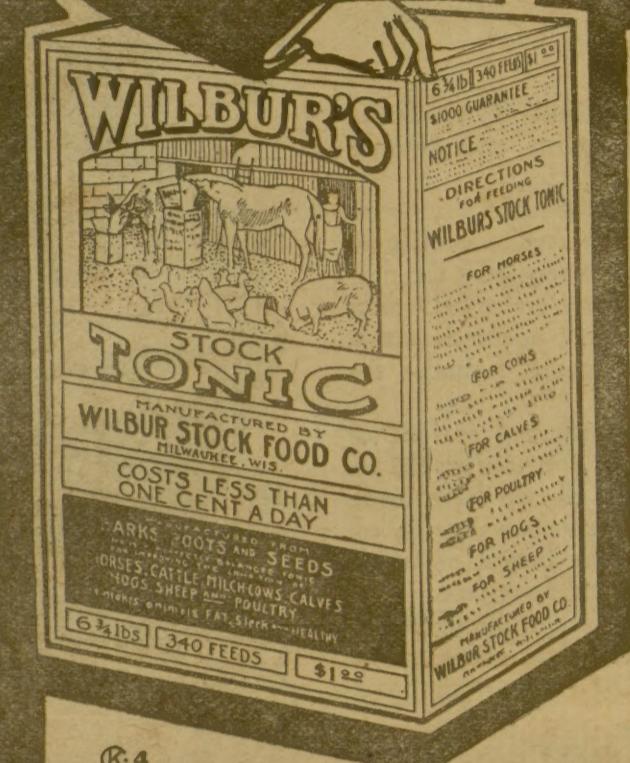
The pattern is one that cannot fail to please. The material is fine quality and workmanship the best.

For a slight effort we will give you one large spread suitable for a full size, full width and full length bed. The handsome figured design with deep bordered edge makes an effect pleasing and delightful.

Club Offer. We will send you, all charges paid, one of these large spreads as a reward for a club of only eight 15-months subscribers at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



I Want to Send You This \$100 Box Free



I want you to know for yourself why

Wilbur's Stock Tonic

is fed by 500,000 stock raisers daily. I want you to see what it does for your horses, your milch cows, your hogs, your sheep and your poultry.

I want to prove to you beyond all doubt, that Wilbur's Stock Tonic is a wonderful feed saver, fattener and positive preventive of disease. I want you to find out by actual test that my tonic makes money for you every time you feed it.

That's why I will send this big box absolutely free to you and to every reader of this paper, who fills out and sends me the coupon below.

I don't want you to pay me a cent for this big, full size \$1.00 box now or at any other time.

I don't want you to do anything to earn it.

K 4

It is not a premium, but a gift, and my object in giving it to you is to let you prove to your own satisfaction that it is a feed saver and money maker for you. Is my offer fair?

Do you risk one cent by accepting this big box free? Is it worth a 2-cent stamp? If so, just fill out and mail the coupon today.

What Others Say

Arkansas City, Kans., Apr. 5-10
Wilbur Stock Food Co.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

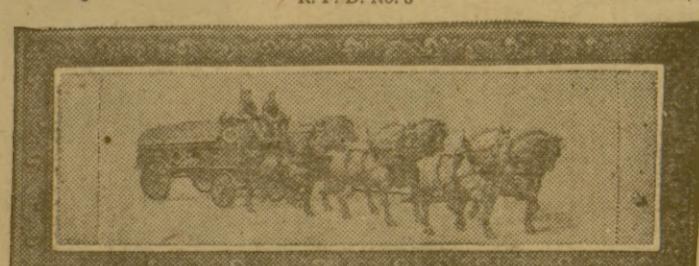
Gentlemen: Would like to know what the prices on thousand pound lots would be. Have been feeding it about two months and think it is all it is claimed to be. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am,

Respectfully,
BERT WILHELM
R. F. D. No. 6

Williamsport, Pa., May 17, 1910.
Wilbur Stock Food Co.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Gentlemen: We have used one pail of your tonic for our two horses. It saved the life of one of them after everything else failed. Please give us price and terms on pails.

Yours,
Boys Industrial Home,
T. P. S. Wilson, Mgr.



This Beautiful Picture Free

Champion six horse team of the world. Fed on Wilbur's Stock Tonic. Awarded First Prize at St. Louis World's Fair. I mail you this beautiful picture FREE, size 15 x 31 inches, in exquisite colors, if you mail the coupon without delay.

COLEBROOK, N. H.

WILBUR STOCK Food Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

GENTLEMEN:—I have been feeding your Tonic to my horses, cows, and pigs with the best of results. I have one old horse that was very thin and did not think he would pull through this winter, but now I am sure he will, for he feels like a colt and is looking fine. He is worth \$25.00 more today than he was six weeks ago, when I commenced to give him the Tonic. I can recommend it to anyone to be the tonic to have.

Yours respectfully,
ALBERT CORBETT.

GRANVILLE, N. D.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Since my pail was fed up I have used two different powders and they did not fill the bill. Watkins sells 30 pounds for \$2.50 but you have to feed five times as much as the Wilburs'. The International costs the same as Wilbur's and takes three times as much to feed as the Wilburs'. HENRY BECK.

HARRISVILLE, MICH.

WILBUR STOCK Food Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

GENTLEMEN:—I bought a horse some time ago and fed him \$1.50 worth of Wilbur's Stock Tonic, also \$2.00 worth of Wilbur's Heave Cure, and then sold him for \$75.00. He first cost me \$15.00 and \$3.50 for Tonics, making a total of \$18.00—\$75.00 selling price and \$18.50 cost, leaving a profit of \$56.50. Beat it if you can.

Yours truly,
JAS. EMERSON.

WILBUR STOCK Food Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

GENTLEMEN:—Enclosed find draft for \$18.00 in payment for Stock Tonic. I have used two pails of your Stock Tonic, it is certainly fine. I have used almost everything on the market, but nothing to compare with Wilbur Stock Tonic. My milk cows, calves, hogs and colts, after feeding three days, I noticed the change. It has saved me many a sack of grain. My horses are slick and nice, also working hard every day. Will enclose watch certificate and thanking you for past favors, I am, Yours truly,
(Signed) C. SCHWARZ.

Extra Premium

If you will send the coupon at once, I will also send you, free, postage paid, the beautiful picture of the World's Champion Six-Horse Team shown below. This picture, 15 x 31 inches, is reproduced in eight exquisite colors from an actual photograph of the World's Champion horses in action.

J. P. Wilbur

WILBUR STOCK FOOD CO.
President 168 Huron St. Milwaukee, Wis.

FREE \$100 BOX COUPON

F. P. WILBUR, Pres.,
Wilbur Stock Food Co.,
168 Huron St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Please send me the \$1.00 Box of Wilbur's Stock Tonic and the large colored picture, both free.

I own _____ horses _____ cattle _____ hogs _____ poultry.

My Name _____

P. O. _____ R. F. D. _____

Freight Sta. _____ State _____

SOUTH ROYALTON, VT.

WILBUR STOCK Food Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

GENTLEMEN:—The Stock Tonic that you sent me several weeks ago works to perfection, as my stock is in much better condition with less grain than when I commenced to feed it. Yours respectfully,
FRANK RAND.

WILLIAMSBURG, OHIO.

WILBUR STOCK Food Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

To whom it may concern: I have used Wilbur's Stock Tonic and can say I will use it as long as I have any stock, whatever kind it may be, to feed. Feed your chickens and you get more eggs; feed your horse, he will do more work; feed your cow, she will give more milk; feed your hog, and he will give more pounds of pork; and to make a long story short, you can't afford to be without it. So please hurry my five pail order for me. Sincerely yours,
JAMES J. WAGNER.

ARCADIA, OKLA.

WILBUR STOCK Food Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

GENTLEMEN:—Received my watch in good condition and was surprised to find it so nice, and I appreciate it very much. It has kept good time ever since I got it and don't see how you could have sent it.

I think your Stock Tonic is the best made. Have used several different kinds of Stock Tonic, but never found any that will do as much as yours. I have sold ten pigs (would have been six months old the middle of February) and they weighed 200 pounds apiece. Some wanted to know how I fattened them and what I fed them that made them grow so fast, and, of course, I had to tell them it was Wilbur's Stock Tonic.

I have seven head of horses and they are rolling fat. When I hitch them up they are so high-lifted that I can hardly do anything with them. They are always up and ready to go. Everybody wants to know what keeps them in such good condition and I tell them it is your Stock Tonic that does it. I have a team that is equal to your champion team on your envelopes. They are fine, and eat Stock Tonic three times a day. I thank you for your past favors, and remain Your agent,
W. M. KANDLER.